UBLISHING COMPANY— PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S- THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME CO

January 6, 1940

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Collier's

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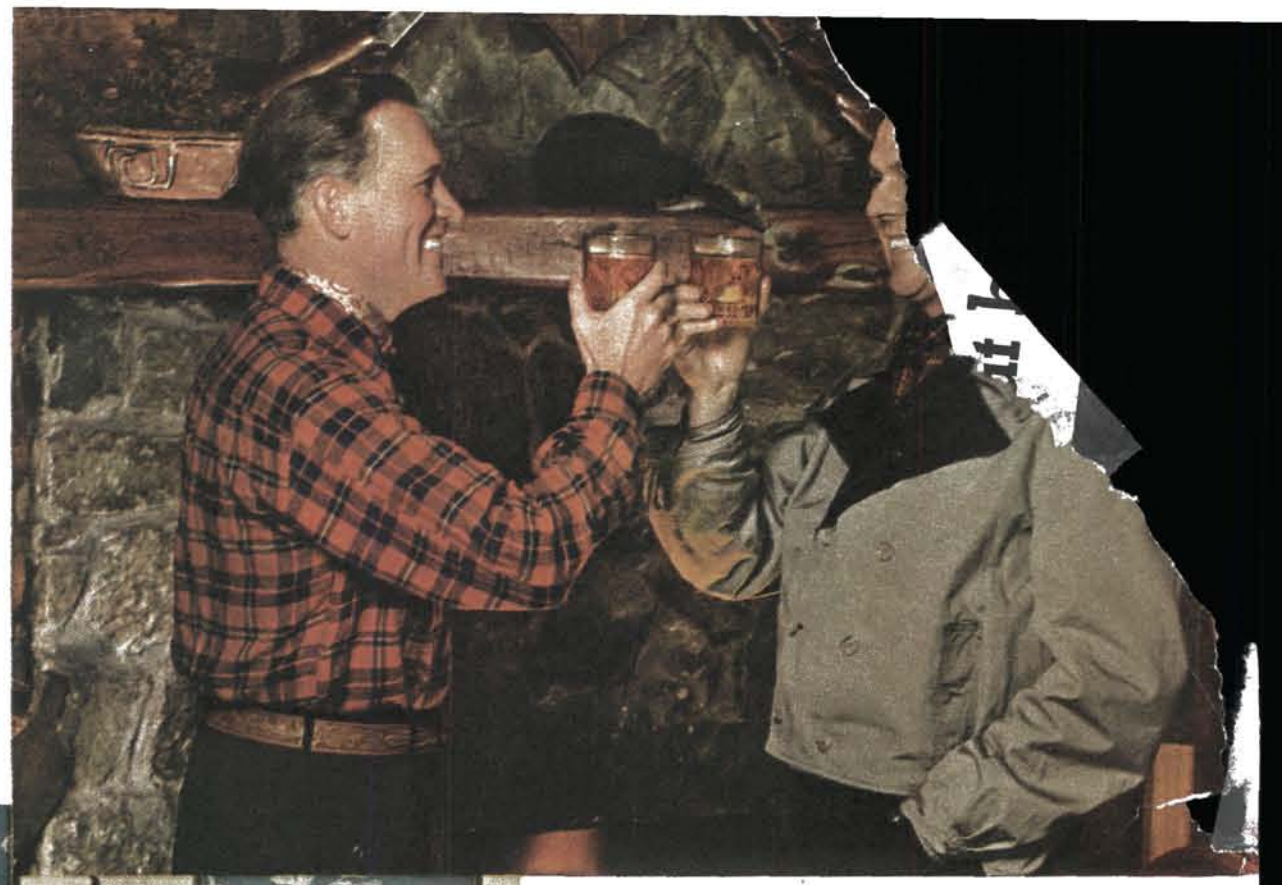
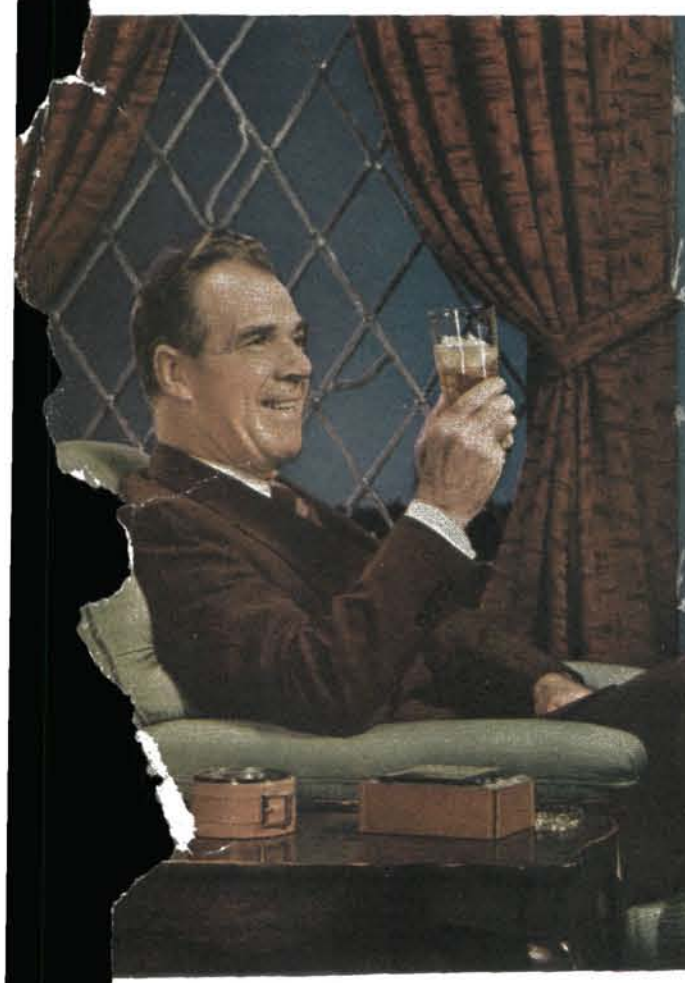
LIKE IT HOT

...o insist that the best Winter
...d serve anybody, is a noble
...y to make: a steaming Four

...some sugar and spice. Cinna-
...eel, cloves are nice. Pour in Four
...g jigger, sir. Then fill with hot water
...oughly stir.

After skiing or skating or such Winter sports, it's a *marvelous drink—no denying.* But even if you're just an armchair athlete, it's something you'll find well worth trying.





SOME LIKE IT COLD

In Winter or Summer, in good or bad weather, there are men whose opinion we prize, who say there is really only one drink—one drink they praise to the skies:

It's Four Roses-and-soda! For rich, mellow flavor, it's the best highball they have tasted. If you've never tried one, get Four Roses today—for no time, after all, should be wasted.

Tonight, when you've settled yourself in your chair with a book, and the fire has been lighted, sip deep of a glorious Four Roses-and-soda. Man, will you be delighted!

Why you'll like this whiskey that's mellow and old

It's our firm opinion that no single straight whiskey, however good, is fine enough to be called Four Roses. So we take *several* superb straight whiskies and *combine* them into *one* whiskey that's finer still—a whiskey so magnificent that thousands say it's the finest whiskey in America, bar none. Just try Four Roses, won't you? *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSE

Every drop is whiskey

A blend of straight whiski
whiskies in Four Roses

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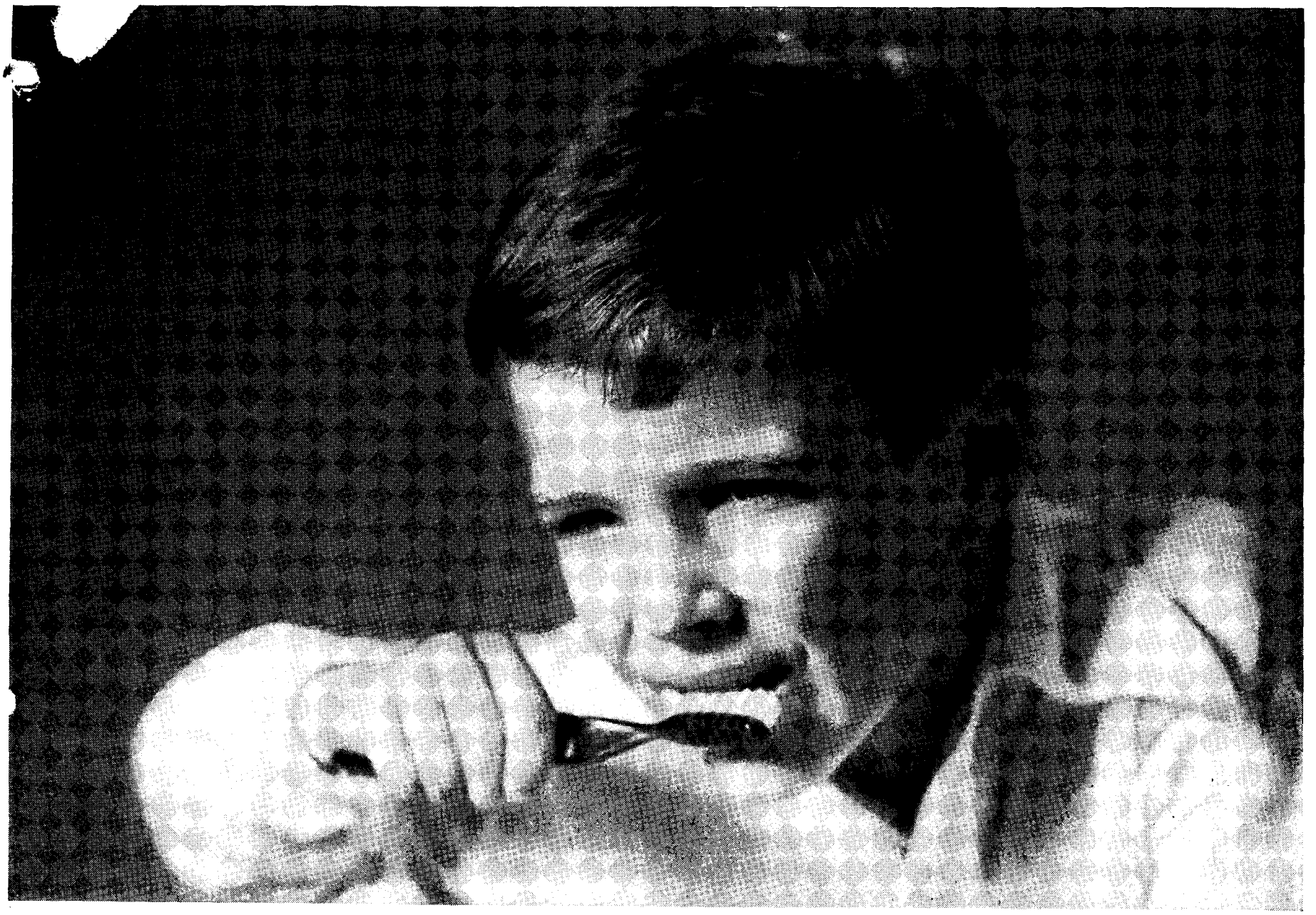
Bob can't plan the Family Budget—
but he's wiser than Dad in safeguarding His Smile!



Many a parent has learned from his own youngster the importance of Ipana and Massage to healthier smiles

BOB'S DAD knows nearly everything about facts and figures—he's certainly keen! Yet—with all his knowledge, he had to learn from Bob the importance of massage to firm gums and sound teeth.

Thousands of fortunate children are up on this one lesson their parents never learned. For they're being taught, in their hygiene classes, that it's just as important to take care of the gums as to brush the teeth.

Gum troubles, they've learned, are apt to come from today's soft, creamy foods. These foods rob gums of the natural, active work they need for health. Naturally, gums grow tender, sensitive—and all too often your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

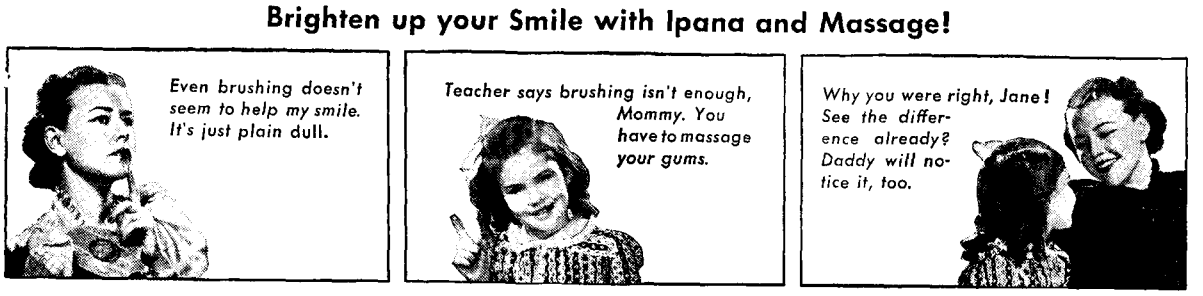
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

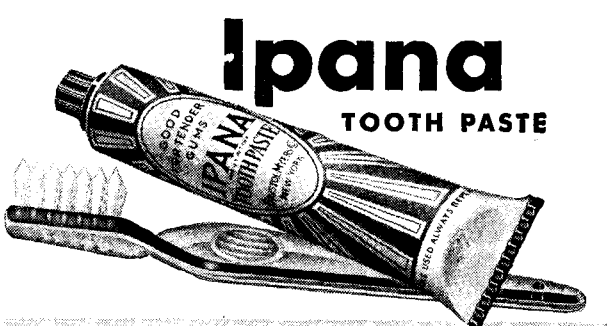
Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble but he is the one to make the decision. Very often, though, it is just a case of "lazy gums—gums that need more work and exercise." And he may suggest, as so many modern dentists do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is increased within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier. Your teeth sparkle with new lustre.

So get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's, today. Let Ipana and massage help you as it has thousands of other men and women to brighter teeth, healthier gums—a more attractive smile.

Brighten up your Smile with Ipana and Massage!


Even brushing doesn't seem to help my smile. It's just plain dull.
Teacher says brushing isn't enough, Mommy. You have to massage your gums.
Why you were right, Jane! See the difference already? Daddy will notice it, too.



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

ON FEBRUARY 11, 1878, in the tiny rural village of Kalwischen, on the border between Russia and East Prussia, a son was born to a poverty-stricken peasant family. He was named Moses—Moe Annenberg. And on August 24, 1939, Moe Annenberg, one of the world's wealthiest men, stood in a courtroom in Chicago waiting to be fingerprinted. The government of the United States had charged him with evading income taxes which, with penalties, amounted to $5,548,000.

Between these two simple facts there lies the story of an amazing career. Moe Annenberg, one of eleven children of an emigrant family of Prussian Jews, had made the grade. His income was the largest in America—over two million dollars a year. Driving ambition, genuine talent for organization, intolerance of competition, had made him undisputed czar of the American horse-race gambling industry and all its far-flung ramifications.

Moe Annenberg had built a tremendous fortune—one even beyond his own measuring. He had broken his rivals with cold efficiency. He owned and published powerful newspapers, he controlled magazines, banks, insurance companies, investment concerns and a host of other enterprises. In the dim half-light of the world of bookies, horse parlors and poolrooms where he found his customers he had moved with daring and prescience, serving the daily business information needs of the gambling enterprises of America and serving them well. He was a man who made few mistakes.

Such success was not enough for Moe Annenberg. The boy who had driven his way up from a home over a Chicago junk shop must now have the stamp of public respect and approval upon himself and his fortune. He would emerge anew, a valiant crusader against civic evil. In his fight against the very things that were even at that moment making possible his revenues he saw no irony. Moe Annenberg had made his first major mistake. It was a mistake that was to lead him inexorably to that Chicago courtroom and the collapse of the huge enterprise from which he had reaped his fortune. What happens to Moe Annenberg now is a matter of small moment. His story is the thing—the story of his rise and fall and all the things that made them possible. It's an entrancing saga of a career that only America could produce. It's the story of "Smart Money," in four easy lessons, and it's by John T. Flynn. The first lesson will appear in next week's Collier's.

Collier's

January 6, 1940

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FRANK GERVASI France
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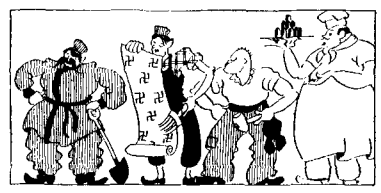
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

AS YOU very well know, this magazine ignores time, travel and expense in its determination to bring you new and brilliant writers. If in our eagerness to lead we get almost perilously out in front of the journalistic pack it is merely a manifestation of our headlong zeal. Small wonder then that we should receive this one from Mr. Carde A. Lemon of Salt Lake City, Utah. "Who is this Kathleen Norris you have writing for you now?" demands Mr. Lemon. "Without knowing, being a new reader of Collier's, I would say she was as young as I am—maybe twenty-four. While I am no critic I will venture to say you have dug up a comer in her. Let us hear more from this find."



NOT easily fooled by such nonsense, we've suspected all along that there was something unpleasant about this war of Europe's. We are grateful to Mrs. Blanche B. MacFarlane of Augusta, Maine, who lays the whole mess to "bad taste." Says Mrs. MacFarlane: "Stalin is the son of a peasant, Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith, Hitler is a paper hanger, Daladier is the son of a baker. Mr. Chamberlain is the single exception, being of the proper ruling class. But what could he do when faced on all sides by men of bad taste?"

AND we're advised by a Mr. A. Kuhn of Victoria, British Columbia, that the possession of that surname is likely to plunge one into embarrassment. British agents, says this Mr. Kuhn, have waited on him with suggestions that he organize a German-American Bund on the Pacific Coast of the United States. "They want," says Mr. Kuhn, "that I should do this so that more people in the United States should get mad at Germany. You bet they cleared out when I told them I am a good Canadian, loyal and patriotic. They said the Bund makes the work easy for British propaganda."

WE MAY as well go on to tell you that Mr. Ernest Dould of Detroit, Michigan, has a friend who recently got a letter from his brother in Sweden. The letter was long delayed in transmission, having fallen into the hands of the British censor. Apparently the censor had worked over it a long time and then, completely frustrated, let it come through. But not before scribbling at the bottom of the last page: "Probably utter rot. G. B. St. C. R."

MRS. T. P. ZIMMER of Frederick, Maryland, writes to say she is positive that our "conclusions and advice are worthless." She goes further. "I have watched you for years," says Mrs. Zimmer, "and have decided that you would not care for good men in public office because if they were any good you would have nothing to write about. I would hate to be running for office and have you endorse me because I would know that you thought I was a shyster and wanted to see me elected and prove it."

ANYWAY, a Mr. Gerald Pinkplank of Wilmington, Delaware, has asked us to pose for a silhouette. Mr. Pinkplank does you with black paper and scissors in thirty seconds. Usually, he says, the result looks like you although it is impossible, he adds, to get "the full force of the sitter's character into a profile portrait." Mr. Pinkplank hopes to sell his services to the Republican candidate for the Presidency, traveling with that aspiring gentleman and snipping out silhouettes of voters who come forward to shake hands. "This has never been done in a political campaign," says Mr. Pinkplank. "Millions of people would do anything for a free portrait of themselves—even elect a Republican President. In forty-five seconds I can cut out both candidate and voter shaking hands."

RECENTLY, however, we received a telegram from the athletic authorities at West Point. All we had asked the gentlemen at West Point was whether it was true, as rumored, that Mr. Harry Stella, one of their better football players, was considering a whack at professional football. We were advised that Mr. Stella is not. But the part of West Point's reply that startled us was: "Cadet-lieutenant Harry Stella is a member of the class of 1940, United States Military Academy, which is a government school for the training of cadets for the military service."

ANOTHER mystery solved. W. D.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When scientists discovered, a short time ago, that the pulse of the albino rat was too fast to count because, even under normal conditions, it has nearly 500 beats a minute, a special electrical recording apparatus was devised for the purpose.

Telephone companies in more than twenty American cities have special directories, for lease to anyone, in which subscribers are listed according to street address instead of alphabetically by name. In New York, this service, which includes a new book every six months for each of the five boroughs, costs $270 a year.

Stockholders of the Green Bay & Western Railroad receive their dividends before the bondholders of the company's Class B debentures receive their interest.—*By John Ross Curtis, Evanston, Illinois.*

The United States has a soft-drink concern whose sales and profits are so stable that they can be estimated within two per cent a year in advance; a radio manufacturing firm that makes more than sixty thousand sets a week; and a bank having 379 officers, 74 of whom are vice-presidents.

One of the latest improvements in motor trucks is a transmission that has ten forward and two reverse speeds. Another is a special instrument that indicates the speeds at which the gears should be shifted.

A recent government survey reveals that 3,000,000 of the country's 8,000,000 union members are employed in closed shops.

There is no general law that provides pensions for the widows of Presidents of the United States and only ten have received them through a special act of Congress: Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. James K. Polk, Mrs. John Tyler, Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Mrs. William McKinley, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and Mrs. William Howard Taft.

Many locomotives, motor trucks and cars and even horse-drawn vehicles are equipped with a simple, self-contained instrument that automatically registers, for 24-hour periods, the exact minute the vehicle starts and stops and how long it is in motion.—*By Harry A. Alexander, New York, New York.*

In 1936, Tsugu, crown prince of Japan, moved from the palace of his parents and established his own household in another section of Tokyo, an ancient custom imposed on heirs to the throne upon reaching the age of three years.

The newest idea in the ice business is "sized-ice," or ice cut in seven different sizes and wrapped in dripless packages. In Syracuse, New York, more than half of all ice is sold this way. In St. Louis and Kansas City, these packages are sold by drugstores. In Milwaukee, they may be obtained at any hour of the day or night through Western Union.

A glass wool, which is now used in the winter protection of plants, shrubs and rock gardens, has proved to be more effective than leaves, excelsior, salt hay, straw or peat. This "nonmelting snow" also weighs less and has a greater insulating value than snow itself.—*By James G. Stevens, Pittsford, New York.*

The amount of United States paper currency so worn that it must be destroyed averages weekly about 18,000,000 bills, having a value of $30,000,000.

Whisky has several by-products, the most important being carbon dioxide, which is drawn off during fermentation and made into dry ice; fusel oil, which is recovered at the same time and sold as a solvent for lacquers, and the spent mash, which is made into cattle feed.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

"How does COOLNESS rate with you in pipe tobacco?"

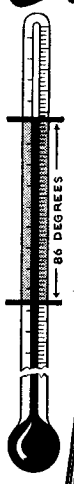
we asked in a drafting room . . .

COOL BURNING MAKES A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE IN PIPE-SMOKING. PRINCE ALBERT TAUGHT ME THAT. IT'S SO MUCH MILDER!
A COOL SMOKE IS A MELLOW, DELIGHTFUL SMOKE, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT'S CHOICE TOBACCOS
COOLNESS COMES FIRST WITH ME, TOO. THERE'S NO BITE IN COOL-BURNING P.A., BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF RICH TASTE AND AROMA

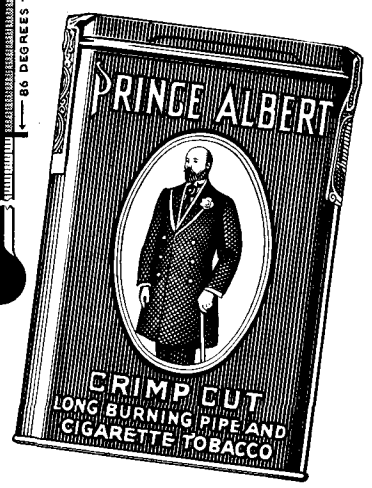
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested . . . coolest of *all!*



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert



UP goes the pleasure of pipe-smoking when burning temperature goes *down!* There's no excess heat to bite the tongue and flatten out flavor and aroma. COOL-SMOKING Prince Albert opens the door to TRUE MILDNESS and MELLOWNESS with PLEASING TASTE — the topmost joys of choice, fully aged tobaccos. "No-bite" treated for *extra* smoothness. "Crimp cut" to pour, pack and draw *easier.* In a pipe (and a "makin's" smoke, too) you'll simply be delighted with P. A.!

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Prince Albert — THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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There's a SUPER-CITY right across the street!

Every city in America has been blended into one big Super-City *right across the street from you.*

Long Distance did it. You can pick up your telephone and reach any point in Super-City quicker than you could walk three blocks!

Super-City is brimming with new business. Your telephone will help you find it—help you sift the good prospects from the poor ones. You can follow up a promising lead in Boston, close an order in New Orleans—in a matter of minutes.

Whether you're buying, selling, collecting, or delivering, Long Distance multiplies your ability to get places and get things done—in direct, *personal* discussion with the men who make decisions.

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Collier's

The National Weekly for January 6, 1940

PLA KANSAS

Double Billing

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

THE bar where Con waited was across the street from the studio.

The place was almost empty. Down at the end of the bar two men in their shirt sleeves were sitting hunched over their drinks. One of them was Lachlan Cape, the playwright. The other man was younger but much more haggard-looking. Con didn't know who he was although his face was vaguely familiar. They were both staring dully and hopelessly at the blank wall. But after quite a while Cape's face creased suddenly in his slightly crooked smile, and he tilted his glass with a decisive gulp.

"Of course," his quick, eager voice said and then rapidly slid off into bored indistinctness, "the idea of the whole scene is the most absolute rubbish, but we can give it the . . ." He ended with a sour mumble.

The younger man came to life with a little jump. "Say," he said. "Did I tell you about the sign they're putting up on that maternity hospital out on the Sunset Strip?"

Cape looked at him brightly. "No," he said. "If it's good, you're three up on me. But I'm afraid to pay you off three bottles of Scotch at once. You wouldn't show up for a week."

"It's good, all right," the younger man said. "I don't want to talk about it now. But I just wondered if I'd told you."

"No," Cape said.

"Some other time." The younger man looked at his drink as if wondering if it were really worth the enormous effort to lift it.

"Okay," Cape said. They both gazed at the wall again.

Back of Con a screen door slammed and Larry came in from the alley. He was smoking a pipe and there were a couple of yellow copy pencils in his shirt pocket.

"Hi, Con," he said. "Hello, Mr. Cape."

"Oh. Hello, Donat," Cape said.

Larry slid onto the stool beside Con's. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "Well! It's been a long time since the last time."

"Quite a while," Con said. He finished his watery drink with one swallow and said hurriedly, before Larry could say it: "What'll you have?" Larry was head publicity man at the studio across the street. Con had known him in the old days in Chicago when he was on Keith time and Larry was running the drama page on an afternoon paper.

"Oh, Scotch," Larry said. "Let's see. I guess the last time was that night in the Dutchman's place on State Street, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," Con said. He had quickly put on the bar the limp, folded dollar bill he had ready in his watch pocket, and now he held up two fingers casually to the bartender. "I guess it was."

"Quite a night, boy," Larry said. "Well, those days won't come again."

"Oh, well," Con said. "Better days, maybe."

"Sure," Larry said. Their drinks came and Con left the change lying on the bar. "Well, kindly remember ces," Larry said. They both drank and set their glasses down. "You in pictures now?" Larry asked.

"Well, not the way you mean," Con said. "I'm—I'm writing now."

"The hell you are!" Larry said in surprise. "Why?"

Vic was a successful actress coming home for a vacation

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"Well, I always did write my own sketches, you know," Con said.

"I know. But then you know— Sure, I remember them," Larry said. "Nice comedy touch, and you sure were a wizard for timing."

"Yeah, I guess so," Con said.

"It was socko," Larry said. "Real socko. The pictures need imagination, like that. But writing—"

"Oh, well," Con said.

"A dog's life. Madmen with typewriters," Larry said. "Ah, how I rue the day I sold the old barbershop."

THEY both took another swallow at their drinks and looked at each other cautiously, but grinning when their eyes met.

"Uh—Larry," Con said, "what I was thinking—the reason I called you . . . Occurred to me the other day: kind of thought I'd like to get into publicity. It's something I . . . So I called you up."

Larry looked greatly surprised.

"Why, Con!" he said. "Of course, it's none of my damn' business—but if you want to give up acting to write, you don't want to get into publicity. It's a side alley—worst dead end in pictures. You want to get into the—"

"Oh, I don't know, Larry," Con said. He touched his lips with his tongue and swallowed, hoping that Larry didn't hear the sound of the dry-throated swallow which sounded so loud in his own ears. "You see, the way I have it figured out—"

"The hell of it is," Larry said, "that right now, it's—see, the front office just cut my pay roll down. Had to let two men go—men with families, too. Stupid as hell. Makes me feel like a heel. What can I tell them? You know how I. Z. is when he gets on one of his economy binges."

"Forget it," Con said. "Have another."

"This one's mine," Larry said loudly. He slapped down a new twenty-dollar bill and looked at the bartender.

"Oh, well, thanks," Con said.

After a long time, they heard Cape, down at the end of the bar, say in his clear, eager voice:

"I had lunch today with I. Z. At the commissary, but in the executives' room. *Have you been there yet?*"

"No," the younger man said.

"It's a replica of the admiral's cabin in a Jacobean sailing ship," Cape said. "Except for the zebra-skin upholstery. Do you know what he ate for lunch?"

"No," the younger man said.

"A hamburger, with relish and onions," Cape said lovingly. "And a bottle of champagne, in ice in a golden bucket."

"OKAY," the younger man nodded. "But that sign I was telling you about. On the maternity hospital."

"Yes?" Cape asked happily.

"It doesn't say anything," the younger man said. "It's just going to be a tulip, gladly unfolding. In neon lights. A dewy tulip unfolding. Every time a child is born in one of the delivery rooms. No other time. That's when they're going to press the button. For the tulip to unfold."

Cape sighed. "All right," he said. "How do we stand now?"

"Still two bottles of Scotch to me," the younger man said.

"Okay," Cape said. They both stared thoughtfully at the wall again.

"Say!" Larry said suddenly. "Did you know that one of your old partners is working on our lot now? Victoria Tucker."

"Yeah," Con said. "I heard she was."

"Nice kid," Larry said. "Wasn't she the one with you in that postman act?"

"Yeah, she was," Con said.

"She's going good here," Larry said. "Young character parts. She's got a future. In character. She'll be big. I. Z. thinks so."

"Glad to hear it," Con said.

"He's going to take her option up," Larry said. "She's just finished swell work in Broadway Nocturne, and he's going to take it up, when it falls, Friday. We just sent out a release about it."

"Swell," Con said. "Give her a break whenever you can, won't you, Larry?" It made his dry heart feel a little warm: she was a sweet kid, and—it still seemed odd—Tuck's aunt . . . Sally's sister. It was queer, and he looked away.

"I sure will," Larry said. "She's a sweetheart. Hard worker, too."

"That's what counts," Con said. They sat silent for a while.

Finally Larry looked elaborately at his wrist watch. "I've got to go," he said. "Back to the salt mines— But hey! Let me leave one with you. On the house." He caught the bartender's eye and pointed to Con's glass.

"Thanks," Con said.

"Well, so long," Larry said. "See you soon— Say! You must come out to dinner some night, real soon. Bess will be crazy to meet you. I've told her so much about you."

"Sounds swell," Con said. "I'd love to."

FOR quite a while after Larry had gone, Con sat there turning around in his fingers that last drink Larry had bought him. This meant that their long-planned and talked-of expedition against Hollywood had petered out to nothing, that their last forlorn card had been played; and now they had to go back to New York to take that honky-tonk night-club job—back to scared, anxious living on the shabby fringes of show business. It was a tough thing to have to tell Tuck. . . . Con had lifted the last drink that Larry had bought him and was taking a long sad one, getting ready to leave, when the street door opened again, and he didn't look until a familiar voice said, from a long time ago:

"Hello, Con."

He set his glass down carefully and looked at her.

"Hi, Vic," he said. She seemed taller and expensive-looking and—still Vic.

"Hello, Mr. Cape," she said. Her voice was cooler but as sweet as he remembered it.

"Oh. Hello, Miss Tucker," Cape said.

She sat down in the place Larry had left.

"Well, Con," she said. "I saw Larry as I was leaving. He told me you were here. How are you?"

"Fine," Con said. "How are you doing, kid? Larry tells me you're—"

"Tell me: How's . . . Tuck?" she said.

"Oh, he's fine," Con said. "What'll you have?" He reached hurriedly into his inside coat pocket and got his wallet out, holding it at an angle so Vic couldn't by any chance see inside it.

"Champagne cockt—no. Lemonade," she said. "Plain water."

"Yes, Miss Tucker," the bartender said.

"You look like the devil, Con," she said. "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh," Con said, "we've been doing fine."

He looked at her with a hard-boiled eye. He could remember her when she was a leggy young girl with flying hair, who wanted to be a dancer.

"It's always nice to hear how the relatives are getting along," she said.

That word kind of stopped him for a second. Relatives. They were, of course, but he hadn't thought of it quite that way. She had become a relative that Sunday afternoon when she stood, queerly white-faced and still awkward with youth, beside Sally in the living room of their father's farmhouse while the country minister fumbled at his spectacles with his big, clumsy hands, marrying Sally and Con.

Con couldn't remember that Vic had mentioned having an older sister until she had been on the road with his act thirty or forty weeks. It was in 1928 that his old partner, Madge Cope, left the act to marry a lawyer in Minneapolis, and through a Broadway agency he hired Vic, just graduated from some dramatic school. But she was a hard-working kid, and intelligent; he rehearsed her for ten days or so in a Fourth Avenue gymnasium and they opened in Newark. Once on the road—the act was booked forty-two weeks on Orpheum time that year—he didn't see very much of her except in the theaters. She was quiet and didn't talk about herself. Until one rainy night in Seattle.

They were sitting at a lunch counter in the alley back of the theater, having some coffee while the picture was running, and Gus Mehaffey, of Mehaffey & Ginsberg, asked Con what he was going to do after they closed in Denver. Con said he supposed he'd hole up in the little hotel off Columbus Circle to write a new act.

"Every year I plan to go some place in the country. You know, daffodils and dewy morn and home cooking. Beautiful, blond milkmaids singing in the meadow," he said. "But I never do. I don't know any place like that."

After Gus had finished his coffee and gone, Vic said, a little hesitantly, with timidness:

"Why don't you come to our farm? The folks would love to have you."

"I didn't know your folks live on a farm," Con said

Vic nodded. "In Kansas. But no milkmaids. Why don't you?"

"Oh, but that wouldn't be—"

"Of course it would," she said. "I told them about you in letters and they're dying to meet you."

"Your folks?"

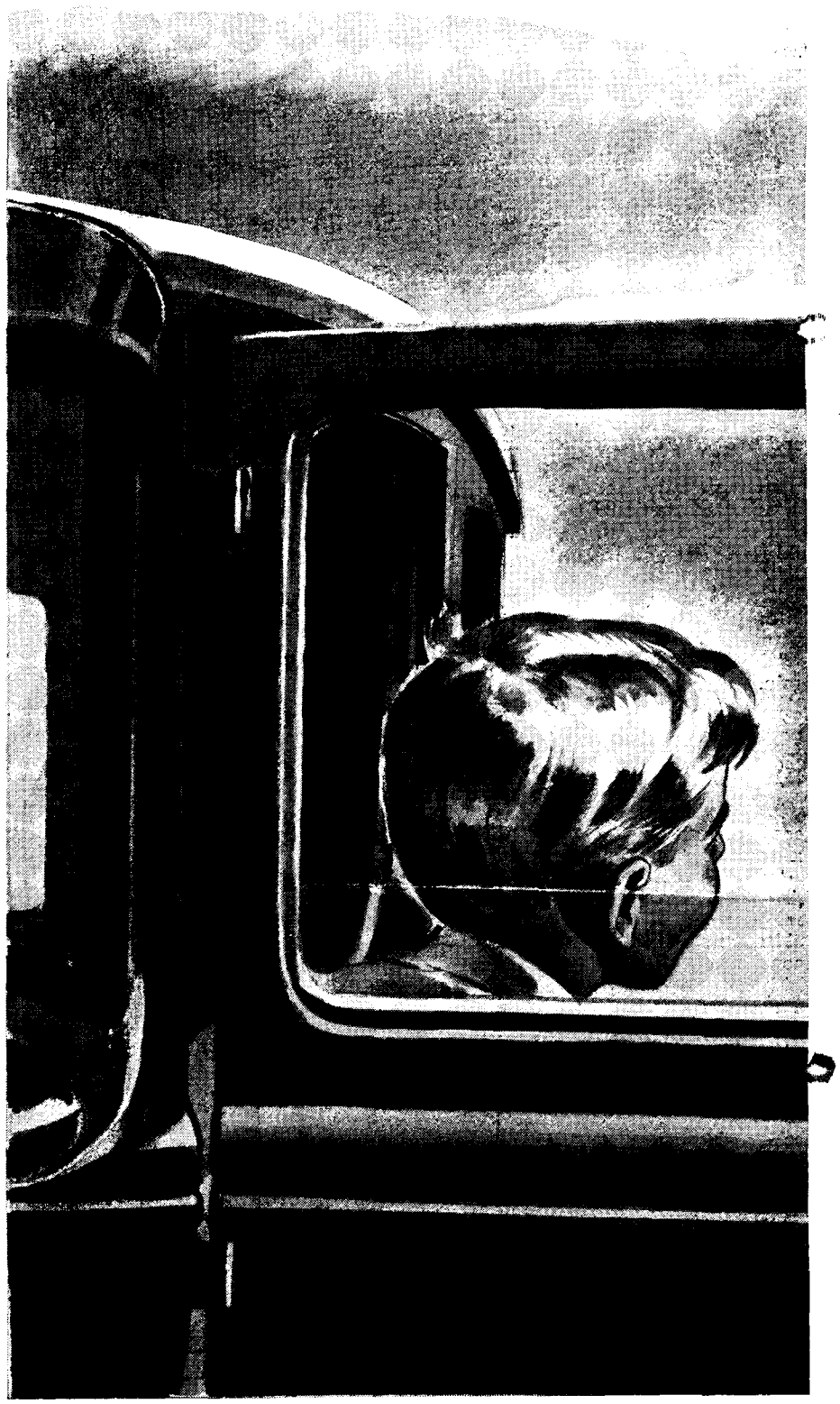
"Yes—Dad and Mother and Sally."

"Sally?"

"My sister. She's a schoolteacher."

"OH," CON said. But the farm was on the Union Pacific running east from Denver, and, after they closed, Con stopped off for a visit on his way to New York. He ended up by staying seven weeks.

The afternoon that the folks all drove down to the depot to meet them, Vic was a successful actress coming home for a vacation, and she showed Con off to them with a sort of shy pride; but



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within a week she was just the kid sister, watching Sally and Con in a puzzled way, as if refusing quite to believe. That look persisted even during the wedding ceremony when Con and Sally were married; it was on Vic's face when she waved goodby to them from the station platform when they started on their honeymoon.

About a month later, when it was nearly time to start rehearsing the new act, they got a letter from Vic. They read it at breakfast in their hotel room. She was glad to hear from Sally that they were so happy, and that Con had finished writing such a good act. It certainly sounded, from Sally's description of it, like a sure-fire hit, and she hoped that Con lined up good bookings for the coming season. As for herself, she was joining a stock company in St. Louis and by the time they got this letter she would be there, hard at work. She hoped Con's bookings would bring them through St. Louis sometime during the winter; she'd be looking forward to seeing them and they'd have a marvelous time, seeing the sights together.

Con was shocked and, after a minute, angry. He didn't have Vic tied up by contract, of course, but it certainly had been understood that— He lost his temper, and upset the cream pitcher, telling Sally. Look what this did to the act! Lifting her face, Sally gave him a long, queer look across the breakfast table.

He didn't see Vic again for four or five years. Somehow or other, when he and Sally visited the folks on the farm in the summertime, Vic always had either had her vacation or couldn't get away just yet; their visits never coincided. And then, of course, the last year and a half that Sally and he were together, they had stayed in Arizona. He had given up his work altogether to be with her, and they were terribly poor, toward the end.

The next time he saw Vic was when she came, three weeks before Sally died, to get Tuck and take him to the farm. He and Vic didn't have much to say to each other then.

Anyway, afterward, he found that he had lost all the rest of his world at the same time he lost Sally; because vaudeville was gone. But Tuck and he had stuck together somehow; sometimes there were night-club jobs, and a couple of times that they didn't like to remember, Con had worked in New Jersey beer joints. Entertaining. And another time, an old friend who had gone into burlesque had given him a winter's work

(Continued on page 47)

"Well, goodness gracious, if we haven't grown up into a real big boy," Vic said in a voice at least three times higher than normal

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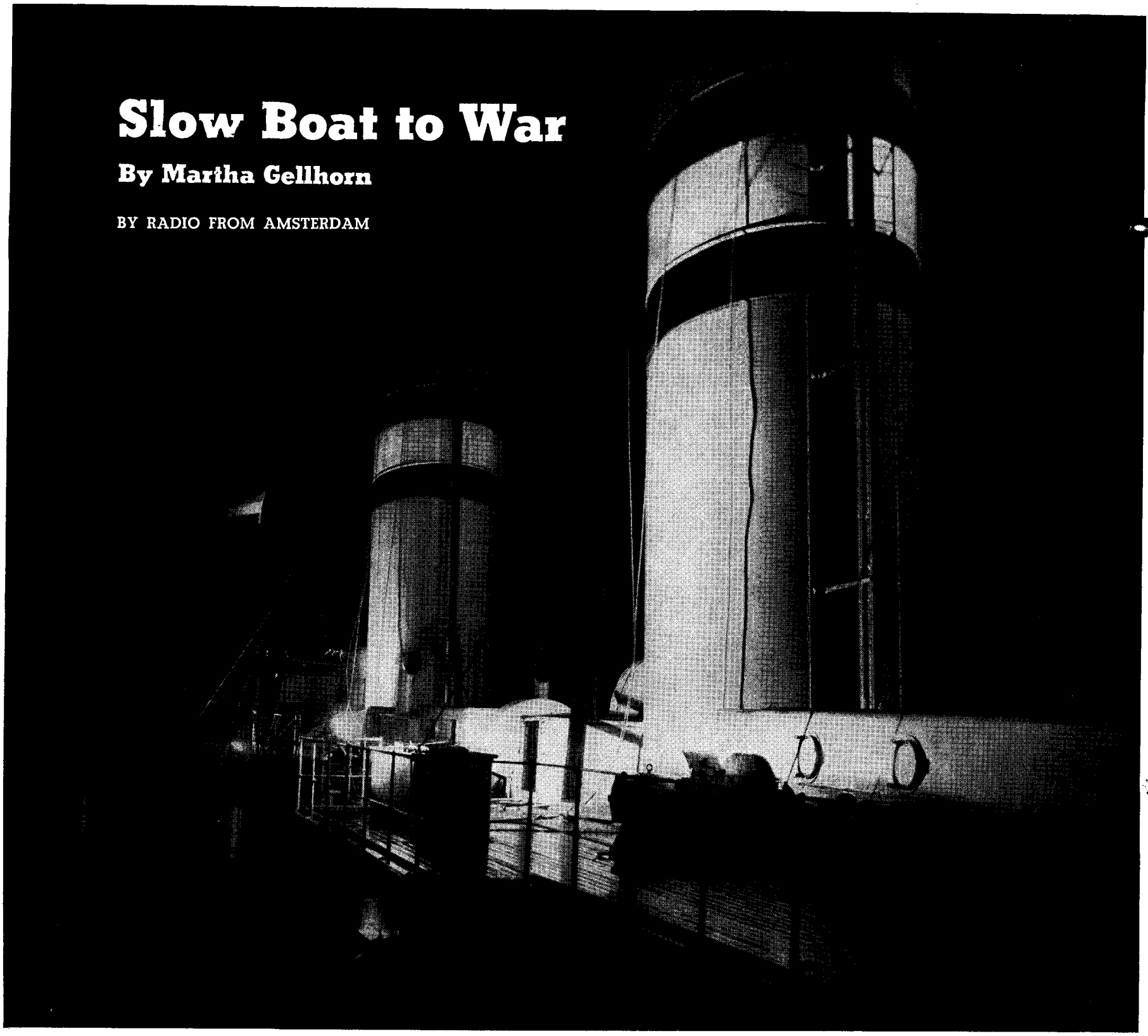
Slow Boat to War

By Martha Gellhorn

BY RADIO FROM AMSTERDAM



IFOR THOMAS

Every night lights illuminated the colors of Holland flying from the mast and painted around funnels

Fourteen days through submarine zones, a blockade control port and the mine fields of the North Sea. Ships being blasted on every side. Mines—and sometimes bodies—overside. Martha Gellhorn, en route to Finland for Collier's, gets a taste of the war on the sea

FRIENDS and relatives of the departing Belgians sang the Marseillaise dolefully. An old Austrian with pink cheeks and a neat, pointed white beard said goodby to another man, a young blond man. They put their arms around each other and shook hands and wept in a decent, dignified way. A harsh-looking woman stood near the gangplank and talked to a man with a tired, lined face. "Be sure to send the money every week," she said. "Every week! Don't forget, money every week."

Many people with undistinguished faces, looking the way passengers always do in the first hours on shipboard, drifted about the decks, cold and restless. The ship was six hours late in starting; bells rang and the ones who had come to say goodby filed down the gangplank and lined the grimy Hoboken pier, and you could see them under dusty electric lights bobbing their heads and wiping their eyes and waving and fluttering handkerchiefs. The water was dark and the lights of New York were as handsome as always and the boat pulled out slowly and we were off to the war.

At eleven the next morning there was a lifeboat drill. No one paid much attention to this but, privately and with some self-consciousness, everyone had found his way up to the boat deck to take a quick look at the lifeboats. No lifeboat looks reassuring if you think you are really going to have to use it. People had also gone about making discreet inquiries concerning the cargo. "What are we carrying?" you would ask in a bright, casual voice. The cargo was wheat consigned to the Belgian government. As the boat was heavily loaded it would ride well, which was comforting news since it was a small boat; there were only forty-four passengers aboard and a crew of two hundred and forty.

Belgians who had been working at the World's Fair and were going home to join their army took over the lounge by squatters' rights.

A Puerto Rican who had already managed to lose his luggage in New York joined up with the Austrians and they pre-empted the corner of the smoking room and talked together in low voices or read or simply waited for time to pass. Two well-dressed Dutchmen played chess always, at the same table. Irishmen, an English couple and two Scotchmen and Americans wandered around the decks, chose good positions for their deck chairs, established hearty relations with the barman and wondered privately what they would find to talk about at the table.

There was no reason either to go to bed or to get up, so that people began to keep very rare hours, floating around at five in the morning and sleeping until three the next afternoon, or going to bed at seven and arising to walk the deck before it was light.

Food was always the same—nourishing, no doubt, but as interesting as boiled cardboard and by the sixth day drink seemed to make people liverish rather than gay.

The English did not know what they were going to find when they got home or whether the men would be called up to fight this second war. The Belgians remembered their invaded country of twenty-five years ago and knew what they could fear. The Dutch realized

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that part of their land was flooded and the army mobilized. They knew also how hard it was to remain neutral and salvage the economy of a nation through long years of war. Americans were traveling rather unwillingly to straighten up business affairs and they had detached feelings that to lose money was one thing but to get dangerously involved in other people's messes was one thing more.

The eighth day was clear and beautiful and we were in the mine fields. You had to tell yourself this twice to believe it. Every night two six-foot-high electric signs on both sides of the ship announced that we were from The Netherlands and lights on the boat deck illuminated the colors of Holland flying from the mast and painted around funnels. But now two great black-and-white signs saying "Holland" appeared on the top deck and lifeboats were checked and swung oversides. Everyone spoke of mines rather shrilly. I learned from the mate that mine fields are often fifty miles long and there are frequently as many as ten thousand mines floating about in the mined area and that individual mines weigh from 400 to 600 pounds and maybe more.

This information seemed too gloomy to dwell on, but what made it most depressing was the element of idiot chance. There is just a sea full of mines which you may or may not run into at any given moment. We plowed through this now ominous sea and at ten we saw the first lights on the coast of England and the lights of freighters bobbing between us and the shore. At one o'clock in the morning the sea suddenly burned with little lights like winking phosphorus. The boats seemed as small as a child's toy floating on a pond.

We called up to the bridge to ask what this was and were told it was a fishing fleet carrying on as usual. The Englishwoman went to bed then, perfectly reassured, saying, that if those pitiful little boats could come out and do their work normally she guessed she could go to sleep without more fuss. The point, of course, was that the draft of fishing boats is so slight that they could float over a solid carpet of mines and not notice it.

It seemed strange, after eight days of loneliness, to see the smoke of many freighters against the sky and low, dark boats sinking down in wave troughs. An unmarked plane flew over toward England, and the radio announced the Simon Bolivar, a Dutch ship one day ahead of us, had struck a mine and gone down with 150 lives lost.

On into the Mine Fields

The crew was definitely shocked by the news of the Bolivar. Many of them had sailed on her and the stewards all had friends on board and, besides, it was a boat of their own nationality. The barman had been chief steward on the Simon Bolivar in happier days and he went progressively to pieces as the day continued.

In the afternoon another unmarked plane flew, silver-gray, into the sunset, and you could see the white, chalky, stiff coast of England. Our ship turned around and stopped. It was too dangerous to cross that water at night. By now the boredom of the passengers had changed into something else. I wheedled an officer into showing me their charts, those delicately traced maps so incomprehensible to a landlubber. On a chart marked in pencil were the mine fields.

As far as I could make out, the English, French, Dutch and Belgians all mined their coasts and ports for protection, leaving a passage resembling the eye of a needle free for neutral shipping, and what had not been mined by the Allies or neutrals was largely and loosely mined by the Germans. I was surprised then that any boats got through at all.

We sailed at dawn and anchored in the Downs off Ramsgate in midafternoon. The Downs is the flat, cold-looking stretch of water where the English halt shipping. More than a hundred ships lay anchored here, so thoroughly anchored and so dead-seeming that this place became a sort of Sargasso Sea. Boats must pull in for inspection because the only free passage is through the Downs; waters surrounding it being fatal with mines. If, however, a boat could slip through it would be hailed and picked up and escorted into the Downs by an English destroyer.

This is what a blockade really means and it is a very effective piece of work indeed. The English have blacklists which in the last war increased from three hundred to three thousand names, this blacklist being firms in neutral countries who do business in contraband with the enemy. But now almost everything is contraband, since anything from shoes to toothpaste is helpful in winning a war. Cargo is inspected and unloaded in case there is any question about it. Certain cargo destined for the enemy is confiscated. Mail also is taken off and censored. It is a very slow process. Boats have been delayed three and four weeks and longer in the Downs, but it is certainly thorough and in the end, though less spectacular, it would seem that the Downs was a greater weapon than any number of submarines.

Neutrals must submit to this because there is nothing they can do about it, and while they are gracefully complying with the polite but firm orders of the English they receive bitter complaints from the Germans, who say that in accepting inspection they are aiding the British blockade and not behaving as neutrals. It's surely not an easy thing to be a small, free country that must go on doing business or go bankrupt but at the same time would like to remain small, free and peaceful.

Black-out at Sea

At noon that first day in the Downs we were treated to an air raid which was, on the whole, a very pretty and unimportant affair. One high-flying plane came over and was shot at madly by coastal antiaircraft, the shells leaving round, decorative smoke rings in the blue sky. News came over the radio that two more ships had been blown up just ahead of us. We walked about looking at the other ships. Near us lay a Japanese liner with a fancy thing like a laundry mark painted on its side. There were Norwegian and Italian and Dutch boats. There were every make and nationality and size, rusty red and black and gray and one rather garishly camouflaged.

At night our decks were curtained in canvas, and lights were dimmed or extinguished and we joined England in a black-out, which is the most gloom-making contraption yet devised by man. The English and American passengers wanted special permission from the British Admiralty to go ashore here, as the North Sea in the last few days had definitely become the worst battle zone of the war. It was very interesting to watch the passengers, and I remembered Spain and the air raids in Barcelona and the bombardments in Madrid, and again, as then, I felt the sharp excitement of not knowing what would happen next and the equally intense feeling of curiosity to see how human beings reacted.

They reacted as people must react to this oppressively silent war—with their nerves. If anything did actually happen it would be almost a relief and everyone would behave well. But there were no lights and the radio constantly announced disaster, and we had been on

ANOTHER NEUTRAL SAVED FROM THE CRUEL BRITISH

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

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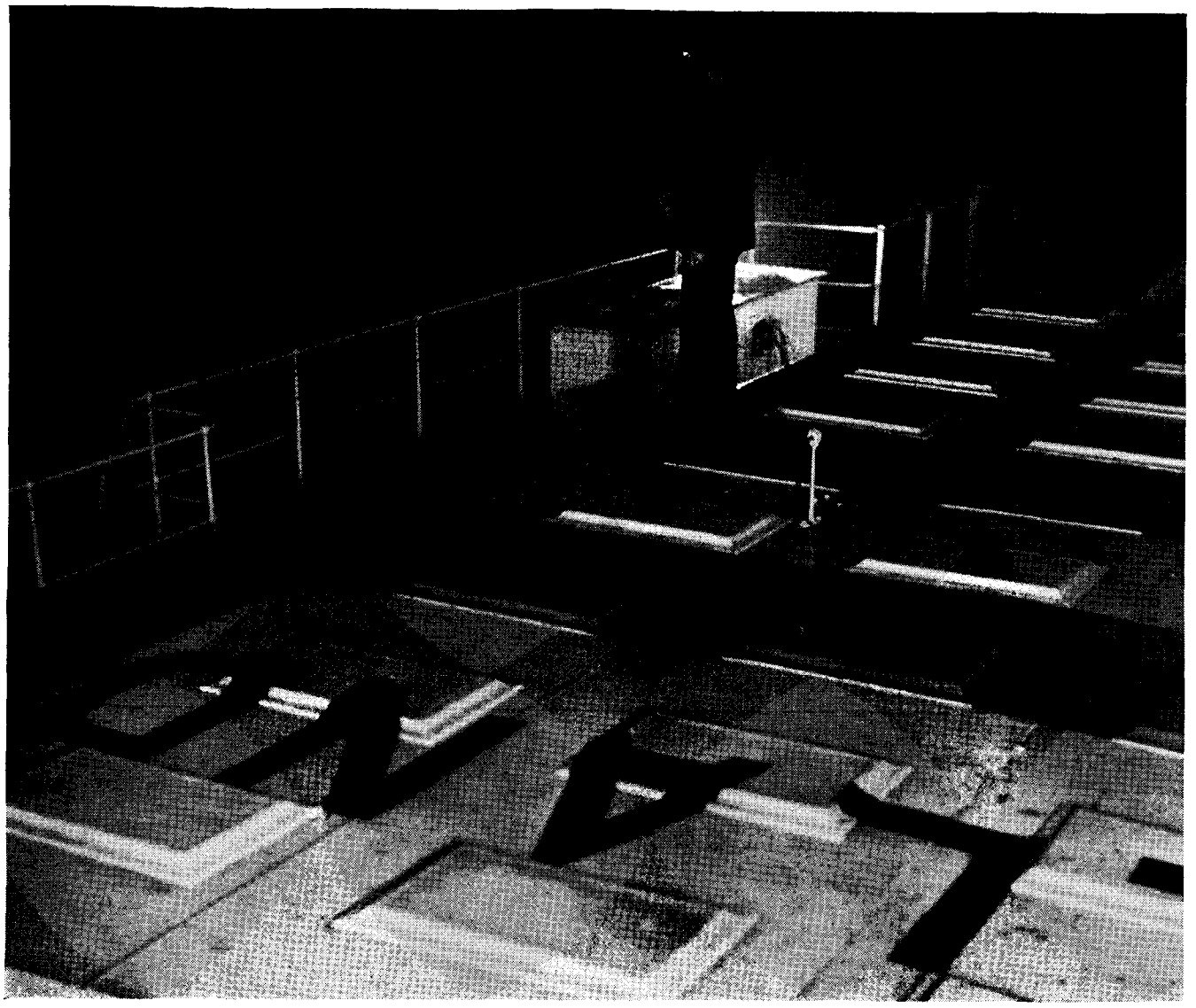

IFOR THOMAS

By now two great black-and-white signs saying "Holland" appeared on the top deck

board forever and still nothing happened. Nothing at all, and the shaken and temperamental barman did a thriving business.

Two British officers came aboard in the morning and checked our passports. They were charming and apologetic. An old Austrian, an enemy alien by rights, got through all right, to our intense relief. He had left a good job in Guatemala to return to Holland to be at least that near to his wife, who could not leave Germany. They had been married twenty-five years and he loved her really, the way people love in the old storybooks, and we could not have endured to see him stopped in his pitiful effort to be closer to her.

He had only four dollars left and no one on board spoke German easily, and he had walked the decks all these days with the same smooth, unstopping stride, his face sad but calm. Now you could almost feel him straining forward to be there sooner. To be where he could anyway hear her voice speaking over a telephone across that insurmountable frontier.

The English and Americans were refused permission to land and they talked together in furious, indignant and anxious voices about being condemned to death by red tape. The Japanese boat, which had been lying alongside us in the night, was sunk by a mine two hours out of the Downs that morning, the radio announced in a reasonable voice.

At eleven o'clock we heard the hum of airplanes, muffled in thick gray clouds. The noise of the motors was directly above us but we could see nothing through the clouds. Then we heard the sharp, hammering noise of machine guns and the planes droned off.

In the afternoon the radio announced that two more boats had been sunk with so and so many missing. That made eleven boats in three days and all just ahead of us. The general feeling was that we were only waiting for our turn, and black-out beginning at five in the afternoon was more than anybody could bear. We had been at this now for eleven days. "And no matter what happens, if it would only happen soon!" I thought. There was a dance that evening, our first and only dance in the dimmed lounge, with three out of four women present and we all got very happy and staged a noisy bullfight on the lower deck at three in the morning and forgot about the radio and that cultivated BBC voice saying the last words over all destroyed ships.

Just Members of the Family

Near morning, word came that the British and Americans who so desired would be taken ashore in a launch, and there was loud rejoicing and much whistling on deck and a great deal of bustle with packing. That left as English-speaking travelers an American boy and myself. And the English rather sweetly, but we thought quite goofily, urged us to get off too, as "what was the use in going on into certain danger and, you know, it's silly to drown, I mean, and you can always get a plane or something from England." But we both had our business to do farther north and by then I would not have missed the remainder of the trip for anything.

The captain was a wonderful man, one of the funniest and soundest I had ever met. And I have not the kind of imagination that can foresee unknown and unexperienced catastrophe. I thought we would certainly get through all right, no matter what happened to other boats, and I thought the next few days might be quite exciting—which they were.

The American boy and I dropped in uninvited on the captain before lunch for a drink the next day. By now we were members of the family. A shy and pleasant British officer showed up in a vast raincoat and gave us our clearance papers. The British also returned several sacks of diplomatic mail which they had taken off by mistake. "A good thing too," said the American boy. "I'd like to see them interfering with our government business, dammit!"

"Nothing like war," I said, "to bring out the patriot in everyone."

"You bet," he said. "Let's have some more of that Dutch gin and drink to The Netherlands, our home away from home."

We ate very well that day for the first time, eating with the captain, who had sent special orders to the kitchen. "We may as well," said the captain cheerfully. "We don't know when we're going to eat again." At dinner, for no reason and rather frighteningly, the Dutch and Belgian national anthems were played and we all rose and stood solemnly looking at the tablecloth.

"This is the music they play when a ship goes down," the American boy whispered. "They're just getting in their practice." The next day would be the last as far as we were concerned. The radio had announced three more ships sunk in the North Sea.

At seven o'clock in the smoky, blue-cold morning darkness the steward pounded on my door. He said, "Will you kindly get up and dress as warmly as possible." What a way to be wakened, I thought. I put on flannel slacks over woolen underwear and sweaters and leather jacket and fur coat and heavy shoes and wool socks and rummaged in my suitcase for fur-lined gloves.

We were moving through a light fog, and the ship throbbed very unnaturally. The chief engineer said he had her up to full speed and a half and I wondered whether we wouldn't just blow up of our own accord, we were rattling so hard. After breakfast the decks seemed unusually crowded with crew. They hung about wearing life belts and doing trifling jobs, washing bulkheads and arranging deck chairs. Light-clad, thin and grimy men who almost never seem to emerge from the engine room were appearing on the lower deck in shifts, as apparently the chief officer had shortened their period of duty below decks. It was deadly cold. The Belgians were wonderfully bundled up and wearing flimsy, narrow-brimmed city hats, and they sat in the hallways with their uncomfortable life belts on and looked placid but ready.

In the smoking room the old Austrian sat by himself and read Faust. I went over to talk to him and he said we had already gone safely through an hour and a half, and then he said serenely and sweetly: "God's will be done."

At nine o'clock we passed a dead body wearing a life belt and floating face down. Gray, bulky and casual and not even pitiful, only dead. "From the Simon Bolivar, probably," the steward said, and nobody said anything more about it.

Waiting to Get Sunk

You could see by the wake of the boat that we were zigzagging across the North Sea like pussy wants a corner. Then two hundred yards away, looking like very large black footballs, we saw two floating mines. The radio announced that, completing yesterday's toll, there were five more boats sunk by mines in the North Sea. Also a boat lying anchored in the Downs, a 9,000-ton freighter which we had passed, was blown up two hours ago when a mine drifting down into that water had struck its side.

It was too cold on deck and there was nothing much to see anyhow. This was just a day to live through. A rather long day and the only thing to do was wait. This is a very foul kind of war, I thought. You never hear or see anything, there is no place to take shelter. You feel like an awful fool, I thought, waiting to get sunk.

The Belgians clung to the lounge from habit. In the smoking room everyone was prepared. I had put a flask of whisky and two packages of cigarettes and my essential papers in a shoe bag, and this with my gloves lay on the table beside me. A Dutch boy had his camera in a small oilcloth bag. The old Austrian looked rather swollen with all the things he was carrying in his pockets. The American boy said that everyone was certainly awfully well dressed and gotten up for shipwreck except him but he would know better the next time. He would certainly bring the right clothes.

The old Austrian told me comfortingly to be sure to rub my nose frequently when we got in the lifeboats because the nose froze first and when you didn't feel it any more it was too late. We listened politely and when he left roared with laughter, thinking what a fate, to go through life with a frozen nose. Boy, what a fate!

The steward came in and announced we had just passed some floating mines but we did not get on deck in time to see them. At the noon news broadcast we were told that the ship that had followed us out of the Downs in the blue morning fog had sunk. We went on deck and looked moodily at our zigzagging wake. Then we went down to lunch, feeling rather heroic and business-as-usual. The dining saloon was on C deck and definitely not the best place to loiter in. No one ate much and conversation lagged.

(Continued on page 45)

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First Winner

By Paul Schubert

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

In which a sportsman of Poland tells a glorious lie

AFTER the 2d Company, 44th Hannover Infantry, arrived at Jedniecz, Hauptmann Boelke set up company headquarters in the village inn.

That is, it had been the village inn until a week ago. Jedniecz, Godforsaken and desolate as only a conquered Polish village can be, was in ruins.

"Take two men and find the mayor," the Hauptmann ordered Oberleutnant Zimmermann. "Bring him here."

"*Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann.*"

It gave Oberleutnant Zimmermann a sick feeling to walk the village street. He had imagined war would be like a glorious sport—something as exciting as skiing or mountain climbing, strenuous competition followed by victory, the way it had been when he won his championships. Zimmermann was a champion, a *Langlauf Meister* on skis. He had an athlete's leanness and his face, under his steel helmet, was brown with the deep tan of mountain men.

He found the mayor, jittery with fright, cowering in his broken home, blasted out of a lifetime of fields and farming—it had been days since the man took off his clothes or washed himself. Zimmermann was ashamed to herd this hulking animal, helpless as an ox, through the village streets.

So far the young German officer hadn't met the enemy, hadn't seen a Polish soldier face to face. He hadn't been under fire, except for the sniping this morning.

As the escort entered headquarters he reported: "The mayor, Herr Hauptmann."

Boelke spoke to the man through an interpreter. "Tell the mayor," he commanded, "I want two beef cattle, five hundred kilograms of potatoes and two hundred and fifty kilos of flour for the commissariat, to be paid for at the rate prescribed by army regulations."

The mayor lifted his hands hopelessly.

"He says they haven't got beef or potatoes or flour," repeated the interpreter.

"He's to deliver the supplies within an hour," Boelke announced, unmoved, "or I'll search the village—then he won't be paid anything at all for them."

The Hauptmann leaned back in his chair and his voice grew harsher:

"Tell the mayor that as we marched into the village this morning, a sniper opened fire and killed one of our men. The sniper is to be surrendered with his weapon before six o'clock—otherwise I will line up the entire village and have every tenth man shot."

The mayor's hands rose once more in the gesture of helplessness, and fell to his sides with tragic heaviness.

"He says he doesn't know about any sniper," the interpreter translated. "He doesn't believe any of the villagers has a rifle. He thinks it must be a mistake."

The Hauptmann's face flushed with anger as he pointed to a corner of the room, where Lance Corporal Schultz's body lay waiting burial, booted legs inert, hands crossed stiffly on the chest. "Tell him that was the greatest mistake the mayor or his villagers ever made. It's quite immaterial whether he finds the sniper or not—he knows the alternative."

Oberleutnant Zimmermann accompanied the stricken man back down the street. The mayor's head was bowed, tears furrowed their way down his grimy cheeks and he stumbled along muttering broken words of grief and despair. Zimmermann considered how to put the personal question that had been in his mind since the company marched into Jedniecz.

If anyone could tell him, it would be the mayor. As they came to a stop the Oberleutnant got out the little book called "Polish Words and Phrases for Members of the Armed Forces," and looked for help among its pages.

"*Pan,*" said Zimmermann, finding the right spot. "*Pan* Mayor. Do you know Jozef Demachowski?"

The mayor looked up, but Zimmermann couldn't tell whether he had understood the question or not.

"Where," repeated Zimmermann slowly, "is Jozef Demachowski?"

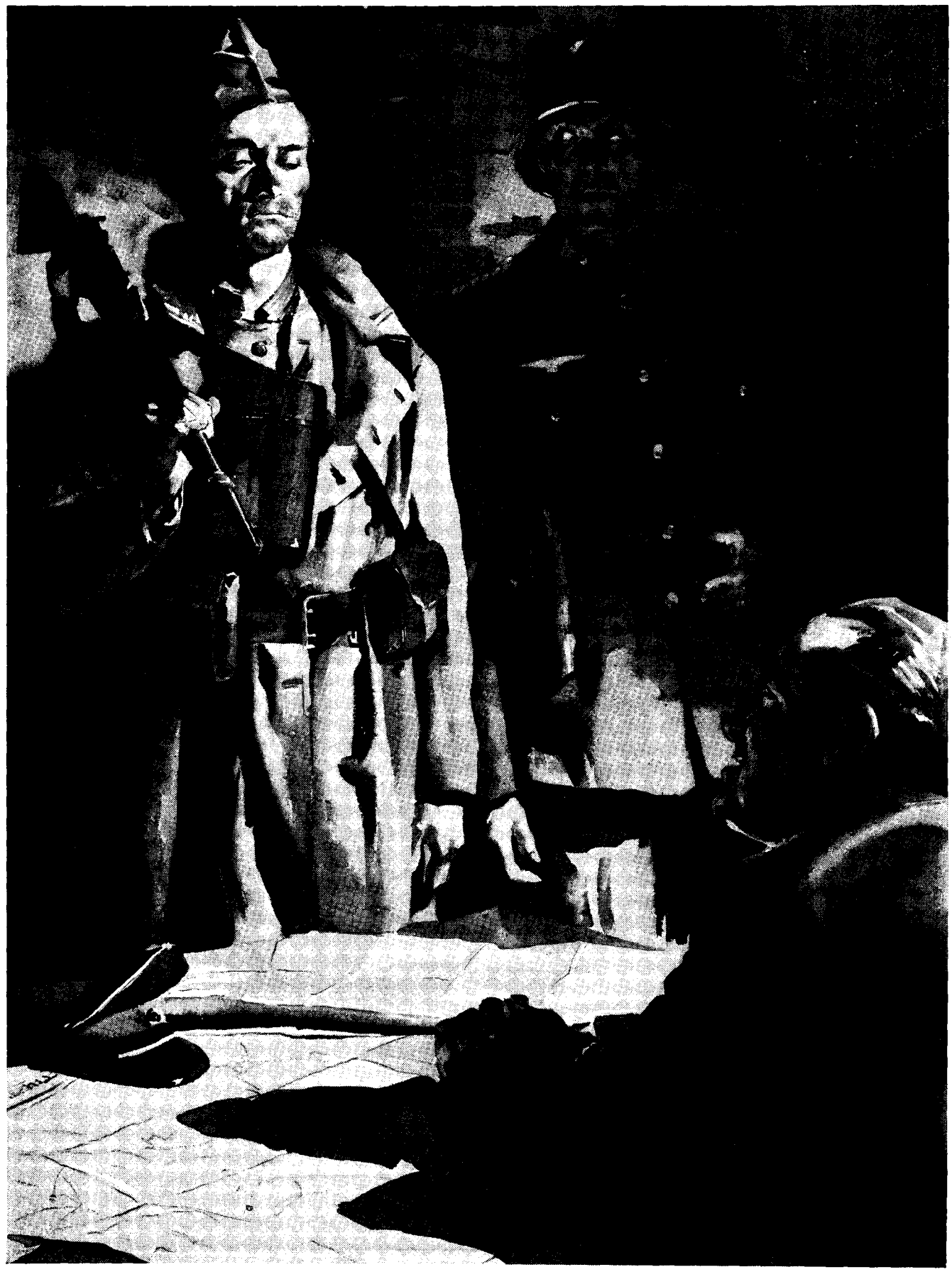
The mayor answered with a sentence in Polish, but Zimmermann could only grin at the futility of trying to decipher the tumbled singsong words.

WHEN Oberleutnant Zimmermann got back to company headquarters he was still thinking about Jozef Demachowski.

He thought of Demachowski as a friend, in the peculiar bond of friendship uniting men who have competed against each other in the world of sport. They had met at the *Langlauf* ski championships in Salzburg, up on Hochkoenig behind Bischofshofen—up in a winter paradise of boundless window-high white wonder ridged by ranges that turned to a hundred miles of burnished copper at sunset. A meeting place of laughter and sportsmanship, ski girls so appetizing that you wanted to kiss all of them, evenings when you sang till midnight with the fire roaring and an accordion lilting its sweet drone.

Zimmermann had run for Germany in the men's 18-kilometer on a grand, glittering day with the going fast after an overnight change in weather. He had gotten away feeling that he had it in him to break records, swinging off in a rhythmic stride up the first long climb, then shooting down the white cross

(Continued on page 44)



"Bah!" said the Hauptmann. "He stole a uniform in the hope of escaping punishment"

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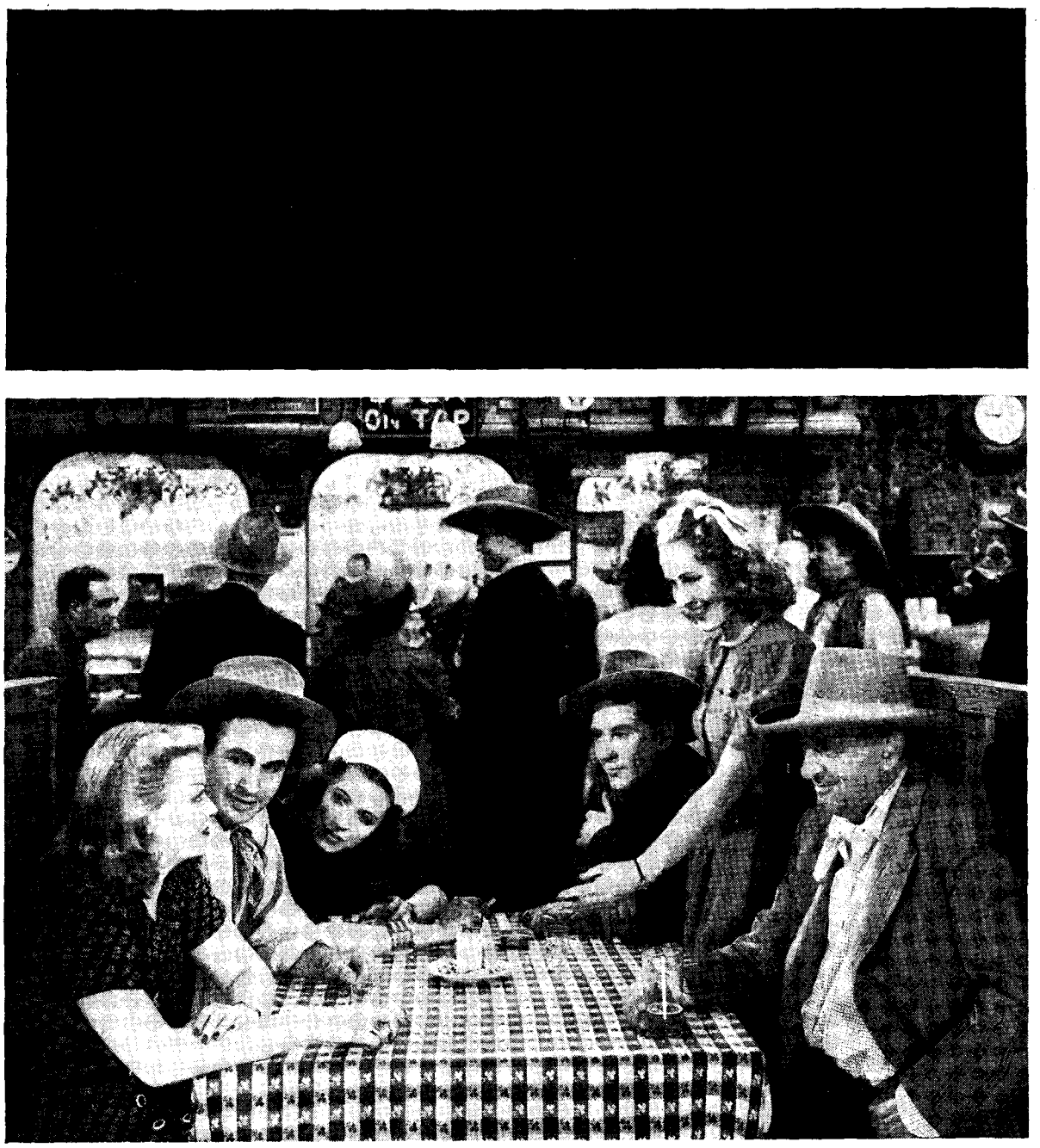

THEY'D been writing a picture together, Lewis Milestone and Gene Solow, and it was finished now, so they thought they'd take a week off. When anyone who lives in Hollywood has a week off he takes it in New York. So Solow and Milestone found themselves at the bar in "21" one afternoon, just talking of this and that. Then Milestone said, "What would you like to do next, Gene?"

Solow said, "Milly, I want to do Of Mice and Men. That would be a great picture."

Milestone said, "Sure it would, but George Kaufman and Sam Harris own the picture rights with Steinbeck and they'll want a lot of money for it. Then the Hays office would never pass it."

"That's right," Solow said gloomily, "but I'd love to do that script. Just suppose we had a lot of money, Milly. We could buy it, do the script, and then you could direct it."

Milly looked thoughtful. Milly has directed some great pictures in the past, notably Front Page and All Quiet on the Western Front. Of Mice and Men would be a provocative job, a challenge to any director.

"I wonder," Solow said casually, "if Kaufman and Harris would gamble with us. We'd do the script and then get backing somewhere and cut up the profits."

"No one in Hollywood ever heard of doing business that way," Milestone said. "Besides, who would back us?"

"If the script was good," Solow said, "and it passed the Hays office and people knew that you were going to direct it, we might get some company to put up the production cost for a cut of the profits."

"Well, it only costs a nickel to phone George Kaufman," Milly said.

Two minutes later Solow was talking to Kaufman. Kaufman listened in silence while Solow outlined his idea.

"We have no security to put up," he said, "except this. Milly and I are both crazy about the play and we'll break our necks to do a good script. Then you know Milly is a great director."

Kaufman said, "It all sounds good to me. I'll talk to Sam about it and to Alec Woollcott too. He owns ten per cent of it."

The next day Sam Harris phoned Solow. "I like your nerve," he said. "Kaufman and I are agreeable, so is Woollcott. We'll string along on a percentage basis but you'll have to get Steinbeck's okay first. Matter of fact, Steinbeck is in Chicago. I'll phone him."

Sam phoned him and Steinbeck chuckled. "Sure, I'll go along. I'd like to see the script first, though."

This all happened in twenty-four hours. Now, to all intents and purposes, Solow and Milestone owned the picture rights to the play Of Mice and Men. That is, they had a two-months option on it. In two months they had to write the script, get financial backing, have John Steinbeck okay the script and be ready to shoot. It was quite an undertaking.

They spent a week on the script at Milestone's house in Ausable Forks in upper New York State. They spent another week in a New York hotel and then one night they ran into an old friend, Anatole Litvak, the director. He had heard all about it and was enthusiastic.

The Censors Fall in Line

He said, "Look, now. I have a beach house out at Los Tunas on the coast. There's a man there to take care of you and to cook for you, and I won't be back to the coast for a month or so. Why not move into the place? It's a great place to work."

They hopped the next train to Los Angeles and really went to work on the script. They'd talk all around and over a scene, sitting there in the beach house, and then Solow would write it. Then they'd rip it apart and talk it over again, and this time it would come out to the satisfaction of both of them. They lived in their pajamas for two weeks, never leaving the house. It was coming nicely but time was flying and they didn't have any backing yet. They sent emissaries around to the various studio heads. Goldwyn, Zanuck, Selznick, none of them was interested.

"The General won't pass it," they all said. Will Hays is known as the General in Hollywood. "It's on the Hays blacklist," they heard.

That was disturbing news but they didn't let it bother them. They finished the script and, both being good craftsmen, they knew that it was a good script. Then they took it to the Hays office. They were pretty nervous that morning when they handed the script to Joe Breen, who is the General's assistant.

They explained to Breen how they had gambled their time and what money they had to do the script. They explained the whole co-operative setup under

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which they were operating. They explained too, about the two-months option and how more than six weeks was gone already. Breen admired their nerve.

"I'll read the script today," he promised.

They went to the Hays office the next day, trembling with apprehension. If Breen and Hays turned thumbs down, that ended their whole dream. But Breen was beaming and telling them what a great script it was. Breen made a couple of minor objections but both Solow and Milly thought them very reasonable ones.

They walked away in a daze. Only two things remained now. They had to get Steinbeck's okay and had to get at least $250,000 somewhere. The first thing was to get the script to John Steinbeck. That was Solow's job. He phoned Steinbeck and the author told him to come right up to the ranch. The Steinbeck ranch is about 300 miles north of Hollywood. Solow got in his car and drove all day. He was a bit nervous, for he'd never met Steinbeck. He knew that Steinbeck was a sensitive man who hated pictures. How would he like those additional scenes that had been written in?

At Steinbeck's ranch they sat down and had a drink and then Steinbeck said, "Why don't you read the script to me?"

The script was 170 pages long. Steinbeck stretched himself out on a couch. Solow began to read. He read for an hour before Steinbeck said anything. Then the writer snapped, "What part of the country are you from?"

"New England," Solow said, surprised.

"One of those Harvard guys," Steinbeck grumbled, and Solow nodded. Then Steinbeck added: "Don't forget this play is laid in the Salinas Valley here in California. You've used a New England expression there that a Salinas Valley man wouldn't use."

"I've tried to keep the idiom clean," Solow said humbly.

"You have," Steinbeck replied, "except for that one expression."

A Short Job, and a Sweet One

He went on reading and at five A. M. he finished. Steinbeck didn't say anything and Solow began to die.

"What do you think of it?" he finally blurted out.

Steinbeck got up. He said, "You've done a wonderful job. You've preserved the integrity of the book and of the play. I wouldn't want a scene changed."

Solow swallowed hard and said, "Please—I need a drink."

"You know, Gene," Steinbeck said thoughtfully, "we might add one short scene. Now there in the second . . ."

Steinbeck went to a typewriter and in half an hour wrote seven pages of the most beautiful dialogue Solow had ever seen. Then the screen play was complete.

Back in Hollywood now there was nothing left to do except get $250,000 somewhere. Milestone and Solow had decided to use only actors who would fit the part. They weren't going after name actors. First, they couldn't afford it and secondly, they wanted people who would be Lennie and George, not mere Hollywood imitations of them.

Time was flying now. Only ten more days left and then someone told Milestone that Hal Roach had heard of their script and might be interested. The next day Milestone and Solow were in Roach's office. They explained the financial setup to Roach. It was to be entirely co-operative with producers, writers, directors all sharing.

"We can make it for $250,000," Milly told Roach.

"That isn't much for an A picture," Roach said.

"Will you read the script?" Milly asked.

"Hell no," Roach exploded. "I'll back you. I know the book. It's all about mule skinners. I used to be a mule skinner myself. That's how I happened to come to Hollywood. I like the people in Of Mice and Men. I don't have to read the script. Let's draw up a contract."

An hour later Milestone and Solow started to cast the picture. Jimmy Cagney wanted to play George. Spencer Tracy was crazy to act in it. So was John Garfield. But studio commitments prevented any deal being made. Then they began to test. They tested twenty actors for the part of George and finally decided on Burgess Meredith. Buzz Meredith has long been known to Broadway but his only well-known picture was Winterset. Lon Chaney Jr., was selected over twenty-five others for the part of Lennie. The son of the late Lon Chaney had never played anything but bits before. The girl in the play presented a real problem of casting. Gene phoned Sam and Bella Spewack and asked them to suggest someone. Bella told them that a newcomer to Hollywood, Betty Fields, would be great. They tested her and she *was* great. Charles Bickford was picked for the mule skinner and Roman Bohnen of the Group Theater was also signed up to play Candy, the old swamper.

There was a unique clause in the contract with Hal Roach. If Milestone and Roach disagreed upon any member of the cast, Leo McCarey, a friend of both, was to be the arbiter. But Leo's services were never needed. Roach liked everyone Milly picked.

The various tests had cost plenty of money. They still had about $200,000 left for the actual shooting of the picture. They decided to shoot in the Salinas Valley, the locale Steinbeck had written about. They did better than that. They got Steinbeck to take them to the actual ranch house he had described in the book. But, alas, that ranch house had fallen on evil days and was now a dilapidated wreck.

"Well, we'll build a replica of it in the San Fernando Valley," Milestone said. "It'll be more authentic to do that than to shoot the scenes around here, scenes that have changed so since the days when you worked here on ranches."

They had a good art director, Nicholas Raemisoff, who came here as art director for the Chauve Souris and who did Faust for Max Reinhardt. He designed models of the ranch house where most of the action takes place. Steinbeck approved and then Raemisoff built the set in a week. Now the actual shooting began. It was almost anticlimactic. Solow and Milestone had been through so much that the shooting was easy. They had a great cameraman—Norbert Brodine. Twenty years ago Milestone and Brodine came to Hollywood together. They got jobs carrying cans of film. They'd bicycle the film to the railroad station and then get paid so much per can. They hadn't worked together since then.

The cast was crazy about the picture. Each one knew that here was a chance to get away from the conventional boy-meets-girl story. Here was a chance to act in something worth while.

They shot the picture in thirty-nine days. Milestone had planned on forty. They spent exactly what they had planned to spend, $250,000. They cut the picture and looked at it and found it good. They asked a few outsiders to look at it, friends like Cagney and Leo McCarey. All agreed that it was one of the great pictures of the past few years.

Whether it will be a commercial success, neither Milestone nor Solow can tell. Nor can Roach or George Kaufman or Sam Harris or Alex Woollcott. Nor can Steinbeck. But if they don't get rich on the proceeds they still won't complain. They have made history in Hollywood. They made a co-operative picture without friction and without trouble. They think that they have made a great picture. They know they have made an honest one. ★★★

Burgess Meredith, star of Winterset, plays the role of George, and Lon Chaney, Jr., hitherto a bit player, was assigned the part of Lennie

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Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AT HER home in London, Elinor Carlisle receives an anonymous letter warning her that "someone" is supplanting her in the affections of her Aunt Laura Welman (from whom she will, some day, inherit a fortune), and advising her to look into the matter. She does not take the matter seriously. Nevertheless—accompanied by her fiancé, Roderick ("Roddy") Welman, the nephew of Mrs. Welman's dead husband—she goes down to Hunterbury, her aunt's country home.

She finds Mrs. Welman suffering from a stroke. And a few days later—attended by Dr. Peter Lord and Nurses Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins—the old lady dies. With her constantly, during her last illness, is Mary Gerrard, her lodgekeeper's daughter, of whom she is very fond. . . . To the surprise of everyone, no will can be found. So Mrs. Welman's entire estate goes automatically to her next of kin: Elinor. Informed of this, Elinor tells Roddy Welman that they can now make their plans to be married. Roddy listens to her; then he astounds her by confessing that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard. Whereupon, he goes to Italy "to think the matter over."

A generous girl, Elinor directs her attorney to settle two thousand pounds on Mary. And both girls go to London. Upon the death of Mary's father, however, they return and—while eating some sandwiches which Elinor had invited Nurse Hopkins and Mary to share with her—Mary suddenly dies. She dies of morphine poisoning; and, because the evidence against Elinor is extremely strong, she is arrested and charged with murder.

Doctor Peter Lord feels sure that she is innocent. He consults Hercule Poirot, Europe's most brilliant detective, and asks him to investigate the case. Poirot, suspecting that Elinor is guilty, goes to work. From Nurse Hopkins, he learns that, shortly before Mrs. Welman's death, someone had stolen a tube of morphine tablets. From strait-laced Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Welman's housekeeper, he learns that, a few minutes before the old lady had died, Roddy Welman had slipped into her bedroom—Mrs. Bishop had (she says) seen him when he did so! . . .

Roddy returns from Italy. Poirot questions him. Roddy tells him about the anonymous letter. Poirot is deeply interested. "Have you any idea, Mr. Welman," he asks quietly, "who the writer of that letter could be?"

VII

RODDY shook his head. "I've no idea at all. It was an illiterate letter, misspelled, cheap-looking."

Poirot waved a hand. "There is nothing much to that! It might easily have been written by an educated person who chose to disguise the fact. That is why I wish you had the letter still. People who try to write in an uneducated manner usually give themselves away."

Roddy said doubtfully: "Elinor and I thought it might be one of the servants."

"Had you any idea which of them?"

"No—no idea whatsoever."

"Could it, do you think, have been Mrs. Bishop, the housekeeper?"

Roddy looked shocked. "Oh, no, she's a most respectable, high and mighty creature. Writes beautifully involved and ornate letters with long words in them. Besides, I'm sure she would never—"

As he hesitated, Poirot cut in: "She did not like Mary Gerrard!"

"I suppose she didn't. I never noticed anything, though."

"But perhaps, Mr. Welman, you do not notice very much?"

Roddy said slowly: "You don't think, M. Poirot, that my aunt could have taken that morphine herself?"

Poirot said: "It is an idea, yes."

Roddy said: "She hated her—her helplessness, you know. Often said she wished she could die."

Poirot said: "But then she could not have risen from her bed, gone downstairs and helped herself to the tube of morphine from the nurse's case."

Roddy said slowly: "No, but somebody could have got it for her."

"Who?"

"Well—one of the nurses."

"No, neither of the nurses. They would understand the danger to themselves far too well! The nurses are the last people to suspect."

"Then—somebody else . . ."

He started, opened his mouth—shut it again.

Poirot said quietly: "You have remembered something, have you not?"

Roddy said doubtfully: "Yes—but—"

"You wonder if you ought to tell me?"

"Well, yes. . . ."

Poirot said, a curious smile tilting the corners of his mouth: "When did Miss Carlisle say it?"

RODDY drew a deep breath. "By Jove, you are a wizard! It was in the train coming down. We'd had the telegram, you know, saying Aunt Laura had had another stroke. Elinor said how terribly sorry she was for her. How the poor dear hated being ill and that now she would be more helpless still and that it would be absolute hell for her. Elinor said: 'One does feel that people *ought* to be set free if they themselves really want it.' "

"And you said—what?"

"I agreed."

Poirot spoke very gravely: "Just now, Mr. Welman, you scouted the possibility of Miss Carlisle having killed your aunt for monetary gain. Do you also scout the possibility that she may have killed Mrs. Welman out of compassion?"

Roddy said: "I—I—no, I can't. . . ."

Hercule Poirot bowed his head.

He said: "Yes, I thought—I was sure—that you would say that. . . ."

In the offices of Messrs. Seddon, Ridgeway & Seddon, Hercule Poirot was received with extreme caution, not to say distrust.

Mr. Seddon, a forefinger stroking his closely shaved chin, was noncommittal and his shrewd gray eyes appraised the detective thoughtfully.

"Your name is familiar to me, M. Poirot, of course. But I am at a loss to understand your position in this case."

Hercule Poirot said: "I am acting, Monsieur, in your client's interests."

"Ah—indeed? And who—er—engaged you in that capacity?"

"I am here at the request of Dr. Lord."

Mr. Seddon's eyebrows rose very high. "Indeed! That seems to me very irregular—very irregular. Dr. Lord, I understand, has been subpoenaed as a witness for the prosecution."

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "Does that matter?"

Mr. Seddon said: "The arrangements for Miss Carlisle's defense are entirely in our hands. I really do not think we need any outside assistance in this case."

Poirot asked: "Is that because your client's innocence will be so easily proved?"

Mr. Seddon winced. Then he became wrathful in a dry legal fashion. "That," he said, "is a most improper question. Most improper."

Hercule Poirot said: "The case against your client is a very strong one."

"I really fail to see, M. Poirot, how you know anything about it."

Poirot said: "Although I am actually retained by Dr. Lord, I have here a note from Mr. Roderick Welman."

He handed it over with a bow.

Mr. Seddon perused the few lines it contained and remarked grudgingly: "That, of course, throws a new complexion on the matter. Mr. Welman has made himself responsible for Miss Carlisle's defense. We are acting at his request."

He added with visible distaste: "Our firm does very little in—er—criminal procedure, but I felt it my duty to my—er—late client—to undertake the defense of her niece. I may say we have already briefed Sir Edwin Bulmer, K. C."

Poirot said and his smile was suddenly ironic: "No expense will be spared. Very right and proper!"

Looking over his glasses, Mr. Seddon said: "Really, M. Poirot—"

Poirot cut into his protest: "Eloquence and emotional appeal will not save your client. It will need more than that."

MR. SEDDON said dryly: "What do you advise?"

"There is always the truth."

"Quite so."

"But in this case will the truth help us?"

Mr. Seddon said sharply: "That again is a most improper remark."

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"It is necessary you tell me just what happened the day Mary Gerrard died," Poirot said. "Where you went, what you did—more than that, I want to know even what you thought"

Poirot said: "There are certain questions to which I should like answers."

Mr. Seddon said cautiously: "I cannot, of course, guarantee to answer without the consent of my client."

"Naturally. I understand that." He paused and then said: "Has Elinor Carlisle any enemies?"

Mr. Seddon showed a faint surprise. "As far as I know, none."

"Did the late Mrs. Welman, at any period of her life, make a will?"

"Never. She always put it off."

"Has Elinor Carlisle made a will?"

"Yes."

"Recently? Since her aunt's death?"

"Yes."

"To whom has she left her property?"

"That, M. Poirot, is confidential. I cannot tell you without authorization from my client."

Poirot said: "Then I shall have to interview your client!"

Mr. Seddon said with a cold smile: "That, I fear, will not be easy."

Poirot rose and made a gesture. "Everything," he said, "is easy to Hercule Poirot."

Chief-Inspector Marsden was affable.

"Well, M. Poirot," he said. "Come to set me right about one of my cases?"

Poirot murmured deprecatingly: "No, no. A little curiosity on my part, that is all."

"Only too happy to satisfy it. Which case is it?"

"Elinor Carlisle."

"Oh, yes; girl who poisoned Mary Gerrard. Coming up for trial in two weeks' time. Interesting case. She did in the old woman too, by the way. Final report isn't in yet, but it seems there's no doubt of it. Morphine. Cold-blooded bit of goods. Never turned a hair at the time of her arrest or after. Giving nothing away. But we've got the goods on her all right. She's for it."

"You think she did it?"

Marsden, an experienced, kindly-looking man, nodded his head affirmatively. "Not a doubt of it. Put the stuff in the top sandwich. She's a cool customer."

"You have no doubts? No doubts at all?"

"Oh, no. I'm quite sure. It's a pleasant feeling when you *are* sure! We don't like making mistakes any more than anyone else would. We're not just out to get a conviction as some people think. This time I can go ahead with a clear conscience."

Poirot said slowly: "I see."

The Scotland Yard man looked at him curiously. "Is there anything on the other side?"

Slowly Poirot shook his head. "As yet, no. So far everything I have found out about the case points to Elinor Carlisle's being guilty."

Inspector Marsden said with cheerful certainty, "She's guilty all right."

Poirot said: "I should like to see her."

Inspector Marsden smiled indulgently. He said: "Got the present Home Secretary in your pocket, haven't you? That will be easy enough."

PETER LORD said: "Well?"

Hercule Poirot said: "No, it is not very well."

Peter Lord said heavily: "You haven't got hold of anything?"

Poirot said slowly: "Elinor Carlisle killed Mary Gerrard out of jealousy. . . . Elinor Carlisle killed her aunt so as to inherit her money. . . . Elinor Carlisle killed her aunt out of compassion. . . . My friend, you may make your choice!"

Peter Lord said: "You're talking nonsense!"

Hercule Poirot said: "Am I?"

Lord's freckled face looked angry. He said: "What *is* all this?"

Hercule Poirot said: "Do you think it is possible, that?"

"Do I think what is possible?"

"That Elinor Carlisle was unable to bear the sight of her aunt's misery and helped her out of existence."

"Nonsense!"

"Is it nonsense? You have told me yourself that the old lady asked *you* to help her."

"She didn't mean it seriously. She knew I wouldn't do anything of the sort."

"Still the idea was in her mind. Elinor Carlisle might have helped her."

Peter Lord strolled up and down. He said at last: "One can't deny that that sort of thing is possible. But Elinor Carlisle is a levelheaded, clear-thinking kind of young woman. I don't think she'd be so carried away by pity as to lose sight of the risk. And she'd realize exactly what the risk was. She'd be liable to stand accused of murder."

"So you don't think she would do it?"

PETER LORD said slowly: "I think a woman might do such a thing for her husband—or for her child—or for her mother, perhaps. I don't think she'd do it for an aunt, though she might be fond of that aunt. And I think in any case she'd only do it if the person in question was actually suffering unbearable pain. . . ."

Poirot said thoughtfully: "Perhaps you are right."

Then he added: "Do you think Roderick Welman's feelings could have been sufficiently worked upon to induce him to do such a thing?"

Peter Lord replied scornfully, "He wouldn't have the guts!"

Poirot murmured: "I wonder. In some ways, *mon cher,* you underestimate that young man."

"Oh, he's clever and intellectual and all that, I dare say."

"Exactly," said Poirot. "And he has charm, too. . . . Yes, I felt that."

"Did you? I never have!"

Then Peter Lord said earnestly: "Look here, Poirot, isn't there *anything?*"

Poirot said: "They are not fortunate so far, my investigations! They lead always back to the same place. No one stood to gain by Mary Gerrard's death. No one hated Mary Gerrard—except Elinor Carlisle. There is only one question that we might perhaps ask ourselves. We might say, perhaps, did anyone hate Elinor Carlisle?"

Slowly Dr. Lord shook his head.

"Not that I know of. . . . You mean—that someone might have framed her for the crime?"

Poirot nodded. He said: "It is a very farfetched speculation, that, and there is nothing to support it . . . except, perhaps, the very completeness of the case against her."

He told the other of the anonymous letter.

"You see," he said, "that makes it possible to outline a very strong case against her. She was warned that she might be completely cut out of her aunt's will—that this girl, a stranger, might get all the money. So, when her aunt in her halting speech was asking for a lawyer, Elinor took no chances, and saw to it that the old lady should die that night!"

Peter Lord cried: "What about Roderick Welman? He stood to lose, too!"

Poirot shook his head.

"No, it was to his advantage that the old lady should make a will. If she died intestate, he got nothing, remember. Elinor was the next of kin."

(Continued on page 40)

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"He ain't tole me about no fambly in de hills," Tildy shrieked. "Booker, you hit him wid dat rock!"

Two-Tongue Truth

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

When Giles makes a crop down on Little Bee Bend, even love must lend a hand

GILES was in high spirits as he galloped from field to field, issuing instructions and supervising work. Cotton was half knee-high and every team on the place was pulling a cultivator from sunrise to sunset. Women and children were in the field, wielding eye hoes on the occasional bunch of Johnson grass that had not been cut by the buzzard-wing sweeps of the cultivators. It was what was known as "the busy season" on Little Bee Bend plantation.

"Dad-gum-ole-Miz-Mitchell!" exclaimed Giles. "Dis is how I likes hit! Ev'ybody in high gears and me a-bearin' down."

The foreman suddenly realized his horse was sweating and breathing heavily. He reined to a walk.

"Dat alfalfa heatin' you up, hunh?" he asked. "Or maybe you gittin' ole and no-count." He patted the horse's neck affectionately. "I reckon a drink er water'd 'bout fix you up."

He rode in a slow fox trot to the nearest cabin and pumped a tubful of water. It was the home of a boy named Booker who had married during the winter a girl named Tildy from Ringgold. Giles was surprised to hear somebody stirring within the cabin.

"Who dar?" he called.

The door opened and Tildy came to the porch. Her hair was tangled and standing in uncombed twists. She was rubbing her eyes as if she had just awakened.

"How come you ain't in de field?" he demanded. "Hyar hit's might' nigh dinnertime and you ain't out, yit. Woman, git yo' hoe."

"I was ailin'," Tildy offered.

"You was sleepin'," Giles declared. "Yo' man was at de lot dis mawnin' at sunup, catchin' his team, and hyar, I bet—git yo' hoe, gal, and git to de field."

"Yassuh," said Tildy. "But I ain't feelin' none too good."

"You run up and down de bayou bank all night," Giles accused her, "and den when daylight come—"

"I don't wawk no bayou bank," Tildy denied. "I'm a church member—"

"Don't stop to argy," broke in the foreman. "Git yo' hoe. Besides, I done hyared too many times any story you kin make up and tell me. You's a church member and you went to church, somewhars, last night."

"Yassuh," Tildy admitted.

"Well," said the foreman, "hyar is my answer to dat big ole lie: I don't keer whar you went at last night. You might er went to a meetin' house and sung and prayed to you fell out, or you might er wawked de bayou bank and friviled wid some man dat had ought to been home wid his own wife. What you do's at night, well, dat's yo' business. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," said Tildy.

"But what you do's in de daytime," Giles went on, "is my business. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh."

"And," continued the foreman, "you better fix yo' night business so hit won't bother wid my day business. Onderstand?"

Tildy understood, she said, and putting her hoe over her shoulder she started down the turnrow toward Booker's field. Giles rode along beside her. He was not angry. Getting people to the field was part of his business; and even people who had grown up on the place occasionally overslept.

"You ain't been hyar long," Giles explained, "and maybe dey let you sleep late on Ringgold. Maybe dey let a woman lay up in bed whilst her husband goes to de field widout his breakfast."

"Booker fixed his own breakfast," stated Tildy.

THAT was a bad sign. No man would fix his own breakfast when his woman was in the house to do it for him. Maybe Tildy had not come home in time to fix it, or maybe Tildy wasn't Booker's wife any more. Maybe she had changed her mind about Booker and was somebody else's wife.

"Tildy," Giles said, "us got us a way er doin' things on Little Bee. When a man and a woman starts off makin' a crop, dey winds up makin' a crop. Den, after dat, efn somebody want to change up on dey husband or dey wife, well, dat is strickly dey own business. But gittin' de crop made is my business. Las' winter when I gi'ed you and Booker dat crop, I gi' hit to you as much as him. And dat mean you fixin' to work in

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hit, same as him, f'm now to layin'-by time. Onderstand de motion?"

"Yassuh," said Tildy.

"And," Giles concluded, "I most gen'ally don't tell people dat good news but one time. 'Cause de next time hit happen, de same people gonter be so far off dat dey couldn't hyar me, efn I tuck de trouble. Now, you git to choppin' dat grass and f'm now on, me and you is gonter git along good. 'Cause I ain't got time to fuss at nobody but one time. De next time I gits set to fuss at you, you won't be livin' hyar no mo'. Satisfied?"

"Yassuh, satisfied," said Tildy.

Giles galloped to where Booker was plowing. A man's domestic affairs were his own business, but Giles knew that if a man's home life made him unhappy he would be unable to concentrate on his work and, therefore, would require closer supervision. It was all a part of Giles' business to know these things and to do something about them.

Sure enough, Booker's plowing was bad. The furrows were crooked, and frequently the plows dragged on top. He galloped up to where Booker was sweating and struggling.

"Look like to me you's plowin' wid dull sweeps," he called.

Booker stopped his team and turned his sweaty, sorrow-creased face to the foreman. "Dey so dull, Mist' Giles," he stated, "dat I can't hardly hold 'em in de ground."

"LOOK, son," the foreman said kindly, "you too smart a boy to plow wid dull p'ints. You young and you ain't got a heap er sense, but you got sense enough to stop yo' mules in de shade and go git you some sharp sweeps, ain't you? You ever hyar 'bout de blacksmith shop?"

"Yassuh," said Booker. He was embarrassed and he kept his eyes on his feet that were burrowing into the soft ground.

Giles explained: "Well, us got us a no-count, one-laigged nigger name Charlie dat ain't got nothin' to do all day long 'cept stand up in de blacksmith shop and sharpen plow p'ints and den pitch 'em in dat big box out in front. I got hit fixed like dat so when a boy like you is got dull sweeps and is smart enough to know hit, well, all he got to do is go to dat box and git some sharp ones. Dat ain't hard to learn, is hit?"

"Nawsuh."

"Den why didn't you?" demanded Giles.

"Mist' Giles," Booker said, "my sweeps got to gittin' dull on me when de sun was about three hours high. So I put my team in de shade, jest like you like 'em, and I went to de shop. But hit wan't no sweeps in dat box."

"Hunh?" Giles demanded. "Did you ax Charlie?"

"B'r Charlie," said Booker, "wan't around de shop. De door was open and I called his name. But he wan't around."

Giles bit his lip, and thought a moment. "Shade de team," he instructed, "take off dem dull sweeps, and den crawl up behime me on dis hoss. I'm gonter find out somethin'."

AS THEY approached the blacksmith shop, they could hear B'r Charlie hammering rapidly. Two men were waiting at the big box for sharpened plow points.

Giles dismounted and stuck his head into the door.

"What's de matter?" he wanted to know.

B'r Charlie slammed a sweep into the fire and started the bellows.

"Ain't got time to tawk now, Mist' Giles," he said. "Dey got me reshed might' nigh to death, keepin' up. Ev'ybody comin' in so fast for p'ints, hit's got me hompin'."

Giles stood in the door while B'r Charlie hammered the heated points to an edge and tempered them in a barrel of water. His work was rapid and masterful, and Giles ever was an admirer of any kind of good work. Not a word was said until enough points were ready to supply the immediate need, and then the blacksmith relaxed, mopped his brow and grinned triumphantly.

"I sort er got behime, de resh was so fast," he explained.

Giles stared coldly.

"You was speakin', Mist' Giles?" B'r Charlie asked.

"Yeah," said the foreman. "I was fixin' to tell you dat you kin sharp a plow p'int mo' gooder den any man in de Red River bottoms, and dat's how come I lets you stay on de place and sharp we's

"Ev'body workin' and sweatin'," the Widow Duck said. "Ole Satan ain't got a chance"

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p'ints. And when you gits so's you can't do dat, den I don't need you no mo'."

B'r Charlie was shocked. "Man," he said, "dey got to comin' in so fast, I jest got behime a little."

"Anybody li'ble to git behime a little in dey work," Giles agreed, "*if dey works.* But Booker tole me dat he comed hyar when de sun was three hours high, and dat you wan't nowhars about."

"Booker," said B'r Charlie flatly, "is a lie. I opened up my shop at sunup, and I ain't left outn hit since."

Giles let it go at that but he made a mental note to go into the matter more thoroughly later.

When he came to the Widow Duck's field, he found her instructing a half-dozen young hoe hands.

"Mighty satisfied, Mis' Duck," Giles greeted.

"Mighty satisfied," she agreed. "Cotton growin' mo' faster den de grass, and ev'ybody workin' and sweatin' and goin' on, and ole Satan ain't got a chance. Ole Satan hate work and he can't stand sweat. De Book say:

" 'Toil ye, tharfo, and sweat out sin,
Git shut er Satan, and I'll move in.'

"So say de Sperrit, Giles; God will change conditions. 'Cause when you gits God in yo' heart, you'll feel good."

"I feels good," Giles maintained, "and I ain't got nothin' but dis cotton crop in my heart."

The Widow Duck chuckled. "Hit's all one and de same," she told him. "Hit's God's cotton crop. Hit's too purty to b'long to a natchal man."

"God ain't gittin' hit worked," Giles argued.

"Sho, he is," the Widow Duck said. "Us is God's people and us is workin' hit."

"Den," Giles said in mock seriousness, "I reckon dat must er been ole Gab'iel dat got Tildy outn de bed about ten o'clock dis mawnin', and made her git to de field?"

"Tildy!" the Widow Duck was shocked. "Sleepin' all mawnin'? She ought er do better'n dat. She a purty fair church member."

"I'd druther she be purty fair in de field. I'm makin' cotton, not churchin'."

THE Widow Duck laughed. "Giles, efn you don't mind out, de Lawd is li'ble to set down, some er dese days, and let you make cotton widout His sweet he'p. Den whar'd you be?"

"Right whar I'm is," Giles assured her. "I'd be settin' on ole Prince, bearin' down hard and gettin' ev'ybody in high gears. I'd be listenin' at Tildy claim she was at de meetin' all last night, and whilst she was claimin', I'd be gittin' her in de field wid her hoe. And den I'd listen at Booker lie whilst I'm gittin' sharp sweeps on his cultivator."

"Booker," the Widow Duck defended, "ain't no regular lie."

"Not regular," Giles admitted, "but Tildy done put dat thing on him, and eviled his mind. He was plowin' wid dull p'ints and when I crawled him he claim he couldn't find no sweeps in de box nor neither could he find B'r Charlie."

He looked toward the sun.

"And now," he finished, "hit's gittin' time to cook and eat agin, so I'm gonter ring de bell and call ev'ybody to dinner."

The Widow Duck watched the foreman gallop toward the barn. She dismissed her class in hoeing and went to the blacksmith shop.

"Put dat hammer down and listen at me," the Widow Duck ordered abruptly.

B'r Charlie grinned sheepishly. "Giles won't like hit," he warned. "He done been by—"

"I know as much about dat as you," she snapped. "And maybe a heap mo'n is good for me to know."

"Den what kin I tell you dat you don't know?"

"Nothin'," the Widow Duck said flatly. "I'm fixin' to tell you somethin'. You be's de preacher at Ole Ship er Zion. But efn you wan't my pastor, I wouldn't trust you as far as I c'd pitch dat anvil."

"Aw, Sis' Duck," B'r Charlie protested. "Don't be so hard—"

"When I didn't hyar you hammerin' dis mawnin', I comed down hyar and woke you, 'cause hit wouldn't look nice for de pastor er my church to git found asleep under de bench in his shop, when he ought er be sharpenin' de p'ints."

"I tole you," B'r Charlie begged, "I was over to de Frog Jump True Vine, preachin' and singin' and shoutin' all night, and I jest got so sleepy I couldn't stand up."

"I forget the name of it. It has a yellow label and makes you juggle crystal glassware" RICHARD TAYLOR

"All right," the Widow Duck agreed. "Efn you wan't doin' nothin' but dat, you's still my pastor. But efn you was bayou-wawkin' wid some sister—"

"Mis' Duck!" B'r Charlie protested. "How you tawks! I was obeyin' Paul's *command, preachin'* unto mankind."

"You might be lyin' and you might not," the Widow Duck concluded. "But I'm gonter give you a chance to preach some tonight, 'cause I'm fixin' to ush up a meetin'."

"In crop time? You know Giles is agin dat."

"I'm de Senior Usher," she reminded him. "I'm fixin' to ush up a meetin' tonight and I hopes my pastor will be present."

The Widow Duck flounced out of the shop leaving B'r Charlie gaping.

B'r Charlie made an impressively dignified entrance before his congregation. The Widow Duck, however, had one more song to lead out before she was ready to turn the church over to the preacher.

The song was an old favorite of the members, because it allowed them to be free to improvise verses about specific and personal troubles. The Widow Duck sang:

"I believe dis ole world is in a bad condition,
I believe dis ole world is in a bad condition,
I believe dis ole world is in a bad condition—
Oh, Christians, what you gonter do?"

The first complaint was filed by Mamie T, and it brought a ripple of good-natured laughter in which even B'r Charlie joined:

"Can't hardly chop my cotton,
My husband plow so bad.
He claim his plow p'ints is too dull,
But dey de sharpest ones us had."

The amused congregation immediately agreed that the world was in a bad condition.

B'r Charlie, noting the foreman's stern look, essayed a mild jibe at Giles' concern about plow points, effectively rhyming "sarpent's tooth" with "Johnson grass roots," and it caused some snickering and giggling.

It also brought bad luck for B'r Charlie, because instead of amusing Booker, it served to inspire a bitter verse from him:

"De preacher come to yo' house
And you ax him to rest his hat,
De ve'y fust thing he want to know
Is, 'Sister, whar yo' husband at?' "

The singing stopped right there.

Booker had looked straight at B'r Charlie and had sung his song without a trace of humor. The implication was obvious.

B'r Charlie stood up, waved his crutch and shouted, "Split-tongued lie! Don't sing no lie at me in de church."

"Snake in de grass," Booker called him. "Claim to be a preacher and you's a two-timin' bayou wawker!"

"Lyin' in de church!" yelled B'r Charlie. "Efn de Lawd don't strike you down for lyin' in dis church, I bet I'm gonter strike you down wid my crutch. Liar and backbiter!"

"I seed you and Tildy gittin' 'long de turnrow about moon-up last night," Booker accused, "jest a-hippercrittin' on away."

Tildy shrieked. "Don't you shame me in shame in de church," she cried. "I'm a good member and I ain't did no sin."

"I'm got a rock in my pocket," Booker stated calmly, "and de onliest reason I ain't already hit somebody is I can't make up my mind who to hit fust."

"Put dat rock down," Giles commanded.

THE congregation quieted but the tension was still high.

"Charlie!"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles."

"Booker!"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles."

"One er y'all lied at me dis mawnin' 'bout dem plow p'ints. Booker, you claim you went to de shop to git some sweeps and you claim B'r Charlie wan't nowhars around."

"Hit's de natchal trufe, Mist' Giles."

"Hit's a lie," put in B'r Charlie.

"De whole trufe will shame de devil," the Widow Duck piped meekly.

B'r Charlie looked desperate.

"De whole trufe," she insisted, "or maybe I kin tell hit mo' gooder on account er I wan't sleepin' under de bench."

"What dat?" demanded Giles. "Who was sleepin' under de bench?"

B'r Charlie surrendered. "You see, Mist' Giles," he explained, "I got so sleepy I jest set down to rest my eyes—"

"You went to sleep wid all er dem sweeps to sharp?" Giles repeated. "Now, *I'm* gonter bust somebody's haid, fo' true!"

The Widow Duck grabbed the foreman and by dint of her two hundred and fifty pounds forced him back into his seat.

"Hold on, son," she warned. "You bust Charlie's haid tonight, and how he gonter sharp dem sweeps tomorrow?"

"You was out snake-in-de-grassin' wid Tildy," Booker said. "Dat's how come you and her bofe was sleepy."

"Lie!" shouted B'r Charlie. "Two-tongue backbitin' in de church!"

The Widow Duck stood up.

"Shet up!" she yelled. "Now, Charlie, you called Booker a lie, one time, when he wan't strickly no lie."

"He said I was outn de shop—"

"Dry up," she interrupted. "You was sound asleep and you don't know efn you was dar or not, when he come to git dem sweeps. And when he say you wan't around, dat don't make Booker no lie."

"I was in de shop," B'r Charlie insisted meekly.

"Now, Booker say you and Tildy was out bayou-wawkin' and you say Booker is another lie."

"*Us wan't bayou-wawkin'.*"

"Shet up! I'm gonter ax Tildy." The Widow Duck turned toward the shamed wife of Booker. "Now, honey," she said,

(Continued on page 43)

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The hillbillies play hymns while Governor O'Daniel of Texas tells the folks what happened to his pension plan

Where's them Biscuits, Pappy?

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL PETERS

The Honorable Wilbert Lee O'Daniel leads the Texas league of flour salesmen. As a side line he sold himself into the governor's chair by crooning hillbilly sentiment and by promising the old folks thirty dollars a month. It's time now to pay off and the Honorable Wilbert Lee isn't very happy about it

ONCE there was a traveling salesman on the Texas run who got lost in the country at night. If you've heard this one, stop us. Unable to find a hotel, and a storm coming up, this traveling salesman went around knocking on the doors of a lot of farmhouses asking farmers whether they could put him up for the night. . . . Oh, well, if you've heard it, all right.

Anyway, this traveling salesman sold flour for a living. He also wrote poetry and sang songs, being the author of a dripper called The Boy Who Never Grew Too Old to Comb His Mother's Hair and the composer of a melodic bang beginning, "Mother, you fashioned me, bore me and rationed me."

The farmers of Texas not only took him in for the night but, overcome by his tender minstrelsy, which included a patriotic hotcha called Beautiful, Beautiful Texas or The Lay of the Lonely Longhorn, they prevailed upon him to stay two years as the state's governor.

They swore, furthermore, that if he did right by their Mas, giving each thirty dollars a month, they'd keep him for another term of two years. He promised. No one may say that there was not complete sincerity in his promise, either. Of course, he wasn't quite sure where the money was coming from, but that is always a problem to be wrestled with unsuccessfully after election. Not only did he pledge himself to giving Ma thirty dollars while a hillbilly band played Thirty Bucks for Mamma to the tune of Let Me Call You Sweetheart, but he included Pa, Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Jim—in fact everybody sixty-five years old or older.

His opponents for the governorship were well-nigh unrecognizable when the voting was finished. They would have done well to have gone fishing or maybe to the movies, although they fought bravely. Seeing how things were, they tried to catch the Hallelujah Limited by shouting A Nickel a Barrel (oil) for Grandma, and Give the Gravy to the Old Folks. But this traveling salesman scored standing up.

Today the Honorable Wilbert Lee O'Daniel, who could sell flour to the man who owned the mill, is still lost, with a storm brewing. Governor of the prodigious state of Texas, where natural wealth is virtually unlimited, he could, if properly urged, rue the day when he was elected to rule six million citizens, 300,000 of whom are still eligible for the thirty monthly dollars they've never got. It is doubtless an exaggeration but they'll tell you in Texas that whenever Mr. O'Daniel, fondly known as Pappy, sees a sack of flour a large lump forms in his throat. And at the sight of a whole flour mill he gives signs of becoming unmanageable and has to be led firmly back to his offices in the state capitol. You wouldn't like the place either. You can scarcely open the doors for the huge masses of documents attesting to the fact that the state's general fund is more than $25,000,000 in a red that is growing redder and redder. And the state owes $2,651,832,900 in bonded indebtedness. All of which means that those senior citizens whom Pappy promised thirty a month are lucky to be getting eight, half of which is subscribed by the United States Treasury.

And yet, this is not to be a story of Texas economics and finances. We could bore you to homicide citing the sums of money Texas owes to its dependents—the lame, halt and blind, the orphans and widows, the schoolteacher pension fund and so on. Nor may we be scornful of Mr. O'Daniel's failure to provide for the oldsters. Nobody could have had a lustier go at the impossible than Pappy. He is not the only impromptu statesman who had to learn that there is more to government than old-age pensions.

It was all going to be so simple—so simple that Pappy didn't bother to explain how he was going to do it. Of course he has given his audiences an inkling, which was probably all he had to give on the subject. But by the time Pappy got around to his one thin hint he had softened up his audiences to a point where they'd be acting as if they'd

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never heard anything like it before. They still believe it. And if Pappy decides to run again he'll probably win, although he can think of happier fates. If he chooses to seek to succeed himself, it will be, as he has told his friends, because he'd hate to see his thirty-dollar pension program fall into the hands of demagogues. Pappy is careful to keep demagoguery out of his campaigning, preferring to leap to the platform, nuzzle his face into a flock of microphones and, while his hillbilly band and a crooner sing Marvelous Mother of Mine, pianissimo, launch forthwith into government economics:

"Hello there, mother, you little sweetheart. How in the world are you anyway, you little bunch of sweetness? This is your big boy W. Lee O'Daniel . . ."

And presently Mr. O'Daniel, whilst the crowd echoed his battle cry—Pappy Pass the Biscuits, a shrill song connotative of impending plenty—would unfold his simple scheme. He would stop state spending, inaugurate an era of government frugality and impose new taxes. The proceeds of these simple-hearted expedients would provide the funds to discharge a pledge which would be as easily honored as it was to utter. And lest there be present a few with doubt festering in their small minds, Mr. O'Daniel told how his father had been buried in overalls and the hillbilly band would play Mother o' Mine, Home Sweet Home and In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

In fact, there was so much music in the air that even the legislature, yielding they said to no man in honoring, respecting and robustly loving their parents, had a song to sing. It was while Mr. O'Daniel was deep in the throes of getting nowhere with the Texas legislative rodeo that he made a speech explaining his failure to dredge up enough money for pensions.

"Seems like," said he, "that every time I stick my head in an office in Austin to see how they're spending your money, they slam the door in my face."

And that inspired a native tin-panner to write a song: Who Slammed the Door in Our Pappy's Face? which was sung to the words of Who Broke the Lock on the Henhouse Door?

All of which, although it might be regarded by the stranger as somewhat out of the ordinary, did not confuse Texas. Where the citizens of other states might be getting absolutely nothing valuable for their taxes, Texas was getting entertainment. Besides, Texas has had even better acts in her governor's office—Ma and Pa Ferguson for example.

Hands Off the System!

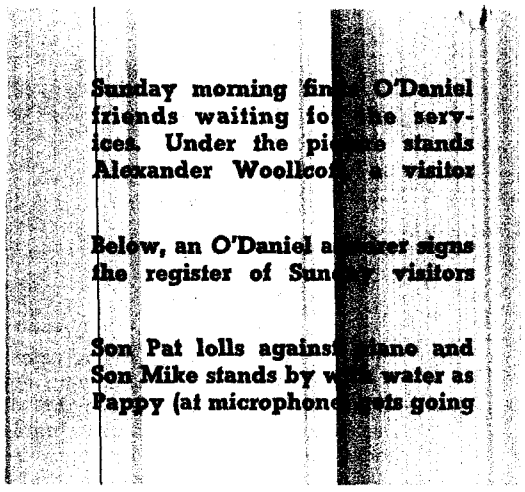
Mr. O'Daniel, who had nothing to learn about selling flour, proceeded almost at once to be annoyed with everyone who was not quick to admit that he was as great a governor as he was a traveling salesman. Without giving much more than lip service to the task of reducing Texas' throttling indebtedness or attempting to reorganize the state's crazy-quilt government in the name of economical efficiency, he merely advocated increasing taxation. And Texans, already paying yearly taxes of $391,387,322, didn't think highly of that. And not that all the blame could be attached to Mr. O'Daniel.

Texas had gradually and inevitably become a political racket. Its income is distributed weirdly amongst a hundred separate budgets, each of which is a memorial to the snatching prowess or ineptitude of politicians past. Greater administrators than Pappy have been slapped down by better legislatures when they've advocated alterations in hundred-pocket government overalls. But Pappy's chief trouble was that he merely got sulky and petulant when the state's legislators refused to acclaim him as a genius when he suggested that the state's income be disbursed from one instead of a hundred pockets of varying depths. And Pappy's self-confidence vanished under rebuff.

On the road with a truckload of flour to sell, Mr. O'Daniel is a sight to behold —a spirited, persuasive, ingenious, tireless and even mirthful sizzler who can make you positively ashamed of yourself for being without a few extra barrels of the stuff. But all those electric qualities vanished when the legislators and the bureaucrats began to slam doors in his face and laugh behind them.

He possesses virtually none of the political acumen and cunning of his predecessors. From a fireball he has been reduced to a cold ember. His interviewers almost catch cold in his presence. He is a rather nice-looking fellow, in his early forties, well set up, with a tendency toward the portly. As a campaigner with a rainbow round his shoulders, sweeping the state like a benign norther, Pappy was as ebullient as a brand-new ten-thousand-barrel gusher—old Dan Dynamite with ants in his pants. Audiences wept because they were too weak to cheer and the populace consumed hillbilly flour in bumper-crop lots, hoping thereby to absorb some of Pappy's hot vigor.

The change in Pappy today is more than regrettable. Ask him so simple a question as whether it is possible to pay $30 pensions to 300,000 citizens without radically revising the state's economic habits and you'll receive a demonstration in evasion that would make a ground mole a glittering example of decision, purpose and radiant precocity. His manner is suspicion-laden, his whole attitude that of a hurt child. This is the first political job Pappy's ever held; you feel that it's a great pity he hadn't



Sunday morning fin[ds] O'Daniel friends waiting fo[r] the services. Under the pi[ano] stands Alexander Woollco[tt] a visitor

Below, an O'Daniel a[d]mirer signs the register of Sun[day] visitors

Son Pat lolls agains[t] piano and Son Mike stands by w[ith] water as Pappy (at microphone) gets going

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prepped behind humbler political doors for the exalted and disillusioning post he was thrust into. For Pappy is doubtless an honest man, but hitched to the wrong wagon.

To finance the pensions that Pappy was pledged to, he sought in turn a transactions tax (which would kite the cost of living by pyramiding taxes), a 25 per cent increase in the taxes on natural resources (which the oil, gas and sulphur producers didn't contest vigorously) and, unwillingly, a two per cent sales tax (which would put most of the burden on the very people the pensions were intended to help). The legislature killed them all.

He made dabbling passes at economy, a notable example being to denounce all expense accounts that listed any meal at more than thirty-five cents. Furthermore, Pappy demanded that no state employee, traveling in the name of government, pay more than a dollar a night for a hotel room. Of course this didn't work. He said it would be a nice gesture for all state employees to take voluntary cuts in their pay. Amid a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, nobody did. And there were other vague gestures at the debt ogre on which nothing short of a battery of sixteen-inch guns could have been effective.

In the meantime, the state's debt was mounting and its income falling off. Pappy suggested that the legislature pass the hat, that everybody contribute a little something to replenish the old-age-pension funds which were about to achieve a state of complete nonexistence. Of course that didn't work—the legislature replying that it wasn't businesslike. So they borrowed more than $2,000,000 from a Dallas bank so that the oldsters might not experience the thrill of getting nothing at all.

Pappy's spirits fell lower and lower. Representatives of the old and the poor notified him that their clients were living on skim milk and wild onions and that molasses, cornpone and chitlins represented a banquet. Deeply moved, Pappy asked various leaders whether their people were starving. The reply was summed up by a legislator.

"Purty nigh but not plumb," said he.

Anyway, it became quite necessary that the legislature do something for the old folks. They did. They liberalized the pension-eligibility law which hitherto had held that one was not eligible if he had relatives capable of supporting him. This was received with hosannas by somewhere between 15,000 and 50,000 oldsters who thus moved a step nearer to pensions they wouldn't get.

The Jokers Have Their Fun

All this obviously did nothing to raise the necessary money to pay the senior citizens of Texas $30 a month—a matter of $100,000,000 or so a year. And Mr. O'Daniel went deeper into nostalgic melanoholy. He shut his doors on the press, complaining that their journalistic curiosity was not helpful. Being less ill at ease when talking to a microphone (which couldn't talk back), he acquired control of a broadcasting station in Del Rio, Mexico.

This station was, when Pappy and his associates took it over, the outlet for the balmful voice of the celebrated Dr. John R. Brinkley, who once held forth in the name of rejuvenation in Milford, Kansas. Perhaps you have heard of Dr. Brinkley. The doctor had moved down to the Rio Grande after a profitable but stormy career in Kansas. By grafting goat glands into gentlemen past their prime—a homespun version of Voronoff's magic—Dr. Brinkley essayed to restore his patients to a physical prowess comparable to the mad, glad days of youth. It was no more than natural that the doctor should think well of old-age pensions. Thus subsidized by the state, more grampas could afford rejuvenation, and when the goat glands presently took hold, would be better able to pay for the incidental results of revival. It is, as you can see, a somewhat delicate subject.

But when Pappy took over Dr. Brinkley's broadcasting station and when it became known that these twain had become friends, the more ribald-minded aired their talents. Much was said about the gladness that would certainly be the lot of him who patronized both Pappy and the doctor, partaking copiously of hillbilly flour and billy-goat glands. One of Texas' more contemplative editors—Mr. Vann M. Kennedy—came forward with Live and Love with Pappy. And several brilliant intellects in the university devised a plan to turn the state's management over to Mr. O'Daniel and Dr. Brinkley without the benefit of legislature, it being their biological and economic opinion that nothing would matter after that.

At the microphone Pappy regained much of his old boldness. Give him a hymnal and you can have the Constitution. There had been danger that his failure to provide pensions was going to injure his political future. When Mr. O'Daniel took office his followers were loud in their declarations that the Presidency was none too grand for him. But naturally, some doubt crept in as the veterans discovered that under Pappy's leadership they were being thrown repeatedly for losses.

But, flanked by his hillbilly band—violins, saxophone, guitars and a portable organ—and back to his mammy singing, Pappy began to regain lost ground. Of course, his pride balked at admitting defeat. Too, he would be compelled to carry on, to run for re-election, because to quit the fight at the end of a single term might have an adverse effect upon the sales of hillbilly flour.

By radio he merely blamed his failures on "the politicians and the press." There was plenty of money with which to succor the old and dependent; the politicians simply wouldn't let him have it. In the meantime, Pappy exhorted his listeners; there was always sin to be repelled.

"You old folks who want pensions," sighed Mr. O'Daniel into his microphone. "You young folks who want jobs. You farmers who want crops. All of you folks who want things. How do you expect to get them when you are slapping your Saviour in the face?"

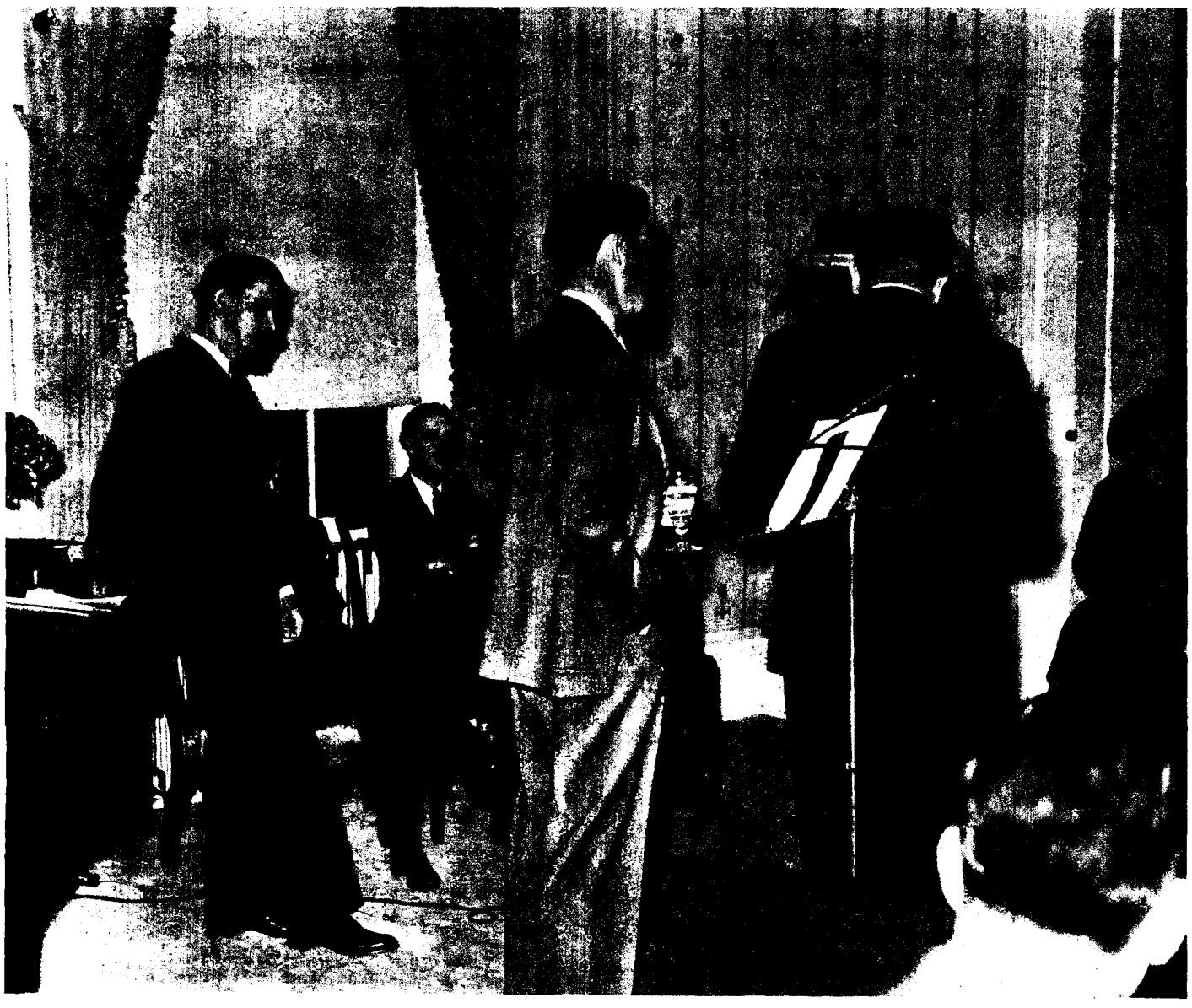
Larding his apologies for failure heavily with religious evangelism, Pappy is restoring himself. We talked to a number of oldsters who are eligible to the pensions which never came. Not having a great variety of hopes left to dream on, they were concentrating on one—pensions. Whether Mr. O'Daniel is capable of getting them what they want—and for the most part deserve—they were not at all certain. But almost invariably they assured us that they'd vote to re-elect him. And they all said this of him: "He's a goooood maaaan."

Just Ask the Old Folks

Let the intellectuals shudder at the sight of him and the sound of him. Let the economists sneer at his ignorance of their science. Let the cynics and the skeptics laugh.

It doesn't matter what his enemies say. He's a gooood maaaan. That's what the old folks say.

On Sunday mornings they gather at the river—in this case the reception rooms of the governor's mansion. They come as they would to church, some carrying Bibles, some with gospel hymnals. Most of them will go to church afterward. They gather at the far end of the long double room—neat, eager, most of them elderly.



At the other end, Pappy's hillbilly band is sighing Shall We Gather at the River? The crooner is breathing the words into the microphones. It's a good band weaving cleverly from one hymn into another—Home Sweet Home, The Little Brown Church in the Vale, The Old Rugged Cross, We Need Thee Every Hour. And suddenly the music becomes louder, more spirited—Sir Arthur Sullivan's ringer, Onward, Christian Soldiers! That's Pappy's cue.

He strides in, well-dressed, rightly buttoned, his hair tight and shining, his curious, shallow eyes shifting swiftly. Yesterday in his offices his face was sour with irresolution and doubt. But not today—Sunday.

The master of ceremonies touches it off. Ladies and gentlemen, you will now hear the Friendly Voice. Pappy takes over:

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, and hello there, boys and girls; this is W. Lee O'Daniel speaking from the front room in this beautiful governor's mansion in Austin . . ."

Pappy's arms wave the band closer while he speaks. As he tells his mournful story of frustration, the band murmurs In the Sweet Bye and Bye. The visitors fumble automatically at their hymnals. And Pappy goes right ahead telling his unseen audience of his struggles against an iniquitous legislature, a kept press and old-folk haters in general. He's a goooood maaan.

It's wonderful.

He'll probably seek a second term in July. There seems to be no way out of it. As he said, it would be a great pity to let his sacred cause fall into the hands of a demagogue. ★★★

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The Simple Life

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

You can't blame a husband for being upset when his wife's old flame steps back into the picture

"Everybody thought it was funny. I didn't, but you have to play a little according to their rules"

LEE called out from the bedroom, "You ready, darling? Are you all dressed?"

"Yes," I said.

"You're sure?"

"All but my coat."

"Which one?" she asked.

"The old one. The old good one."

"It always looks well on you, though. I wonder what kind of cocktails they'll have."

"I don't know. Probably rum. Daiquiris, probably. They all do, once they get down here."

"You'll enjoy yourself," she said, making her voice skip out lightly to where I sat. "You're sure you won't, but you always do."

"Just so long as that guy doesn't hold your hand."

"You're silly."

"He's got that handholding look in his eye."

"You're awfully silly."

From where I sat in the canvas chair in the darkness on the porch, with my heels hung on the rail, I could see the low coastal lights on the mainland across the sound. It was pretty clear. If I sighted between the V my feet made, sighting with one eye, I picked up a small cluster of lights, just a handful, and that was the Point, and south of there was nothing but darkness and behind the darkness were the great cypress swamps. And way beyond that, over on the other side of the state, were the big night clubs, the race tracks, the gambling joints, the skyscrapers and the glamor crowd.

Three years ago, one night, I had won quite a lot at Biscayne, almost three hundred bucks, and given it to Lee to buy something with. She put it in the bank. That was the year I pitched a no-hitter against Cleveland and it was a good year all around: I won twenty and dropped five and one of those five, right at the end of the season, was an eighteen-inning job against the Browns. I was right up there with Hubbell and Gomez and Ruffing that year and I was only twenty-five.

"Darling, you'll have to help me."

I GOT up and went inside to the bedroom. It was the dress with a dozen pinhead buttons up the back. It was the dress that looked as if it had been poured onto her down over her head, and if I forgot what a swell shape she had, this dress reminded me.

"You need a maid for a dress like this," I said.

Well, we had a maid when she bought it. It was four years old, at least, but she'd become pretty handy with a needle. Sometimes I wished we could chuck away all those clothes, hers and mine—all the clothes and odds and ends that were carried over in the balance column. I didn't think about it often. It was only when I got this crazy feeling that things might change between us. She might get tired, or give up. We went along fine until somebody she used to know turned up. Like it was now, with Mallard, with this Ray Mallard she used to go with. Maybe I was only imagining she was taking so much time over the way that she looked, her hair and her make-up and the way her dress hung on her.

"There. Thanks, darling. I haven't worn a party dress in so long, I won't know how to act."

"You'll know how to act."

"Shorts all the time."

"Well, you look good in shorts. I like you in shorts. The white shorts and that yellow handkerchief around your breasts. You look a damned sight better than Muriel in shorts; I'll tell you that."

"That dress she had on the other night, the rose one, was stunning. She has a beautiful figure."

"It looks better dressed, though. I'll

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take yours any time. Ray can have Muriel. He can have all of her."

"Muriel likes you. I know you don't really want to go over there tonight, Steve, but do be decent, won't you?"

"When wasn't I decent?"

"All right, all right, darling. It's just that I'm afraid you might go off the handle sometime." She put her hands on my shoulders and said, the way she often did right out of nowhere, "I love you." She said it that way, knotting conviction into it, the fine line of her jaw very earnest. Only sometimes I wondered if she was trying to convince me or herself.

We walked from the bungalow through the trees, using a flashlight and being careful of the bushes, so Lee wouldn't get a run in her stockings. In a little while we reached the road that ran the length of the island on the Gulf side, and it was brighter here, more in the open, and the beach looked very white and it was completely deserted. The Gulf was like a millpond and looked luminous.

THE inn was a square white mass surrounded by royal palms, and as we took the short cut back of it I heard the electric plant working. Two floodlights at the end of the dock were streaming down into the water and some people were out there leaning on the rail, night fishing. The bungalow the Mallards rented from the inn was a low, big one on the water.

Mallard said, "Awfully glad you could come," and introduced us around, and a colored boy in a white coat brought us cocktails. Everybody was talking at once. The men wore summer suits and their hands and faces were beet-red or burnished brown from fishing eight and nine hours a day. Two of them had chartered me and my boat the week before. On the boat they were great guys, swearing, guzzling bottled beer, and busting out at the seams being he-men. But here they were different; they were friendly, all right, and polite, but you know that kind of politeness. Well, a charter-boat captain is all right on his boat but he doesn't go over big in the home. You keep your head, though.

Muriel Mallard said to me, "What do you think? We've decided to stay on into April, for the tarpon. We're going to Palm Beach for a week or two, but we're keeping the bungalow here and we'll be back for the tarpon."

"That'll be fine."

"Why don't you drink up and have another, quick? We're all way ahead of you."

"I'll get around to it."

"You know," she was saying, while I was watching Ray Mallard thrusting words down into Lee's face, "you live a marvelously simple life. You look marvelously lean and fit and hard."

Maybe it was simple. Whatever it was, it was all right. Don't think I didn't think it was. I was brought up in these waters down here and I knew them and I knew boats because I was brought up on boats too. Don't anyone think I didn't like it. Only I didn't want it to change; what was between Lee and me, I didn't want that ever to change.

"You and your wife," Muriel was saying, "so perfectly complement each other. It's inspiring, really."

I never knew exactly what she meant by what she said; she could strike as many different notes as you find on a piano and she had so many different ways of looking at you, only you never knew quite what they meant. She had a special way of looking at her husband too, when he was speaking and nobody else was; she held her head back, her eyelids half closed, her eyes sliding from one listener to another, and a cool shadow of mockery at one corner of her red mouth. He was a big fellow, with burly shoulders and a pleasant face and a constant eagerness always churning in his eyes, as though he wanted something and didn't know what it was he wanted. He had a lot of dough, so it couldn't have been dough.

The Negro brought me a fresh cocktail in a fresh glass and some help from the inn carried in dishes and set them down on the long buffet.

Muriel said, "It always interests me when childhood sweethearts meet again. I do think, though," she went on with dry amusement, "that Ray's hogging your wife a little too much. He's an awful child. Shall we break it up?"

"Oh, let it slide," I said, because you say a thing like that, casually, whether you mean it or not. "They're having fun."

"Certainly," she said, with a little laugh. "I just thought you were glowering."

I thought I was doing all right, but you never know. You never know exactly how you look to other people, and when you least expect it you give yourself away. I'd drink this cocktail, and maybe one more, and then I'd stop. I wouldn't drink any more than three because if I did and he went on crowding Lee that way I might say something.

A spry little middle-aged man came over and said, "I saw you pitch that long game, seventeen or eighteen innings, against St. Louis. I needed a rest cure afterward. Your arm was never the same again, was it?"

"No, it wasn't."

The little middle-aged man said, winking, "How does it feel to be an ordinary mortal again?"

"It feels fine," I said, and carried my empty glass across the room and put it on a table. They always feel they've got to say something funny.

Mallard came over with Lee and said eagerly, "Did Muriel tell you the news, Steve?"

"What news?"

"Oh, we're going to stay on into April, you know. Didn't she tell you? Yes, right into April." He put his arm affectionately around Lee's shoulder, saying, "I think it's wonderful. You know, Steve, as an old beau of Lee's, I think I've a right to tell you you're an extremely lucky fellow. Do you mind, old man?"

"Why should I?"

He put his other arm around my shoulders. "I really think it's wonderful, our staying on. We didn't intend to, you know. As a matter of fact, we didn't intend coming here to the island at all. We always go down to the Keys. But as you know, we ran into Katy Murchison in Miami and she said Lee was over here with you, both fighting the depression, and I said to myself, 'By George, I'd like to see Lee again!' And of course Muriel was eager to try her luck with the fish here. Myself, I'm not awfully keen about fishing. Muriel, you might say, wears the pants." He laughed indulgently. "Well, Lee will have to play tennis with me. We'll have to play a lot of tennis. Matter of fact, Steve, I'm practically going to monopolize her."

"I hope I'll see her from time to time, though," I said.

He shook with laughter. "You're a mighty good sport, Steve."

Yes, I was, I was. And I wished to hell he'd take his arm off my shoulder.

WHEN we got back to our bungalow, I put on my pajamas and sat on the edge of the bed smoking a cigarette. I felt pretty good. I was sober, but that wasn't why I felt good, really. I guess I felt good because I'd taken Mallard all evening and got away with it. It was that nice, superior, satisfied feeling you get when you know you've kept yourself under control.

Lee was standing in the doorway in her nightgown, winding the alarm clock. "What time shall I set it for?"

"Seven. What is it now?"

"It's two, a little after."

"Make it seven-thirty, better."

She set the alarm, blew out the light and got in bed and we lay there in the darkness. She found my cheek with her hand and laid it there and rested her cheek against my shoulder.

She sighed, saying, "I don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"I don't know if they have fun, really. Fun never comes to them. They go after it, hard, but you wonder if they really ever catch up with it."

"Ray was certainly having himself a time."

"He tries harder than all the rest."

"I noticed that. He was practically in your lap most of the time."

"He was tight, Steve. I didn't know what to do. Everybody else thought it was funny. I didn't, but you have to play a little according to their rules. Don't think I enjoyed it. I was a little scared, too. I was afraid you might say something, right out."

"I was pretty good, wasn't I?"

"You were wonderful, and I knew you hated it. I saw Muriel watching you and I knew she was wondering if you'd do anything. She's the only one who doesn't try desperately to have fun. She's almost frighteningly self-sufficient. I may be wrong, but she seems to humor Ray, but there's contempt in the way she does it."

"Well, look at the way he slops around."

"Honest, Steve, he never used to be that way. He used to be a fine boy. You can't know how he's changed. Darling, don't think for a minute I feel anything but pity for him."

"Only watch out how far pity takes you."

She said, "Don't be silly."

We went to sleep then.

This party I had in charter, three men from Indianapolis, were through the end of the week and I was sorry to see them go. I'd had them out ten days straight, and that is the way you make money and they were good fellows, first-rate fishermen, and pretty regular. When it was all over we shook hands all around, and I was really sorry to see them go and they said they would sure get in touch with me next year.

When I got home to the bungalow I chucked the wad of currency and travelers' checks on the table and said, "How about going to Fort Myers tomorrow?"

Lee counted the money, said, "Gee, Steve!" and crushed it all in a bunch against her breast.

"We'll go over in the morning," I said. "We'll have lunch and then I've got to get some gear and you'll want to do some things—"

"I'd love to get a hair-do."

"Okay. Maybe we can get in a movie too. We'll have dinner and come back after dark. About how much will you need out of that?"

"Will twenty be all right?"

"All right, twenty; and I'll need about the same and I think we ought to keep fifty on hand and we'll put the rest in the bank. Macom at the inn's got me fixed up for a charter party Wednesday to Saturday. If we get back late tomorrow night, I can sleep late Tuesday."

She thought for a minute. "Steve, I was thinking. Look. We really owe the Mallards something for having us over there. They've had us over there three times."

"No, sir. We go to Fort Myers alone."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean Tuesday. We could take them out for a cruise, say after lunch, and then in the evening have something on the beach—cube steaks or franks and maybe some potato salad and beer. We'll be very careful, then, after that, about accepting invitations from them—and, anyway, they'll be leaving soon."

I said, "Okay," right out, because I felt pretty fine and I didn't want to stop and think it over too long; and once you say it, it's done.

AFTER dinner, about eight, Lee walked over to ask the Mallards for Tuesday and I turned on the radio, a battery set, and got some news and the weather forecast and then there was music and I left it on, playing low, while I wrote some letters. I wrote to my brother in Jacksonville and then I wrote to my married sister in Washington and told her I'd been up to Tampa to look at the folks' graves and they were kept up fine and I'd go up again Decoration Day—we'd come as kids from Pennsylvania—and put some flowers on. I was still writing, and it was about nine o'clock, when Muriel's voice said:

"Hello, there."

I could see the flashlight outside the screen door. "Hello. Come in," I said, and got up and went out to the screen door.

"You're busy," she said. "I was just taking a walk."

"Lee's over at your place. I guess you missed her."

"I've been up the beach, up to the other end. It's quite a long walk."

"She went over to ask you out Tuesday. Cruise around a bit, and then steaks or something on the beach later. Come in. She'll be back any minute."

"She's probably waiting for me. I'd better go on back."

"Well, maybe, yes. Can you make it Tuesday?"

"Oh, I'm sure we can," she said. "We're not leaving for Palm Beach till Friday."

"See you Tuesday, then."

(Continued on page 34)

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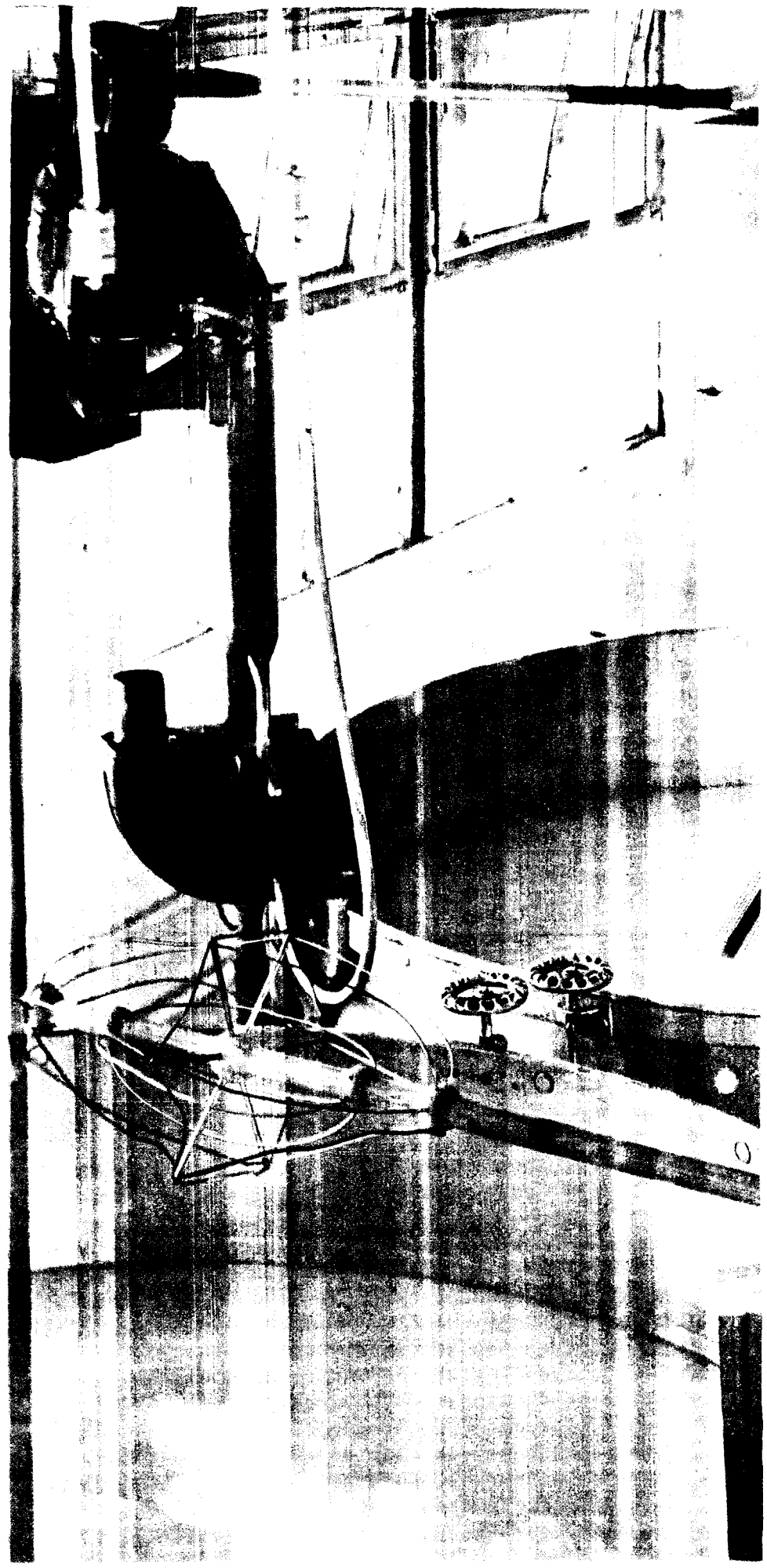
More Cheese for Breakfast

By Frank J. Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA

America makes and eats more cheese than any other land. Our cheese makers have duplicated almost every great variety, improving on some, and even invented a few of their own



MOST cheese men spend their lives making one kind of cheese—Cheddar, Swiss, Limburger, brick, Camembert, Brie, jack or—name your cheese. But Mr. Pulkrabek, whom Krafts', the big dealers in cheeses these days, installed as boss in their ultra-ultra cheese factories at Stockton, Illinois, has taken the guesswork out of cheese making. He combines the scientific with the cheese maker's instinctive touch and turns out all kinds of cheese, and from the same batch of milk, because Americans have whetted their cheese appetites and are eating six pounds per capita in this year of our Lord. A couple of decades ago it was only half that, and one of these days, the cheese men say, we'll be knocking the holes out of eighteen to twenty pounds a year per capita, like the Swiss.

Before we'd been in Mr. Pulkrabek's laboratory many minutes he led us to an electric refrigerator, opened the door and lifted out one of a dozen triangular-shaped bottles, holding it up to the light to examine the creamy-white substance inside, resembling junket. This was, he explained, a dormant colony of college-bred milk bacteria. There are a lot of kinds of bacteria in fresh milk, and some are lazy and others are good workers. Each bottle contained a different race of the latter. Use one tribe for a "starter" to speed up fermentation and your milk's headed for Cheddar. Use another and you're shooting for Swiss or Limburger or brick, as the case may be. Let nature take her course and you'll wind up with cottage cheese like Grandmother used to make.

But there are other factors involved too, in the cheese game. Temperature of the milk, for instance. For Swiss, you ferment the milk in huge copper kettles at around 122 degrees. For American and brick, you hold it in huge tanks at around a hundred. Limburger does best at around 92 degrees. For cream and cottage cheese, you ferment your milk in the seventies. And so on. Every cheese maker has his favorite degree of temperature for making his favorite cheese and usually he doesn't tell what it is, either. It's like a secret recipe handed down from father to son.

It's the same with rennet, an enzyme developed from the gastric juices of an unweaned calf. Toss a culture of rennet in the cheese vat at just the right time and the curds, or solids, divorce themselves forthwith from the whey, or liquid. Of course, there are cheeses that get along without rennet—cream and cottage types, for example, and others.

Then there's the little matter of "curing" your cheeses. Most of them are about as tasty as a mouthful of rubber bands when first made. Some, like Cheddar, just sit quietly and mellow. Others, like Limburger, have to be "smeared," and then must "sweat." Swiss, for example, has to blow bubbles inside itself, and develop "eyes." Camembert has to semiliquefy itself, and Roquefort has to grow moss. Cream cheese must be kept in cold storage.

There are just about as many tricks to the cheese game as there are nationalities in the American melting pot. Immigrants brought their cheese secrets from the old countries, and in most cases they couldn't tell you to save their lives why, if you handled your curds and whey just so, you got a cheese like that. Cheese making was largely homework until the Americans tackled it. They switched it from an art to an industry, making cheeses in factories, of which there are about six thousand scattered around the country. Most of them are farmer-owned, particularly in the old-established cheese states, like Wisconsin, which makes almost half the cheese eaten in this country; or New York State, which used to be first but is now second; or Illinois, trailing close behind.

Science Takes a Hand

Various agricultural schools tried to turn out scientifically trained cheese makers, but the cheese men didn't go for the college stuff very much until a few outstanding collegians, such as Mr. George Pulkrabek, began to show them a thing or two about making better cheeses. And anything he learned was available to other cheese makers, because the Krafts, who owned the Stockton plant, were more interested in buying cheese than making it, and all they wanted was better cheese from everybody.

Up in the laboratory, we had a chance to see how Mr. Pulkrabek and his cohorts go about it. On a counter stood a dozen or more spic-and-span five-gallon stainless steel kettles. Filling each with identical milk, the cheese maker tried a different "starter" colony of bacteria from the bottles in the refrigerator. That alone accounted for a dozen variations. Fermenting the milk at different degrees of temperature, all the way from 70 to 120, multiplied the variations by fifty. Timing the injection of the rennet multiplied them again, as did the different curing treatments.

Once, fooling with his kettles, Mr. Pulkrabek evolved a brand-new cheese, a sort of cross between Brie, Camembert and Port du Salut. It caught cheese eaters' fancy right away, and is now marketed under the name of Chantelle, in soft, mild and mellow five-pound, red-wrapped cakes. Chantelle, like Liederkranz and Philadelphia cream, is one of the few cheeses that actually originated in this country, and Mr. Pulkrābek is a rare character in the sense that there practically aren't any other living inventors of a cheese.

Right across the hall from the laboratory was one of the outstanding Limburger operations of the world. We went over there prepared to hold our nose, too, but soon changed our mind, because the place was as sweet-odored as a milk room, and, believe it or not, when the Limburger comes out of the separating tank, to be cut into one-pound bricks, it is as mild to taste and smell as cream cheese.

Where the Limburger gets its authority is down in the cellar. We followed a batch of it down to the cool underground room where thousands of bricks sat on clean wooden shelves, slowly acquiring the yellow mold that crusts each cake. It's a lot of work to cure limburger, because about every other day each cake has to be "smeared," which involves lifting it off the shelf and rubbing the whiskers off by hand. After three weeks of this, the cakes are taken upstairs and triple-packed in parchment, manila paper and foil. In this jacket, each individual Limburger stays for three weeks in another cellar. Limburger makers

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American Swiss cheese cooking in the world's largest Swiss cheese factory, in Milledgeville, Ill. Each kettle produces a 200-lb. wheel of cheese, the traditional form for this variety. Cheese from Switzerland is now called Switzerland cheese to distinguish it from the American Swiss cheese

have followed this procedure for years, but nobody knows who originated it, except that it was practiced for generations in the town of Limburg, Belgium.

It's the same with most of our other cheeses. American, which is the big cheese in this country, is nothing more or less than Cheddar, and that originated in the quaint English village of Cheddar.

Since most Cheddar cheese is made in small, farmer-owned plants, Mr. Pulkrabek and his colleague, Mr. Martin Dorst, who runs the largest cheese-processing plant in the world over at Freeport, thought we ought to see a typical country cheese factory. So we hopped in Mr. Dorst's car and skidded down a muddy side road to an abrupt stop in front of a whitewashed structure, half cellar and half house, clinging to a low hill. Inside, a foot or so off the concrete floor, were two long, narrow metal tanks. Around the farther tank, Mr. Russell Burns, the cheese maker, and his assistant, hovered attentively, stirring the yellowish milk with wooden rakes.

Every few minutes, Mr. Burns dipped into the tank and squeezed a handful of the yellow curds appraisingly. Once he passed a wad of the stuff to us, for our opinion. It felt like a fistful of rubber bands. "Taste it," he said. It tasted like rubber bands, too; but Mr. Burns thought it was just right, and he ought to know, because, with his old-fashioned layout, he turns out a cheese so consistently superior that discriminating cheese consumers from three states beat a path to his lonely little factory to get his choice Cheddar.

While Mr. Burns drained the whey from his second tank, we examined the curds in the first. The liquid drawn off, the embryo cheeses lay in folded slabs, resembling butter, but more rubbery in consistency. At the end of the tank, the cheese maker adjusted a chopper, and fed the slabs through it, to cut them into particles, before packing the stuff into cloth-lined tin molds, which he stacked end on end in a long press.

That done, Mr. Burns let us into the holy of holies, the curing cellar. Examining the scores of golden-yellow cheeses on the shelves with a critical nose, he selected one, plunged his round-bladed knife into it with an adroit twist, drew forth a plug, broke off the interior end, and carefully reinserted the outer end to seal the cheese.

"Try it," he said, and we knew in about a half minute why people come for miles and miles to stock up on this mild, mellow cheese. Mr. Burns likes to keep his cheeses in the cool cellar from four to eight weeks for "short held," as the cheese trade calls Cheddar with the mild flavor. "Sharp" is stored up to two years to perfect its characteristic nip.

Swiss and Switzerland Cheese

There is still a bit of popular confusion about the difference between Swiss and Switzerland cheese. That's one of the headaches of the business, and the low-down is this: About two or three generations ago, a lot of Swiss cheese makers were smitten with the urge to migrate to the United States. The first Swiss to migrate landed up in Wisconsin and others followed. Wisconsin became known as "The Switzerland of America," because of the Swiss cheese made up there.

The Swiss from Wisconsin made cheeses so much like the originals that the customers couldn't tell the difference. In time, this annoyed the cheese makers back in the homeland and eventually they decided to abandon the time-honored market name for their product, and launch a new one, "Switzerland cheese." The Wisconsin cousins still call theirs "Swiss cheese." It has the same rich, nutty flavor, and even a cheese buyer can't tell the difference without seeing the name stamped on the rind.

Today the world's largest Swiss cheese factory isn't in either Switzerland or Wisconsin, but at Milledgeville, Illinois. Mr. Gardie Wolber and staff run it, and they turn a hundred thousand pounds of milk daily into about forty big 200-pound wheels.

Swiss, unlike other cheeses, is not made in vats but in shining copper kettles, each holding two thousand pounds of milk, enough to yield three hundreds pounds of curds which shrink eventually into two hundred pounds of cheese. Mr. Wolber keeps sixteen of these kettles bubbling, and if you want to see a sight, watch his crews of husky young Swiss in rubber boots and yellow rubber aprons slowly stir the curds with a strange contraption well named as a "cheese harp." Suddenly, one of the kettles of curds gets ripe and, before your unbelieving eyes, the cheese man folds a cloth over a spring-steel blade and with a lightninglike movement

(Continued on page 46)

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IN THE surprise of everyone in the Powder Desert region, Clay Morgan, a young ranchman, marries pretty Lila Durrie, generally regarded as the fiancée of powerful Ben Herendeen. From that moment on, Morgan and Herendeen are enemies; nor is that enmity tempered by Lila, who, dying (after the birth of a baby girl), confesses to her husband that she had always loved Herendeen.

For several years no serious trouble breaks out. Then, when Clay's daughter, Janet, is nine, Herendeen's men kill Ollie Jacks, a rustler whom Clay had tried to protect; and a feud is in the making. So that he can gain possession of their land, Herendeen orders a number of homesteaders, on free government land, to leave the country. He also begins to hound all unattached punchers—whom he happens to dislike.

One evening, Clay is talking with Catherine Grant, sister of Gurd Grant, one of his good friends. Catherine has ridden over to his house, at Long Seven, to warn him to keep a close eye on Herendeen. As they talk, Hack Breathitt, an itinerant cowboy, rides up and dismounts. Instantly, Catherine slips into the house. Then Herendeen, Gurd Grant and Lige White come tearing up and demand to know why Breathitt has been camping with Pete Borders, a well-known cattle rustler.

Clay believes that Breathitt is an honest man. He orders Herendeen to leave his land and never come back. The three men ride away. And Clay Morgan has another enemy—for Gurd Grant has seen his sister's horse, tied near the house, and he suspects the worst.

Herendeen then burns the house of Jack Gale, a poor homesteader. He orders the man and his little family to get out, leave the country. A short time later, Clay learns that the government land is to be sold at auction (without the notice of a month provided by law) the following afternoon, at Sage City, 190 miles away. He leaps on his horse and starts for Sage City.

Shortly after he leaves, Hack Breathitt is forced to fight a street duel in War Pass, the largest town near by. Bones McGeen and Liard Connor (hired by Herendeen) try to kill him. He shoots Connor, and makes his getaway. . . . Clay, on a horse he has roped on the way, rides up to a cattle crew. He borrows a fresh mount. "See you day after tomorrow," he says, as he hits the saddle.

IV

MORGAN left camp at a steady run. This horse was small and wiry and he had a choppy pace but he seemed tough. Five miles across the unbroken flats he reached the trail and followed it, eastward over a land that had no definite horizon. The smoky atmosphere pressed down on emptiness. At one o'clock he fell into a ravine well below the desert line; the road followed it a mile and swung into a wide sink that held a series of corrals and a natural spring. Watering the horse, he rose to the desert level again. At two he was lost in this lonesome sweep of black rock and yellow earth and curling land smoke, pursuing a trail that led constantly eastward without apparent destination; running the strawberry, and walking it, and letting it fancy-foot along, and running it.

At three-thirty, with eighteen hours of steady riding behind him, he came upon a main break in the road. One fork led into the southeast, the other swung toward the north. It was now within a half-hour of the land-office dead line; paused at this junction, scanning the forward haze with an anxious eye, he made out no kind of a blur on the horizon. This land ran straight into the cloudy mists, flat as a board. A few fresh prints showed either road; they were alike, those roads, as to wear and tear of usage, and nothing gave him a hunch except that the northern fork seemed to head more nearly toward the spot he thought Sage City ought to be.

And so he took it, but two miles later this road brought up before the burnt ruin of a ranch house and a few scraps of metal on the ground. Beyond was only an unused trail.

He wheeled around, backtracked to the junction and followed the other route. Wagon tracks came from the desert and dropped into the road, a wavering wheel-and-hoof pattern coming out of nowhere and leading apparently nowhere. It was then four o'clock and he thought he had lost his race. Twenty minutes later the desert marched to a rim that fell downward three hundred feet into a valley. The road descended a sharp grade. At the bottom of the grade, straddling the silver streak of a shallow river, lay Sage City, its gray housetops and dusty streets making a toy town's pattern from this elevation. He set the tiring pony into its last run, came down the grade and crossed a wooden bridge. He saw the half-empty street, the false-fronted buildings and the once-white spire of a courthouse sitting athwart the far end of the street. When he reached the courthouse and stepped down, a pair of men came out of the doorway.

Morgan said: "Land office in there?"

They nodded. He passed into a shadowed hall, heard voices through a half-closed doorway, and pushed that door before him. There was a man standing by a desk; this man was saying: "Seventy-eight hundred. That's the bid. Another bid, gentlemen? Another bid?"

THERE were only four other men in the room. One of them, standing by the room's side wall with his face turned from Morgan at the moment, was Charley Hillhouse.

Charley Hillhouse said, "Eight thousand," and came about and discovered Morgan.

What Morgan saw on the face of this man who had so long been his friend was the swift, thin break of unpleasant surprise. Hillhouse stared, moving gently away from the wall. This was the way he stood during that small interval, with his feet braced apart and his round face very shadowed by his thoughts; and then Hillhouse seemed to close his mind as if something dreaded had at last come to pass with all its unhappy consequences, pulled the surprise from his face, and turned from Morgan. He said again, in a steady, stubborn voice: "Eight thousand."

The other three men were speculators. It was a smell on them. It was written on their good clothes, their white faces and their soft hands. One of these said reluctantly, "Eighty-two."

"Eighty-three," said Hillhouse.

Morgan said: "Ninety-three."

Now the speculators looked around and moved together and one of them whispered something and shook his head. The land-office agent looked hopeful. He said: "Ninety-three's the bid."

"Ninety-four," said Charley Hillhouse.

Morgan said: "I didn't ride a hundred and ninety miles to play around with a piker, Charley. Eleven thousand."

"Eleven is the bid," said the land-office agent. "Another bid, gentlemen?"

The speculators said nothing. One of them shook his head. The land-office agent turned to Hillhouse. He said: "Another bid?" Hillhouse put his hands in his pockets, and slowly brought them out. "No," he answered, "that's all. I've got to stick to a limit, and we're past it now."

"Sold at eleven thousand."

Morgan stepped toward the table. "My check all right?"

The land-office agent showed an instant discouragement. "Of course not."

One of the speculators laughed and Hillhouse made a half turn. "The my bid of ninety-four is good."

Morgan reached into his pocket. "No," he said dryly, "I just wanted to know. I've got the cash."

Hillhouse turned from the room without further talk; the speculators slowly followed. Morgan counted out the money, in bills. He stood over the desk, propping both hands on its edge to hold himself up while the land

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agent took his name and address and wrote out a receipt.

"You'll get a deed in the next few months."

Morgan said: "When did you mail out notice of that sale?"

The land agent stared at him. "About six weeks ago."

Morgan folded the receipt between his fingers, creasing and recreasing it, his head bent down. He murmured, "Thanks," and left the room. He passed the speculators in the hall.

Charley Hillhouse waited for him on the porch. Charley had a cigarette lighted. He removed the cigarette, choosing his words very carefully; he had his eyes half closed, and stared ahead of him into the dust-yellow, sun-brightened street.

"I WANT to tell you this, Clay. When I work for an outfit, I stick by that outfit. I'm foreman of Three Pines, and long as I am Three Pines comes first."

"Tell Ben," said Morgan carefully, "that he shouldn't send a small boy to market when he wants something."

Hillhouse pushed the affront aside. He was a coolheaded man, with a loyalty that could narrow his mind. "My limit was ten thousand. It would have been enough if you hadn't come along." He thought about it, and added: "We should've kept that sign down another six hours."

"Charley," said Morgan, "that's the first time I ever heard you nourish a crooked idea."

"Don't get high-minded over a piece of government land," retorted Hillhouse. "You'd have done the same thing." He gave Morgan a searching glance. "You're figurin' I sold you out. Maybe I should have told you the same thing I told Hack Breathitt. I'm your friend. But when it comes to a choice between you and Three Pines I'll stick with my outfit. I'd be a hell of a man if I didn't. Friendship has got nothing to do with business. Well, let's eat and forget it."

This man had been one of his oldest companions. There had been the three of them, Hack and Charley and himself. But as he stood here he knew it was all over. The fine thing that had held them together was gone, the old days and the old times were gone. He knew it, as Hack had known it earlier, and now, watching Charley, he knew Hillhouse, for all his words, knew it too.

"So long, kid," he said, and went down the street, leading his horse. He left the horse at a stable and went on to the hotel, his knees shaking a little as he climbed the steps. He had a meal in the dining room, went up to a room and rolled into bed. For a moment he lay on his back. He thought of the ride, and he thought of Government Valley, and laughed to himself, the sound of it rubbing the room's stillness. Afterward, sinking swiftly into sleep, he heard somebody come up the stairs and knock at his door. Hillhouse called through the panel: "Clay, I want to talk to you."

He turned on the bed, mentally saying his goodby to a part of his life that had been mighty fine. He had lost another friend and the bad times were closing in. With that thought he dropped into a drugged, dreamless slumber.

RETURNING from Sage City three days later, Clay Morgan came through a low gap of the Burnt Hills and found somebody occupying the deserted homestead house on Salt Meadows. It was twenty-five miles from this point northwestward to his own ranch and though the shanty was an old one he had not known of nesters being in it. A small spiral of smoke rolled from the tin chimney and when he was halfway down the slope a man came from the house and walked at a rapid stride toward a small outhouse, slamming its door. This was near noon.

Morgan said again, "Time to go," and watched Ann McGarrah's face show a darkening at his tone

Riding into the yard, Morgan gave his name. "You must be new here. Nobody's tried to make a living on this spot since Yardsley left, four years ago."

The man was around thirty, long and on the lean side, with the freckled skin and dry, creased lips and the gray-green eyes of a Southerner. He looked like a worker rather than one of that shiftless rattletrap breed Morgan had so often seen camping on the edge of the range. He said, "I'm Fox Willing. Been here four months." He was pretty brief with his talk, a reserved man with the mark of a short temper on him, but there was in his eyes at the moment something Morgan had often noticed in other nester's eyes when they faced cattlemen; a half-concealed hatred, a veiled fear. A woman came to the door, young and still pretty, with pure black hair. She shaded her eyes at Morgan; he saw fear definitely on her face.

It was time to eat; in fact, Morgan smelled food in the air. But Willing didn't know much about range etiquette. He simply stood his ground, waiting for Morgan to speak or ride on. Morgan said: "Maybe you could put me up to dinner."

Willing's answer was reluctant: "Sure, Mr. Morgan. Step down."

He watched Morgan leave the saddle and he let Morgan enter the house first. The woman had dropped back and now laid an extra plate at the table. They were, Morgan noticed, in the midst of their meal. One boy, about four years old, sat in an improvised high chair. Morgan took the new place at the table and said to the woman, by way of breaking the ice, "A long ways from anywhere. Mighty lonesome for you, I should judge."

"No," she said in a half-breathless voice, "there's enough to keep busy."

Morgan helped himself to the boiled potatoes and canned tomatoes—and to the meat. It was fried steak and when he saw it he realized it came from one of his own cows. Seeing the man walk so swiftly out to close the shed door, he had suspected it; and this was why he had asked for the meal. He had the hunger of his long ride in him and fell to the food at once, making no fuss about the meat. He said in an agreeable voice: "I've seen two sets of families starve on this spot. Hate to see anybody else go through that. What do you propose to raise?"

WILLING ate with his eyes downcast; a taciturnity close to sullenness covered him. The woman didn't touch her food. She sat with her arms in her lap, a growing strain on her face. She was about his own age and he could tell she had been through a lot of misery. She answered for Willing: "Anything to get along, Mr. Morgan. We've got three cows for milk and a brood sow, and I guess some kind of crop will come up. We'll live, if my husband can find a little work on the ranches." Suddenly he saw the full effect of her eyes. They were begging at him in a way her husband never would see. Then she added: "It's not hard to live, Mr. Morgan, if people try."

It was about the extent of the talk. Morgan appreciated the meal, but he was glad when, hat in hand, he returned to the yard. He walked toward his horse, both the Willings behind him. The shed was only a dozen paces beyond and he had the definite inclination to go over there, open the door, and have a look at the beef for himself. He knew it was there and he didn't want Willing to think Long Seven was run by a fool too blind to see the signs. He rolled up a cigarette, trying to figure out some way of telling Willing this without hurting the woman's feelings. There was a lot in her and she was pretty badly troubled at the minute. Willing was like most nesters. Cattlemen had pushed them around until they figured it wasn't any crime to steal beef when they could. It was just something that grew and got worse on the range. He had to call Willing on this, but he didn't want to make it too tough on the woman.

He lighted his cigarette and stepped into the saddle. There was immediate relief on the nester's face, and the woman's shoulders

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relaxed; they had braced themselves for the worst. Morgan removed his hat, smiling at the woman. "I wish both of you good luck. You'll need it." Then, with the reins half lifted, he added: "It occurs to me that you may get pinched for grub this winter. If you do, I'll be glad to see that you get a quarter of beef occasionally. When you see any stray cattle of mine up here this winter in the snowdrifts, just drive them back. We'll consider it a fair exchange for the meat. But," and now he looked at the blank, gray-green eyes of the man, "come to me when you want it. I do not like to think of beef being butchered and wasted on the desert."

The tension left Willing's shoulders. The woman's lips softened and her eyes grew warm. After that he crossed the yard and came down at last to the lower edge of Government Valley. Far up the flats he saw the remnant barracks of the old fort, and for a moment he paused to have a look at this land which now belonged to him.

THERE was a feeling about this hard to uncover, for he was not a self-analyzing man, never one to dig deeply into the source of his emotions. Facing this range, its good thick layer of fertility and its length and breadth, he came as close to it as he ever would come. It was a strength in his chest and in his muscles. The amber color of the short, nutritious sun-cured grass, sweeping on like a tawny and thick-napped carpet, had a meaning; the round green spots here and there in that tawniness, indicating water, had a meaning. The sunshine pouring down upon it and the shadows creased into occasional ridges, the wild, sweet smell of the land, the stillness, the free sweep, the quick wheel of cowbirds in the foreground and the faint blot of faraway cattle—all this had meaning.

Beneath this grass was a generous, fecund earth. A man had to translate this richness into terms of cattle. But it wasn't only cattle. Behind the cattle lay something else. Maybe a sense of personal growth, of pride, of something fought for and won, of largehandedness. It stiffened a man's backbone and made him look at the world differently than other men looked at it. In his world certain things stood out. Weather and water and grass and cattle; and himself against all the odds the range put against a lone man.

He had his thoughts. They carried him at once into the past and presently he sent his glance all across the flats to the Lost Hills where, ten years before, he had started his married life with Lila. He remembered that one year vividly, as he remembered everything vividly that had to do with her; and he said to himself, "She should have lived to see this. Maybe it might have made a difference to her."

He slanted across the valley and rode up the narrow length of his older range, reaching home quarters in the middle of the afternoon. As soon as he left the saddle old Mose gave him the latest news. Hack Breathitt had been pulled into a fight at War Pass, killing Liard Connor. Now Hack was hiding in the hills with Sheriff Nickum on his trail. Somebody had said, Mose added, that Herendeen had sent out a party under McGeen also to hunt Breathitt. Of that, Mose qualified, he wasn't sure, but it sounded likely.

"I'm going to town," decided Morgan at once, "and ought to be back around eight."

Old Mose said: "The way things are now, I wouldn't skylark on the trail after dark. I've lived through a couple of shootin' times and I guess I can smell powder stink as well as any. I smell it now."

MORGAN caught up a fresh horse and headed for War Pass, reaching there slightly before six. His first errand was to go into the post office and pay his respects to Fred Rich.

"Fred," he said, "that notice of sale was posted a little late."

"I took it out myself, the same day it came."

"They mailed it from Sage City last month," stated Morgan.

Fred Rich's face showed a whiteness suddenly around the base of his nose. "I guess it got held up somewhere," he murmured. But he met Morgan's glance only for a moment, soon looking down. He had been caught in a lie and knew it. He pushed his hands against the counter, increasingly troubled, increasingly pale.

"I guess it did," said Morgan dryly, and left the post office. He heard Rich call out, "Clay, I want no trouble with you," but he didn't turn, hating to see any man's face show that dead, cheap guilt. The bank was closed and so he climbed the hill to leave the unused part of his money with Harley Stewart and went at once to Ann McGarrah's.

Ann and Janet were eating supper. He sat with them, listening to Janet's cool voice recite the little things that had happened to her, watching the way Ann McGarrah's faint smile came and went away. There was, he thought now, a closeness between those two—created by Ann's affection for the girl. It was the nearest thing to a mother's affection Janet had known; it supplied something a growing girl needed, which he could not give. He was grateful to Ann for it and yet as he watched these two he felt a doubt, though he could not explain its reason.

Ann said: "If you're through, Janet, run out for a minute. I want to talk to your daddy."

Janet left the room. Ann McGarrah sat back in her chair. Her arms were round and firm on the table. She had a way of looking at him, straight and intent, with a shadow across her eyes. Her lips were red and pleasant; they had a gentle strength. "What is on your mind, Clay?"

"Odds and ends, I guess."

"Did you have luck on the trip?"

"I bought the piece. How did you know I was on that business?"

"It was all over town, half an hour after you left." She moved her fingers around the red cloth. "I wish," she said, "you had told me about it that night." She quickly smiled away the reproach. "That was a silly thing to say. You're much like I am. You live inside yourself. Will you be taking Janet home tonight?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd let her stay another week. She likes it here. She gets a chance to play with her friends, and I think I'm good for her. You're raising her like a boy. She gets your habits and your way of looking at things, your bluntness and your taciturnity. You don't want her to be too much that way, too old and quiet for her age. You want her to be a woman."

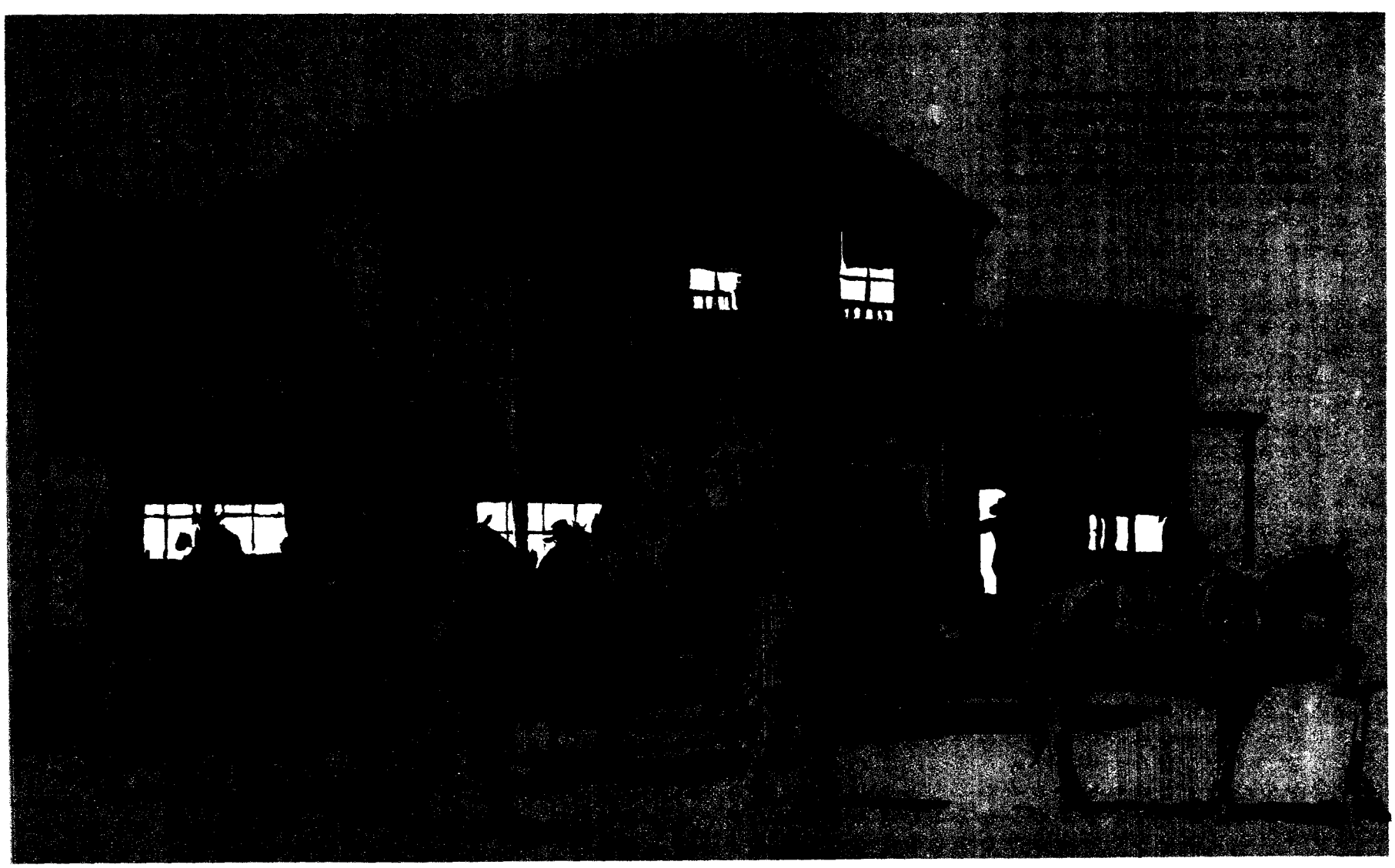
"She can come again," said Clay.

ANN gave him a smileless wise look. "I know. You don't want to give up anything that's yours." She dropped the thought at once, turning to another: "I wish you'd consider this, though. When bad weather comes and you have to board her in town for school, let me take her instead of Mrs. Stewart. I'm younger, Clay. I'm more the age Janet's mother would be. I can teach her so much." She pointed to a door leading from the kitchen. "There's her room and her bed and all her things."

He said, quietly, "Let me think about that, Ann."

She said, "I can see you don't agree," and shrugged her shoulders. She waited for him to answer, reading his silence as best she could but not sure of him. He was never a surface man and sometimes she missed the things he thought. Suddenly she changed the subject again. "There's one thing I always fear—your way of looking at Ben Herendeen. It may make you get on the wrong side of things. I hear all the talk, Clay. I know

(Continued on page 36)



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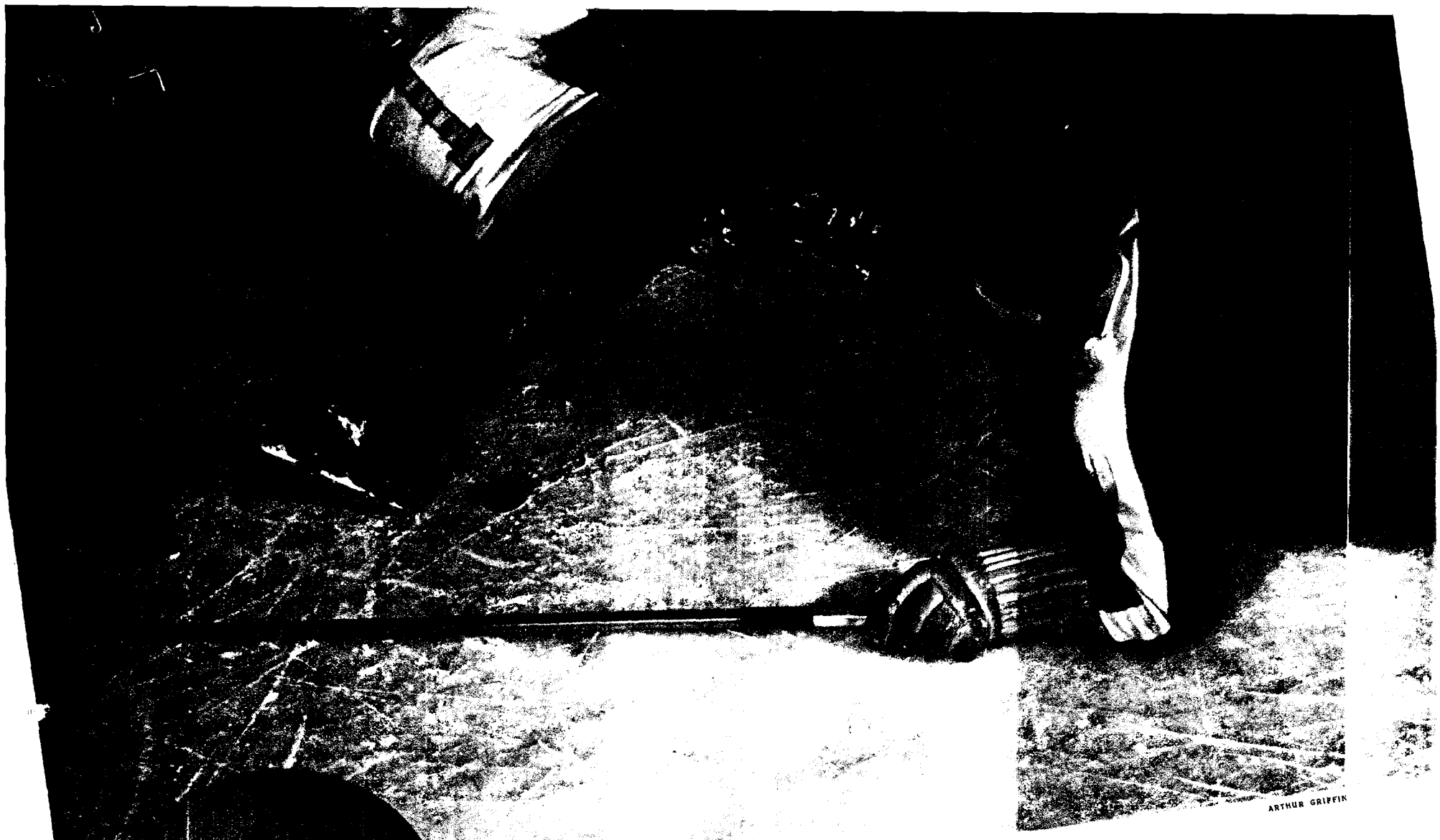

Net minding like this is what made Frank Brimsek all-star goalie in his first year in the majors

By James C. Hendy

Frank Brimsek, in his first year of big-time hockey, made his theme song, "Rubber stay 'way from my door"

THE Goose-Egg Kid sprawled in his bulky pads on a dressing-room bench in the Boston Garden, limp from the six months' bruising grind just ended. Outside in the arena he could hear seventeen thousand hockey fans shrieking and shrilling his name—"We want Brimsek! We want Brimsek!"

Wearily he began to wipe the sweat from his face, then stopped. The towel slithered to the floor.

"Four seasons back I got kicked out—not good enough even for the amateurs," he said. "I thought I was through with hockey." He turned to his roomie. "Hey, Jack, pinch me—I'm dreaming!"

But Francis Charles Brimsek, goal tender of the Boston Bruins, National Hockey League and Stanley Cup champions, was wide-awake—and had been all fall and winter. Even before that final game of the play-offs—the "World Series" of hockey that determines world supremacy—Francis Charles might have thought otherwise, for his spectacular net-minding had won him glory such as rarely comes to a veteran, much less to a youngster up for his first year in the majors.

He had displaced the fabulous Tiny Thompson, all-star goalie, at the height of Tiny's power and fame. He had been named "the outstanding rookie" of the year—at any position—in a poll of thirty-four hockey writers. He had seen his name engraved on the Georges Vezina Trophy, annually awarded to the goal tender least scored on—the first rookie to be so honored. He had been placed, on paper, in the nets for the all-star first team, which the hockey writers annually select for the Canadian press. Never before had a first-year man made this line-up.

And now he had been acclaimed the bright particular star, on the ice itself, of the team that had brought to Boston, for the first time in ten years, the Stanley Cup—the trophy that, back in 1894, cost Lord Preston of Stanley, governor general of Canada, all of fifty dollars but that now has a value that not even a WPA statistician could calculate.

The kicking-out of four years back happened at Baltimore, in the Eastern Amateur League, as good a place as any to be kicked out of. It's bad under any conditions to be told that you're not good enough. But to be told it in the Eastern Amateur when your friends have insisted you ought at least to try out in a pro minor league—that's an unkinder cut, somehow, than if you yourself thought you were good.

Which Frankie didn't. He had, and has, a fund of modesty that for a goal tender is really stupendous. Goalies have to be self-confident. They have to say, and believe, every time a puck drills past them, that no goalie in the world could have stopped it. Goalies can't stay modest or they won't stay goalies.

So Frankie is probably a unique specimen of goalie. He might never have tried to play hockey if his brother hadn't disliked goal tending. John Brimsek was being brought along to replace the regular Eveleth, Minnesota, High School goalie, one Mike Karakas, on the latter's graduation, but John wanted to be a burly, body-checking defense man. As a brotherly gesture, Frankie, already a star on the basketball, softball and football teams, consented to follow Mike on the hockey team, and John moved up to the blue line.

Frankie's diffidence showed itself in a curious way, according to the coach, Cliff Thompson.

"He just stood in the net and waited for the puck to come at him," says Thompson. (That's characteristic of his style today, too.) "Most kids want to come out to meet the puck too soon and too often, but it was a long time before I could get Frankie to come skating out of the net and cut down the angles of the shot."

Cut them down he did, however, at Eveleth High School and at St. Cloud Teachers College, cut them down cleanly and well. His friends groaned in disgust when Baltimore in the amateurs was the most ambitious post he would consent to try for.

We know what happened there that fall of

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1935. Really, Frankie needn't have felt the kicking-out so deeply. The Eastern Amateur is an exceedingly strong league—as strong, perhaps, as some of the minor pro leagues. But he had gambled everything on making its grade. The season was about to get under way and other teams would have got their goalies by now; he would have to go home; home to Eveleth, Minnesota, a thousand miles distant, and—he was broke. This last item, strangely, was a bit of good luck.

By the time he had hitchhiked as far as Pittsburgh he was bored with not eating. He found his way to Duquesne Garden in the vague hope of promoting a dollar or two from some hockey player. Not to keep up the suspense, Dinny Manners at the arena needed a goalie for his Yellow Jackets, also in the Eastern Amateur. Frankie got the job.

He kept it for two years, and it looked as if he'd keep it forever. Not that he wanted to—there just didn't seem to be any better goal-tending jobs to be had.

Hockey managers don't like to experiment with goalies. Probably no single position in any other sport is as important as the goal job on a hockey team. In baseball, even if your pitcher blows, you still have eight other guys to bat in runs, and if they don't it's not their pitcher who stops them. But in hockey, if your goal tender is unreliable, not only is every thrust by your opponents a probable goal but your skaters in front of the goalie tighten up, are afraid to attack, and so don't score.

Tough Competition

It was the manager of a rival club, Herb Mitchell of the Hershey B'ars, who got Frankie unstuck from the Yellow Jackets and into the pro ranks. Herb wanted to do a good turn for his old coach, Art Ross, then pilot of the Boston club, so he went out on the limb about the Brimsek virtues in goal tending. He went so far out that in the fall of 1937 Ross put Frankie on the Providence Reds, the Bruins' farm team, without having seen him play.

Once more Frankie snugged down in his cage to wait. All around him International-American goalies were waiting—good men, ready for the major league, but with no major berth ready for them. There was Bert Gardiner, the highly original stylist of the Philadelphia Ramblers, farm team of the New York Rangers. Gardiner had everything a great goalie should have and a bit more than most do have—superb skating ability. Most goal tenders, no matter how acrobatic before the net, are weak skaters—from lack of practice, probably. But Gardiner, even in his forty pounds of padding, had so much speed that he could go up to the blue line when his team was on the attack and get back to his cage in time when the tide turned.

Yet even Gardiner would have to wait until Dave Kerr of the Rangers should get senile or break a leg or something. Now Dave Kerr is a tough enough man to wait for, but the job Frankie had to get was that of none other than Cecil "Tiny" Thompson, brother of Paul, the playing manager of the Chicago Black Hawks, and long known as "the goalie without a weakness."

Tiny was quick as the neighbor's cat, he had a sailor's eyes and a dancer's timing. He was cool and clean at blocking and clearing shots, and he showed no sign of cracking. He had won the Georges Vezina Trophy four times, he was rated the best then; and even now, after Brimsek's landslide, there are plenty who swear Tiny is still Number One in the cage.

And that's the man Frankie had to wait for!

But Tiny got an infected eye, at the very start of the 1938-39 season, and Ross wired for Frankie.

Now that he had his chance, Frankie was none too keen about it. It's a bad enough handicap to follow a good man, but when he's the best, and one of the most popular to boot, and when you're modest, for a goalie—

"I was so jittery when we got to Toronto for the opening game," says Frankie, "that I couldn't eat. My hand shook so much that Jack Crawford, my roommate on the Bruins, started to feed me."

But once he was on the ice Frankie's jitters faded, and despite Toronto's best the Bruins won 3-2. And three nights later they beat the Detroit Red Wings.

But Thompson was fit again and Frankie went back to Providence. Art Ross, though, had started thinking. Thompson was great, and his age should not bother him for several years. Meanwhile, what would happen to young Brimsek? Ross had seen other promising youngsters, stuck in the minors, lose ambition and be ruined by waiting.

Letting Thompson go, however, was a serious matter. Tiny had served the Bruins ten years, for more than half of which he had made both the managers' and the hockey writers' all-star teams. More, he was an idol to thousands of Boston followers, and Ross would have them to contend with if Brimsek failed.

Ross slipped into Providence, watched Frankie turn in a couple of brilliant games, and made up his mind. Tiny went to the Detroit Red Wings for a price of $15,000—not bad, for a 33-year-old player—and Brimsek came back to the major league.

In the first few weeks he astounded the hockey world. He put together two three-game streaks in which the enemy was unable to score a single goal.

Hockey writers lavished columns of space on him. The Goose-Egg Kid, they called him. Even with a defense like Boston's, it was a feat—six games without one puck getting past him.

"It's nice, of course, to have a string of goose eggs to your credit," he says, in his soft-spoken way, "but after all, a goal tender can't whitewash a team all on his own. And look what a defense Shore, Portland, Clapper, Crawford and Hollett gave me!"

When the Heat Was On

One game that Frankie will never forget was that of December fourth, in Chicago. Remember Mike Karakas, whom Frankie followed in the net back at Eveleth? Well, Mike Karakas was in the net for the world-champion Black Hawks, and both his mother and Frankie's had come down to see their sons perform, as had several hundred other Eveleth burghers. Each goalie had his own following, with the respective mothers leading the cheering.

"Could you just smile till we get around the corner? The gang's watching" SYDNEY HOFF

Frankie was out to beat Mike, and just a bit anxious, because he still stood in some awe of the boy who had been a high-school senior when he, Frankie, was just leaving the grammar grades.

That game was Frankie's first major-league shutout. Two nights later, in Boston, he and the Bruins gave the same Black Hawks another goose egg.

The Hawks, still the champions and no little sore at Frankie, came at him in waves. As fast as he kicked the puck out, the Hawks were back on him. First Paul Thompson would blast at the kid who had taken his brother's job, then big Earl Seibert, fastest-skating defense man in the league, then all the others. Through it all Frankie stood up in a style that even Tiny the Great could not have improved on.

After that game Art Ross said: "Forget Thompson. From now on you're the goal tender." The fans had been won over.

Oddly enough, the game in which Frankie considers he reached the top of his form was one that the Bruins lost, 2 to 1, to the New York Rangers. It was the fourth game in a best four-out-of-seven-game series in the complicated Stanley Cup play-offs. Boston, winner of the regular schedule, had to meet the Rangers, runner-up, in order to go into the Stanley Cup series. Although the Bruins swept the first three games by scores of 2-1, 3-2 and 4-1, the Rangers had fought every step of the way. Back in Manhattan, led by Lester Patrick, their brilliant coach, they were determined not to be eliminated in four straight games.

They were outweighed by the Bruins but they decided to go out and "bump 'em." And when the game was over they had bumped well. There had been eight major penalties (inflicted for such serious infractions as fighting), and ten minor ones. Eddie Shore, Boston's mighty defense man, had come out of the first-period Donnybrook with a broken nose. Frankie Brimsek had violated the cardinal rule of goal tenders—he had taken part in a fight.

Never before had Frankie seen so much rubber as Lester Patrick's men fired at him that night. Twice Bruin players left him with only four men against the Rangers' five. The Rangers shot five forwards into the fray. They tried Frankie on long shots from the blue line and raced in for the rebound. They tried power plays and screen plays.

A Battle Royal

All of this was just Sunday parlor manners compared with the goings on a bit later. In Boston territory peppery Phil Watson of the Rangers, about sixty pounds lighter and five inches shorter, collided with Jack Portland, Bruin giant, and in an instant they were slugging away at each other.

The rest of the boys quickly arranged a battle royal. Muzz Patrick, younger son of the Ranger boss and former amateur heavyweight boxing champion of Canada, registered several deadly wallops on the already battered face of the durable Eddie Shore, breaking Shore's nose.

It was here that Brimsek broke the rule. Before then he could be seen lending a strictly spiritual support, but when his idol, Shore, fell, he rushed to the attack, his big cudgel swinging. Bert Gardiner, subbing for the injured Dave Kerr, had stood calmly at the other end like a good union goalie, but when he saw Brimsek unlimbering his war club, Gardiner put on a burst of speed and broke the rule too.

But the Garden special police stepped in. The boys were pulled from one another's necks and herded to the penalty box.

The Rangers won, and went on to win the next two, but in the deciding game, when the chips were down, Frankie proved once more that he was tops. After that Ranger series the Bruins found the Stanley Cup finals against the Maple Leafs something in the nature of a rest. They took four games while Toronto was winning one.

For the record, Brimsek was born in Eveleth on September 26, 1915. He stands five feet nine inches and weighs 170 pounds and has unbelievably broad shoulders for his height. He's very much afraid people will think him swell-headed, and his notion of how to avoid that is to avoid reporters.

Add unusual facts about Frankie: Unlike most goalies, he never had and never has played any other position on the ice.

"I guess the other boys skated so much better than I did that they just shoved the big stick in my hands and told me to get in goal and stay there. I've stayed there ever since," he says.

Always bragging, see?

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Bear Trap

By Robert P. Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS the fourth time the bear had raided the finest apiary in the Blue Smokies that Luke Braider lost his temper entirely. After viewing the smashed and strewn hives, he went to the house, got his rifle and limped to his tool shed. Setting the rifle in a junk-littered corner, he opened a chest and dragged out a huge steel trap. For an instant, as he studied the murderous pattern of the teeth in the trap's jaws, he hesitated; then, he lugged the trap to a bench vise and began setting the powerful springs.

Working, he thought of the day—over thirty years ago—that he had stepped into this very trap when out deer hunting. He'd have died young—nearly did anyhow—if Jim McQuade hadn't heard the shots he'd been able to fire.

Perspiration glistened in the stubble of his leathery face as the trap spread open and he began remembering details. "Now if I was only able to do a job of huntin' I'd no more think of . . ."

Nestling the trap between two hives that were, strategically, the probable objectives of the bear's next raid, Luke covered it with loose grass and spiked the chain around a stout poplar. After noting, with dubious satisfaction, how well the trap was laid he turned and, addressing the wooded slope above the apiary, said: "You've had a bellyful o' honey and I've had a bellyful o' yer gettin' it. Keep to yer mountain, Blackie—I'm past foolin'."

"Nuts!" answered the thicket above him. Then the brush swayed and two men stepped into the clearing.

They were dressed in dungarees and hickory shirts, hatless, sunburned, bush-worn and whiskery. The one who was beefy hunched his shoulders forward and said, "Talkin' to yourself, Pop?"

"I was jest finished layin' a bear trap and—" Luke, feeling sheepish, paused.

"Live alone?" asked the hawk-nosed and younger of the two strangers as he swiped angrily at a bee.

"Right now, yes. Wife's visitin' kin over on the coast. You fellers came in here the tough way."

"Got lost hunting," said the heavy one. "How about some groceries?"

"Sure," said Luke, "come along." The cold abruptness of this pair made Luke wonder uneasily as he limped gingerly toward the house.

At the table they wolfed down the food that Luke kept putting before them. Occasionally, a terse murmur passed between them.

The telephone rang.

"Don't answer!" Hawk-nose backed his command with an automatic.

Without moving Luke said, "Kingman's call—one long, two shorts." The ringing subsided. Luke, realizing the true status of his company, put aside formality and asked: "Did you reckon it was the warden at Walla Walla?"

The gunman's features curdled. "Did you think we was Boy Scouts?"

"Not in the house, Rudy," said the heavy individual. "Maybe," he continued, "if he don't dummy up on our questions we won't have to knock him off."

Grudgingly, it seemed to Luke, the gun was laid aside. He answered their questions about neighbors, highways and so on, truthfully, not because he expected to gain clemency but to leave his mind free to think of something practical. However, there was nothing practical about remembering that his rifle was in the tool shed.

Their questioning completed, Rudy turned to his companion and, waving his gun significantly, asked: "Want to come along, Sam?"

Sam pondered the invitation for an instant before he grunted: "Shooting makes so much noise—lemme think."

It reminded Luke of the time he had been caught in the bear trap. But now, outside help was unlikely.

"We'll stay here till dark," said Sam, "and grab us a car in Gold Rock. Be on the coast by morning. Now, if we knock off this old walrus around here he'll be found and that'll mark our trail, so we'd better take him along—as far as the Snake River."

"He'd cause trouble," growled Rudy.

"Hear that!" interjected Luke. "Sounded like my trap caught that dratted bear."

"Stand still!" ordered Rudy. He reconnoitered from the door. "Naw. Yer hearin' stuff," he said.

Luke looked disappointed. "Well," he said, "when he does he'll not get out." Then, as though ruminating to himself, added: "Bleed to death in half a day."

"Couldn't it be sprung?" asked Sam.

Luke snorted. "Hell, mister, step out in the shop and I'll show you the vise it takes to set that trap."

"We'd rather see the trap," said Sam.

"Say," said Luke suspiciously, "you fellers don't aim to—"

"Not us," said Rudy, prodding Luke out the door.

NEARING the broken hives, Sam and Rudy cursed with pain as the bees began objecting. Luke, long immune to bee poison, smiled weakly. "It's between those two hives."

"Uncover it," yelled Sam.

With Rudy jabbing the gun into his back, Luke stepped haltingly forward, measuring the distance with his eyes. There was a quick shove and he was propelled between the hives. "E-e-e-e-yow!" he screamed as the trap banged shut on his leg. Careening, he upset a hive and fell to the ground.

For a brief instant Rudy and Sam hesitated before the whining cloud of angry bees that raised out of the grass around Luke's writhing figure. Then, beating the air frantically, they fled into the house and slammed the door.

At intervals during the afternoon Sam and Rudy inspected the victim from a safe distance. When at last Luke's outcries ceased and his body lay still their vigilance relaxed. They agreed that it was as natural an appearing accident as either had ever arranged.

It was deep dusk when Sam and Rudy stepped out of the house. As they passed the workshop, Luke Braider, standing on one leg and leaning slightly against the wall, raised his rifle and said, "Reach, fellers—higher, Rudy. Now lie face down on the ground with your feet to me. Fine."

Taking their only gun, Luke let them sit up. In stunned silence Rudy and Sam stared dumbly at the trouser leg that flapped empty beneath the knee.

"There's one good thing to be said about a bear trap," said Luke amiably. "The second time you put the same foot into it, that foot's likely to be made of wood. Today was my second time.

"Now if you fellers'll just crawl into the house ahead of me, I'll do some telephoning."

The telephone rang. "Don't answer!" Hawk-nose backed his command with an automatic. Luke said, "Kingman's call"

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The Simple Life

Continued from page 25

"Why don't you walk back with me? It's a lovely night."

"I've got these letters to finish."

"You won't have to stay."

It was a nice night and I liked the smell of it and it was not too dark because there were an awful lot of stars out. It was a big, wide night, with a fresh breeze coming in off the Gulf. I led the way along the path through the trees and we reached the roadway and beyond the roadway you could see the waves breaking easily, without much noise. When we got to the big bungalow nobody was there and Muriel shrugged.

"I guess we must have passed them," I said.

She got a cigarette out of a pack lying on the table and lit it, getting the end completely lit, red and glowing. "They're likely down on the dock watching the night fishing. With the Brinnions, likely." The Brinnions were their house guests. "Shall we go down?"

We strolled out on the dock the inn owned and there were more than a dozen people there, some fishing under the floodlights, others standing around looking on. We leaned on the rail beside the Brinnions.

Brinnion said, "Where's Ray?"

"Oh, walking somewhere, I suppose," Muriel said.

BOTH the Brinnions were fishing, and after a little while we left them and when we reached the road in front of the inn I said, "Well, we probably passed them. I'll go along home. Lee's home, probably."

"Let's go down on the beach," she said.

"What for?"

Her head was down, I couldn't see her face, and after a minute of silence she gave a little shrug and said, "All right. Good night." She strolled away, taking it easy, and I went on my way down the white road under the trees and I wondered a little what she would be like to kiss, and I thought maybe I ought to have found out, just for fun, just for the hell of it.

When I got home to the bungalow nobody was there and I looked at the clock and it was twenty to ten and I went on with the letter I'd been writing before. It was some letter. It sure made sense. It was a letter to Charlie Dresbach about how I was through with baseball for good, and thanks a million, though, Charlie, for the offer. But no minor league for yours truly. Nothing doing. Because, anyhow, the arm was through, it was washed up, and I had my future to look out for, mine and the wife's. And what I was doing now, and what I planned to do, was the answer.

I was making decent money and we were saving it and in a couple of years I'd buy another boat and then another and there'd be three, then—Pretty Lee, Pretty Lee II and Pretty Lee III—and we owned a little land in St. Pete and this summer I was going to stick up a bungalow. No, thanks, Charlie; but thanks a million, anyhow.

The screen door slapped and Lee came in and I went on writing, writing fast, because I was afraid if I looked up I'd see something in her face, I didn't know exactly what, and I didn't want to see it.

"Writing letters?" she said.

"What does it look like?" You know how those wild pitches get away from you.

I could hear her stop in her tracks and then I knew she was looking at me and then in another minute she walked across the room and went into the bedroom. I went on writing and it didn't even look like my own handwriting. In a couple of minutes she came out and went into the kitchen. Then she went back into the bedroom. But in a couple of minutes she was out again.

"All right," she said. "What did you see?"

"What do you mean, what did I see? I didn't see anything." You even get tricky. "What are you talking about? Did I say I saw anything?"

"You haven't been sitting there writing letters all evening."

"No, that's a fact, I haven't been. Muriel stopped by and I walked home with her to pick you up."

Her face was pretty white. "All right, then, why don't you say you saw us? Can't two people sit on the beach?"

"Sure. Sure. You can sit all you want with him on the beach. You can do anything you want with him."

"So that's how you feel about it?"

"Hello, there! Happy New Year!" KAY KARAFFA

"That's how I feel about it, baby." I got up, said, "Good night," and walked straight out of the house and went down to the boat and went on board. I unlocked the hatch and went down inside and turned on a light and then I got a can of beer out of the ice chest in the galley and uncapped it and sat down in the cabin on the settee.

She was just lolling easily and quietly and the cabin was snug in the yellow light. She was sound, she had a wide beam and a roomy cockpit, and for what she was you wouldn't have much trouble selling her. On your own, alone, it wouldn't matter about the minors and maybe you were still good enough to fool the bushers, and it wouldn't matter about quick train jumps, hotel rooms and hotel food. I'd go over to Fort Myers alone, in the morning, and wire Charlie Dresbach. Okay, Charlie.

THE daylight woke me up coming through the port alongside my head and I turned on my side, to get away from it, and saw Lee lying on the settee across the way, all dressed the way I was. One arm hung down and she was asleep. There were four empty beer cans on the table. It took me a minute to pick up where I'd left off thinking the night before. I got up quietly, put on a pair of trunks and went out to the end of the dock and dived in. I swam around for about ten minutes and spent another ten sitting on the end of the dock. When I went back on board Lee was in the galley starting breakfast. I dried down, put my clothes on and went out and sat on deck.

After a while Lee called, "Breakfast is ready."

I SAT out on deck thinking about it, trying to get into the groove I was in the night before. It was going to take some doing. The morning has a different face than the night. The smell of hot, fresh-made coffee in the morning is a good smell and the things that happen in the morning are usually simple things, not complicated like the things that happen at night. When they're complicated in the morning, you hate them.

"The eggs will get cold."

I got up and went down in. She was sitting at the table, sideways to it, with one elbow on it, and there was only a cup of coffee in front of her. In front of me there were two eggs, orange juice, the end of a loaf of bread and the coffee. Then I remembered that that was all the food there was in the galley the evening before.

"Here, you take one of the eggs."

"No, I don't want any, really."

"Well, the orange juice, then."

"No. Just this coffee is all I want."

"What do you expect me to do, sit here and eat all this breakfast and you sit there just playing around with a cup of coffee?"

"Really, I'm not hungry."

I sat there with my arms folded and looked at the eggs and in a little while she took her coffee out on deck. This made it easier, so I ate. Then I smoked a cigarette and thought how wonderful it would be if there were no complications, and I sat there waiting for her to come down in. I sat a long time. Then I went up on deck and said right out:

"Well, if we're going to Fort Myers, we'd better go home and get dressed."

"Do you want to go?"

"Well, we said we were going, didn't we?"

"We said a lot of things last night." She stood up. "Look, Steve, there's no use making believe. You never talked to me the way you talked to me last night."

"Well, why'd you come down to the boat?"

"I was afraid you might do something crazy—like taking the boat out in the dark and cracking it up. But I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about me. I want to know where I stand and I don't want to hear you say, 'Skip it.' I won't skip it. Either you think what you thought last night when you left, or you don't. Nothing I can say would ever convince you, because the conviction has to be there, inside you."

"It was there," I said. "It was there when I woke up and saw you." It was, really, because if it wasn't I'd not have been standing there listening to her. I'd have kicked her off the boat. I'd have loved her still, you understand, but I'd have kicked her off the boat.

"They're leaving," she said. "Look."

I looked across the water, pretty far across, to the inn's dock, where people were boarding the early-morning launch for the mainland. I took my binoculars out of the box in front of the wheel and looked across and I saw the Mallards going on board. I put the glasses back in the box.

"Pretty sudden," I said.

LEE was staring across the water. "He wanted me to run away with him last night. He told me everything, how unhappy he was, all about his unhappy married life—and gradually all the pity I'd felt for him turned to disgust. He cried. I couldn't stand that. I got up and ran off and he stumbled after me and caught hold of my hand and I turned and hit him with the other one, right in the face. And I said, 'Has it ever occurred to you, Ray, that Steve and I love each other?'

"He fell back and looked shocked and held his hands to his cheeks. It had never occurred to him. You could see that. It had never occurred to him because he was so mixed up, so concerned with his own unhappiness, that nobody else mattered. Even I didn't matter; not really. I was just a symbol. He stumbled away up the beach, still holding his head in his hands."

I watched the launch pull away from the dock and I thought a bit and I wasn't sore at him. I should have been, maybe, but I wasn't. You do not get sore at a guy when he breaks up and crumples and bawls, because it is there in everybody, down deep—it is in you too, way down deep, and once you lose your grip maybe it comes up. You feel shame. You feel shame even when it happens to the other guy.

Lee said, "I'll wash the dishes," and went down to the galley.

I watched the launch for a while longer, thinking about Mallard and Muriel, and about the way it must be between them and how they traveled a lot, from one place to another, but it was always there between them, day after day and night after night. I suddenly felt like kissing Lee and I ran down to the galley and kissed her hard and she dropped a saucer and hung onto me and I thought, well, maybe they had a lot, a lot you could lay your hands on, but they didn't have this, they sure didn't have anything like this.

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The Great
MARY MARTIN . . .

The girl from the heart of Texas who sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and stole the heart of Broadway, now captures the heart of Hollywood's Allan Jones, not to mention yours, and yours, in her Paramount screen debut.

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE"
"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"
"A KISS IN THE DARK"
"KISS ME AGAIN"

Paramount Presents *The Great*
VICTOR HERBERT"
with
Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly
Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster
Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE • Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively
Based on a Story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 30

the cattlemen are tightening up against the rustlers and the nesters, and I know you're not with them yet. Ben Herendeen's at the head of it. That's why you won't join them. But, Clay, why not?"

He said: "Ever see one of these homestead women standing at a shanty doorway?"

"Sympathy, Clay? Will that do any good? Listen. I've grubstaked many a family out of this store. They never come back. They starve out and go. But that's not all of it. Why should you defend Ollie Jacks? Was it important? You knew it wasn't. And now Hack Breathitt is in the hills, and what will you do?"

He said: "I'll stick with Hack, Ann."

"Whatever he does?"

He looked at her. "Whatever Hack does, it will be something Herendeen has made him do. I'll stick with Hack."

"Clay," she said, "do you know where that leads you?" She had a cool head, a logical mind. "You're a man going up. Your name means everything—credit, honesty, work, influence. Hack is a drifter, never anything else. The law is against him now and the cattlemen are against him. Do you want all that against you? Do you want to have all this bitterness on your shoulders? Do you want to ride forever armed and always listening for the crack of some other man's gun?"

He said: "Had I been in town the other night there would have been two men on the ground instead of one." He let the silence drag, and added without any particular tone: "A man has to play his own hand, or he shouldn't bother to buy chips. I'll stick with Hack."

SHE let out a quick sigh, as though she had been holding her breath. She murmured, "Herendeen—Herendeen. It is always that, with you."

"It may be," he said and rose. He was solid and tall against the lamplight; his cheeks showed the gauntness of recent riding, the blackness of uncut whiskers. He was an unruly man, with his own convictions entirely governing him; he was unweakened and untroubled by fine distinctions. At twenty-nine he had the endurance and the stamina and the thorough health of a natural man; and as she looked at him now, so thoughtfully and so critically and so secretly in love, she saw in his eyes that gray-iron shine of hard simplicity. In fortune or in trouble he would never be much different; he could not be different.

"I guess I owe you a lot, Ann. I'm grateful."

She looked at him, dark and cool and quick. One small gust of that intensity he always felt got out of her. "Gratitude—I hate the word!"

He said, "I'll be back for Janet in a minute," and walked to the store porch. He stood here briefly, watching the street until he discovered Jesse Rusey paused in the shadows at the corner of the hotel—an obscure shape patiently waiting. He crossed to Rusey, observing the marshal's short, solid shape swing around to him. Rusey's voice was inflexibly courteous, giving Morgan his due, nothing more and nothing less: "Evenin', Clay."

Children fled from the black alley between hotel and courthouse, racing for a base across the street. One of them cried: "One-two-three—free!" The scurry of these light steps was all around Morgan in the thick, warm shadows; the young laughter and the breathless whispering was around him. He said: "Who started the ball Friday night, Jesse?"

The marshal's head tipped. Secret care flowed from him. His voice, when he spoke, was unsentimental and without favor: "They was jiggerin' around from point to point—Breathitt and Connor and Bones McGeen. Breathitt met Connor once, down by Old Town, but neither of them was ready. Connor floated up the street, past the dance hall. McGeen dropped back into the crack by the bank. Hack showed around the corner of the dance hall, and met Connor." He paused, weighing his words with an extreme thoughtfulness. "It was a case of love at first sight, only Breathitt got in the first kiss. Bones was wastin' his shots all the time, just stinkin' up the wind. Hack got out of town two jumps ahead of his own funeral. Tell Hack, if you see him, I'll throw him in the cooler if he does that again. There's a rule against smokin' up this town."

"Never mind the present and future—just tell me my past for the last two weeks" JEFF KEATE

"Tell it to McGeen," said Morgan.

"He's been told," retorted Rusey. "I'd tell it to anybody."

A LONG halloo shrilled through the shadows and a cloud of children raced down the street. Ann McGarrah waited on the porch, slim against the store lights. Janet, out of breath and softly giggling, trotted toward her. Morgan turned toward these two. Rusey's cautious voice followed:

"There's some numbers turnin' up—maybe one's yours. If I were you, I would do no sleepin' in the saddle."

Ann had Janet's small bag. Morgan said, "Time to go," and watched Ann bend down to kiss Janet. There was a good deal of affection between these two, and at this exact moment he understood the doubt that had been in him. He was silent and solid in the background, swayed by a resentment he could not control. There was a need in the girl he could not supply, which was a child's love for a mother. Ann was supplying it. But this affection belonged to Lila, not to Ann.

HE SAID again, "Time to go," and watched Ann McGarrah's face show a darkening at his tone. Janet's hand came obediently to him and they strolled up the street. At Gentry's he saddled Janet's horse and boosted her up, and rode from War Pass.

The night was soft and luminous and fragrant. Earth's warmth rose around them but the wind drifting from the south brought in sharp, cool eddies of coming winter. The two of them rode in silence across the potted desert and took to the steep road up Mogul.

Morgan said: "You did fine, Janet. I guess I was pretty proud, sitting there and listening. Don't ever be afraid of anything ahead of you. Never borrow trouble. Walk right up to it. Listen to the crickets. They've been singing like that a thousand years, and they'll be doing it for another thousand. Nothing changes, honey. Remember that when you feel like running away. Nothing changes and nothing ever really dies."

Sometimes when he talked to her like this he felt the absorbing attention she paid him. Sometimes her mind was away on its own dreams, locking him out—as Lila had locked him out. She spoke suddenly and seriously, as though she hadn't heard him:

"Will you ever marry again, Daddy?"

"Now why should you think of that?"

She said in her small, still voice: "I just wondered. Maybe I could like another mother." But the tone wasn't like her. It was cautious, it held things away from him. They reached the top of Mogul and sighted the far-shining light of Long Seven. Coolness played increasingly out of the south; the smell of winter lay here. There was something in her mind he couldn't reach, making him realize she was no longer a child. At nine the world had ceased to be all colored and wonderful to her and her thoughts were no longer black and white and utterly faithful to childhood's simplicities; it came as a shock to realize that she would be, from this time on, thinking more and more as a woman thought, sometimes obscure, sometimes with reservations he could not fathom, with always some secret insight he could not share.

Making up a cigarette, he kept his eyes on the house light, affected by a growing loneliness. A boy would grow along with him, in his pattern; but a girl sooner or later reached the end of the trail and afterward went along her own. The day would come, he realized, when she would be closer to Ann McGarrah than to him. This was the law of life; he had taken her as far as he could with his knowledge, with such wisdom as he had. Beyond this point she would grow in ways beyond his comprehension.

He said, gently, "A pretty night. Hear that coyote? He smells winter. So do I, but winter doesn't mean the same thing to me as to him. That's the way of it. Not possible for us to know just what the other fellow sees or thinks or feels. We all travel this trail pretty much alone. Makes no difference how many million people have gone ahead of us, it's a new road to you and a new road to me."

FROM her position at the store's doorway, Ann McGarrah watched Morgan and Janet leave town. A few riders from Rhett's station were cutting up in the Long Grade and Jesse Rusey stood in the shadows opposite the saloon, taciturnly listening to the racket. The stage to Burnt Ranch was in front of the hotel. A customer entered the store, claiming Ann's attention for a moment; later when she was about to bolt the door for the night she saw the hotel's waitress, Helen Lavalle, come quickly over the dust toward her. The girl had been crying; it disturbed her pretty face, it turned the flirting sauciness into unpleasant lines.

"What do you suppose they've done to him—to Hack?"

Ann murmured, "Does it matter?"

The girl stared. "If it didn't," she answered sullenly, "why'd I be asking?"

Ann watched the girl carefully. "You won't do what I say," she said coolly, "but if I were you, I'd forget."

"Me?" breathed the girl, suddenly bitter. "I wish I could."

"I guess most women wish they could," retorted Ann, and closed the store. She walked back to her living quarters and stood irresolutely near the center table, irritated by Helen Lavalle's weakness, by its inevitable cause and by the man who was to blame. She felt this way about most men. A lone woman in a man's town, she had too much will to accept their courtesies and their gallantries. Behind their attitudes was always the assumption of greater wisdom and strength, which was like

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acid to her. She hated their code of drink for drink, their unreasoning pride that so often led to bloodshed, their broad horseplay that always seemed to her so close to brutality. She hated the prejudice and ignorance they hid behind their mask of wise gravity. She despised the gallantry by which they were able to soften women to their desires and the easy insincerity that enabled them to leave these women when they were through.

In most things Ann McGarrah was a realist who looked upon War Pass with eyes that were sometimes cruel and almost always without respect. She knew she had a better mind and sharper business judgment than most of the merchants and was contemptuous of them because of it. It was a man's town and a man's country. One thing they respected above all other things—physical courage. Force was the one thing they obeyed, and had she been a man she would have made that knowledge serve her. As a woman, somewhat ruthless in her own fashion, she could only stand back and treat these men with a kind of insolence that delighted her and left them humbled and uneasy and glad to be out of her sight.

Of them all, she respected only two men. In Jesse Rusey she felt the same silent, cool contempt for the passing scene, the same gray pessimistic realism, the same belief in his own strength. And in Clay Morgan she saw, because she loved him, all that her eyes wanted to see in a man. Turning impatiently, she walked to the room that had been Janet's and stood with her hand supported on the doorsill, watching the small bed and the little kerosene lamp that so delighted Janet. Part of her bitterness now came from knowing she was no different than any other woman. A man—one man—had the power of changing her thoughts and her desires, of making her over if he chose. The weakness that compelled Helen Lavalle, and Mrs. Lige White, and Mrs. Benson, was the same weakness compelling her. Hating it, she could not escape it.

She was thinking at this moment of Clay Morgan with that intense and single-minded absorption characteristic of her; seeing him for what he was, the strong beliefs and attachments she could not touch, and trying to discover in him some unguarded point through which she might walk. Janet, she had long known, was the greatest thing in his life. If she could work through Janet, if she could sway his feelings through Janet—

But she was thinking: He must come to me of his own will. I don't want half of him. He's got to forget Lila. I won't take another woman's leavings. I can't be happy sharing anything with her. I can't crawl to him like a beggar. He's got to forget her.

As soon as he had seen Janet to bed—listening to her prayer and to her sleepy recounting of those happenings in War Pass that she seemed to think important enough to tell him—Morgan returned to the front room and found Harry Jump waiting before the season's first fire on the hearth.

Harry Jump preferred to squat in front of it, rather than to use a chair. He poked a stick of wood at the flame, camp style, squinting at the result. He said: "Now both us and Three Pines has used that valley and their cows are accustomed to usin' the water and grass. I guess we'll have to ride line a while and throw Herendeen's stuff back."

"Next time I see Charley Hillhouse I'll mention it to him."

Harry Jump said: "Make it clear. I've seen a lot of trouble come up in regards to cows and water."

"There'll be some strays," said Morgan. "Always are. Outside of that, Three Pines will have to stay on its own grass."

"Then I'll ride down in the morning and push 'em off. Grass is grass—and it is ours they're fattenin' on." Jump rose, thin and bowlegged, a hard-looking character at best.

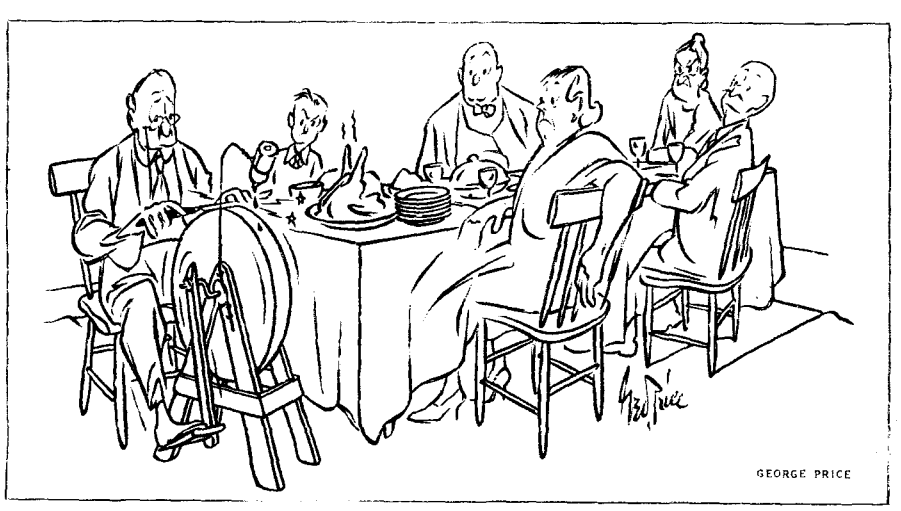
"Take your rifle along," Morgan said.

"As such," drawled Harry Jump, and left the room.

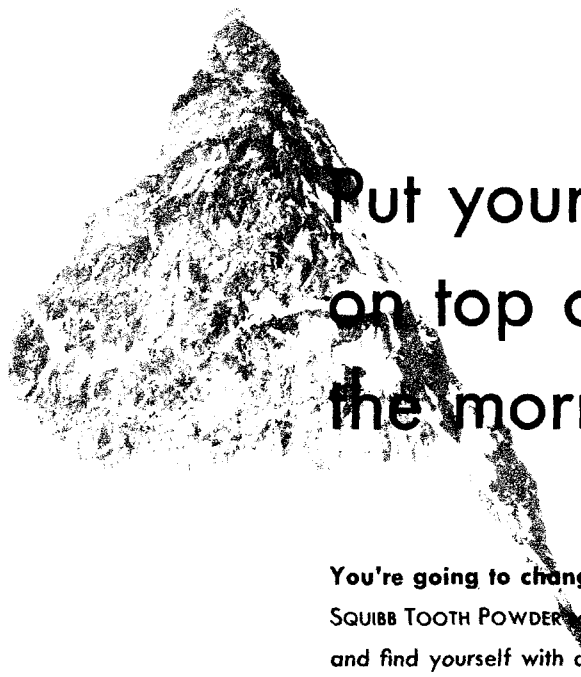
MORGAN stood by the fire, feeling the silence of the house. Janet was asleep upstairs, the crew palavered idly out by the quarters; but there was for him, recurringly, odd moments such as these when he had the sense of missing something or of needing something. He went into the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee from the pot always handy at the back of the stove, and rummaged around for a piece of pie and stood stooped over the kitchen table while he ate. Through the window he heard Cap Vermilye drawling out a story of his youth: "I rode up the trail with Shanghai Pierce one year. This was '72. We were takin' 3,000 longhorns from the Texas Gulf to Abilene, Kansas—"

Morgan listened with half an ear, meanwhile thinking of Hack Breathitt. He refilled his coffee cup, standing with his feet apart in the middle of the kitchen; light struck the surface of his eyes, setting up a quick frost-glow. Restlessness turned him out of his tracks and made him gently circle the room. Breathitt, he thought, would be sitting somewhere in the hills, laughing at the posses on his trail and ironically amused at a world that could turn him into a fugitive overnight. Morgan speculated on Breathitt's possible hide-out. The three of them, Breathitt and Hillhouse and himself, had ridden this country for years together and knew every hollow and ravine and windfall pit; he could—Morgan thought—go over the country and just about pick the kind of a spot Hack would choose.

He pulled the coffee cup from his lips and held it suspended, suddenly struck by a warning: If he were familiar with Hack's ways, so was Hillhouse. If he could pick Breathitt's probable hide-



GEORGE PRICE



Put yourself on top of the morning

You're going to change to SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER some fine morning, and find yourself with a **"fresh" point of view!** There's something so irresistible in the keen, **cool minty** fragrance of it. Something so completely exhilarating in the way it **freshens** a sleepy mouth.

And there's more to come. You find you've discovered a **dentifrice** that **really cleans** and polishes too . . . one you can make a part of your morning routine with a **happy sense of security.** For SQUIBB is a name that stands for purity and safety in the care of teeth. Try SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER first thing in the morning and let that cool, fresh, **top-of-the-morning** feeling have its own way with your mouth.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same safe cleansing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia tube.

★**Taste and feel the refreshing difference**

SQUIBB Tooth Powder

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outs, so could Charley. And Charley, fast-bound to Three Pines by his hard and narrow loyalty, would be on Hack's trail now.

Morgan turned to the living room, pausing there only long enough to get his hat, his gun and belt, and to lift a rifle from the rack near the door. He crossed the yard, lugged his saddle gear from the horse barn and roped a pony out of the corral. Cap Vermilye and Harry Jump strolled forward. In these moon-shot shadows they watched him thrust the rifle into its boot beneath a saddle fender and swing aboard. Harry Jump said, gently: "Nice night for ducks."

"I'll be riding around, here and there," explained Morgan. "Don't know when I'll be back."

"Love," mused Vermilye, "is a wonderful thing. I rode ninety miles once to let a gal slap my face. Well, the cure lasted forty years, so I guess it was worth the ride."

"I'll be over in the Cache Mountains tomorrow," said Morgan.

Harry Jump said: "There's a lot of dry wells over there a man can fall into. I've heard of frogs livin' at the bottom of those things for years. But you ain't no frog."

"See you in church," said Morgan, and rode out of the yard. He heard Harry Jump's answer: "Last time I was in church it was for a funeral, so I guess I got a mighty solemn religion. If you see Hack, love and kisses from Long Seven."

WHEN he turned the prow of the Moguls, the lights of Long Seven were cut off. The moon was at three-quarter stage and so he traveled through shadows that had the luminous, pearly shine of fog. Moguls' summits were clear black against the sky; as he rode over the meadows he saw the blurred shadow of himself go forward in lengthening distortion against the yellow grass. At the jump-off of the meadowlands, where Mogul slid a thousand feet through pine groves into the narrow valley occupied by Herendeen, he paused to take his survey. Dell Lake was a silver circle, half down the incline. The valley itself, filled with this night's foglike mist, was a winding silver ribbon. He followed its course with his glance, catching the distant glitter of Herendeen's lights, and then his attention came back to the red-yellow glow of a campfire in the pines. Probably a posse.

He dropped into the pines, leaving the strong moonlight behind. Skunk smell, pungent and yet pleasant to a man who lived wholly out of doors, lay along the slope; somewhere an antelope heaved out of its thicket and scudded away, creating a little racket in the thickets. This dropping trail fed into other trails, all of them weaving a tangled, mysterious net to a stranger. To him they were familiar and had been since childhood; thus he threaded them without need of thought, gradually quartering toward the campfire until its glow pulsed and shuttered directly ahead.

The floor of the forest was thick with needle droppings; it absorbed the footfalls of his horse completely and so, gently walking the pony, he drifted forward until he reached the margin of light. Here he halted, amused that none of the five men crouched and lying by the fire yet knew of his approach. Charley Hillhouse squatted by the fire, idly feeding in pine branches. Two of the other men were Herendeen riders, one was Hamp Brigham, a smaller rancher from the Cache Mountains, and the fifth, lying full length on the ground, was Gurd Grant.

It was Gurd's presence that troubled him and made him momentarily bitter. One by one Herendeen had pulled his friends away from him, until he could no longer count on the loyalty of any. This was the way of it when cattle country caught the smell of trouble. His father, who long ago had gone through a range war, had said: "When neighbors get to fighting there is no charity. Indian torture is nothing like the meanness of friendships gone sour. I reckon it's a special kind of hate." This was what he faced now.

HE HEARD Gurd say to Hillhouse: "You got a fire big enough to set a signal for the angel Gabriel to shoot at."

"'Sall right," Hillhouse answered. "We'll be pullin' out in another hour, but the fire stays and maybe it will keep somebody's mind occupied."

"Where you think you'll find him?"

"Not on this side of the valley. I know Hack pretty well. He likes the Caches better."

Morgan spoke from the protecting shadows: "That's the way I figure it, Charley."

He had a swift sample of what these men would do under strain of surprise. Gurd Grant lunged to his feet and Hamp Brigham and the two men in the background were instantly up, Brigham reaching for his gun. But Charley Hillhouse, crosslegged by the fire, only tilted his head and stared over the point of the flames, watching Morgan drift forward. His face had gone square and hard and his eyes were cool. Charley Hillhouse, the slow and matter-of-fact friend of the old days, was the dangerous one of the group now, nerveless and not to be rattled and completely master of himself.

He said: "You damned well know better than to walk into a night camp without givin' a shout."

"That was in the old days, Charley," said Morgan softly, "when a man knew who his friends were."

"You know who they are right now," replied Hillhouse.

"That's right," said Morgan. "And I see none here."

Hillhouse closed his mouth, lips cutting a crease against the blocky face. A moment later he dropped his glance to the fire. None of the others spoke. Gurd Grant stood behind Hillhouse, high against the light. Now considering this man who was Catherine's brother, Morgan recognized the pure shine of antagonism in the other's eyes and had his regretting wonder at its cause. He could not ask, for Gurd Grant was his own judge and jury and, if this was the way Gurd felt, there was no good in talking. This was the heart and the core of Morgan's philosophy. A man made his own decisions and his own mistakes; he made them and abided by them for good or evil. Just as he, Morgan, wished to have this freedom and this responsibility, so did he give it to Gurd Grant. At twenty-eight any man was old enough to be his own keeper.

Morgan said: "About Government Valley, Charley. Your beef is still in there. Send somebody over to drift it back."

Hillhouse remained humped over the flame. He didn't look up. "I'll get around to it in time, I guess."

"The time," decided Morgan, at once matching Hillhouse's unfavorable manner, "will be exactly forty-eight hours. If there's Three Pines beef in the valley after that limit I'll run the tallow right off it."

"They're all waiting for the lights to go out at twelve o'clock"

LEONARD DOVE

Hillhouse showed Morgan a thoroughly cool face. "You're tough enough, Clay, but you ain't that tough."

"Another item," added Morgan. "I heard you mention something about leaving this fire burning. You're on my range and you're old enough to put out campfires. See that you do so when you leave."

"My boy," said Charley Hillhouse with a smooth, sliding uptake of tone, "just keep right on crowdin' Three Pines and you'll get the fight you're after."

MORGAN, under pressure, was a rough-and-tumble fighter. He said promptly, "I suppose that's so, if you can find a big enough army. You boys always did like size."

The remark struck home. It pulled Hillhouse to his feet and it broke the reserve on his face. Facing this one-time friend and knowing him through and through, with all the years of good times in his mind, he made his one last grudging concession: "I'd hate to pull a gun on you, Clay. I hope it never comes to that, but if it does, I will. You nor any man can make me dodge whut I believe is right. I think Three Pines is right, clean through to hell, and I'll go right to hell with it. Don't put your corns out where I got to step on 'em."

Zeal burned its pure flame in his eyes. He had an unchangeable and narrow and fire-hot faith. Morgan recognized the hard and fast qualities of the man but he could not let the challenge go by. Everything was changing during these moments, his life and Charley's life and everything on this range.

"It'll be sooner than later, kid," he told Hillhouse. "Make it now if you feel like that."

Charley Hillhouse sighed and pulled himself together. "No," he ground out, "I'll wait for that."

"All right," said Morgan carelessly and rode away.

THE slope of the mountain leveled into a small meadow, across which Vance Ketchell's cabin lights winked. Wood smoke lay in curled wisps on the still air. Going forward, Morgan called: "Vance—hey, Vance."

He heard Vance's boots drag over the shanty's floor and pause. There was this cautious interval and the dimming of the light before Vance opened the door. He showed himself vaguely in the doorway and quickly stepped into the yard, his bulk merging with the shadows of the cabin wall. "Who's that?"

"Morgan. Did Hack ride this way?"

Vance delayed his answer. Then he said in a lower voice: "Come closer, Clay."

Morgan went forward until Vance stood at the shoulders of the horse. Vance murmured: "Herendeen's got somebody watchin' me." His talk rubbed the shadows with a softness that didn't carry beyond Morgan. "Hack passed here Friday night. Think he's up in the hills above Freeport."

"Thanks."

Vance said: "You'll bump into Ben's riders along the trail."

MORGAN recrossed the clearing. A quarter mile southward he struck the wide trail leading from War Pass to Freeport. When he was deep in the quilt-thick shadows of the forest, a man's voice came from the immediate foreground:

"Wait a minute."

Morgan hauled down. He bent at the hips, lying low enough to see the ears of his horse against the black. Beyond was nothing but a moving blur against the night; there was a little danger here, for the man's voice gave away his uncertainty. It was pretty certain he had a gun lifted.

The man said: "Who is it?"

Clay Morgan said, "You go to hell, Bones."

"Oh, Morgan," grumbled Bones McGeen.

"Get out of the trail."

McGeen thought about that, and didn't like it. For he said: "You can go around me, I guess."

Morgan matched insolence with insolence. "I guess not, Bones. Hack saw the color of your tail, and I think I'll see it." He hit his pony with the spurs, driving it forward at a long jump. It carried him against McGeen, his knee jamming McGeen's knee. McGeen's shoulders turned and one arm lifted suddenly—all this was a dull, shapeless scene in the black—and Morgan, bending in the saddle, knocked that swinging arm down with his hand and caught McGeen around the waist. Both horses were milling across the trail. The explosion of McGeen's gun was like a dynamite racket in the settled stillness of the hills.

(To be continued next week)

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Snapshots of Some Important Bondholders

PERHAPS SOME OF THE PEOPLE SHOWN in these pictures don't quite fit in with your idea of what bondholders should look like.

▶ But the fact is that these typical American people—and millions more like them, in every walk of life—have a financial interest in some of the country's most important investments . . . in electric light and power companies, transportation companies, home and farm mortgages, and Government bonds.

People like these, you see, own life insurance policies with Metropolitan . . .

▶ And as you probably know, part of the money Metropolitan policyholders pay as premiums for their life insurance is set aside as a "reserve," as required by law. This reserve fund is invested by the company, to earn interest and thus help to reduce the cost of life insurance to the policyholders.

In its effort to achieve maximum safety for the funds which it invests for its policyholders, Metropolitan wisely follows the proved principle of diversification . . . spreads these funds over many *different* kinds of sound, conservative investments.

▶ You will find these dollars at work today in thousands of carefully selected investments . . . in bonds and mortgages, helping to finance building operations, homes and apartments, utilities, agriculture, industrial enterprises, and Government projects, such as schools, roads, and bridges . . . in practically every part of the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

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These investments, with the interest they earn, make it possible for the company to guarantee that the payments provided for in its policies will be made, in full, when due.

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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 17

Lord said: "But he was going to marry Elinor!"

Poirot said: "True. But remember that immediately afterward the engagement was broken off—that he showed her clearly that he wished to be released from it."

Peter Lord groaned and held his head. He said: "It comes back to her, then. Every time!"

NURSE O'BRIEN tossed her red head and smiled widely across the tea table at the little man opposite her.

She thought to herself: "It's the funny little fellow he is—and his eyes green like any cat's, and with all that, Dr. Lord saying he's the clever one!"

"It is a pleasure to meet someone so full of health and vitality. Your patients, I am sure, must all recover."

Nurse O'Brien said: "I'm not one for pulling a long face, and not many of my patients die on me, I'm thankful to say."

Poirot said: "Of course, in Mrs. Welman's case it was a merciful release."

"Ah, it was that, the poor dear!" Her eyes were shrewd as she looked at Poirot and asked: "Is it about that you want to talk to me? I was after hearing that they're digging her up."

Poirot said: "You yourself had no suspicion at the time?"

"Not the least in the world, though indeed I might have had, with the face Dr. Lord had on him that morning, and him sending me here, there and everywhere for things he didn't need! But he signed the certificate for all that."

Poirot began, "He had his reasons—" but she took the words out of his mouth.

"Indeed and he was right. It does a doctor no good to think things and offend the family, and then if he's wrong it's the end of him and no one would be wishing to call him in any more. A doctor's got to be sure!"

Poirot said: "There is a suggestion that Mrs. Welman might have committed suicide."

"She? And her lying there helpless? Just lift one hand, that was all she could do!"

"Someone might have helped her."

"Ah! I see now what you're meaning. Miss Carlisle, or Mr. Welman or maybe Mary Gerrard?"

"It would be possible, would it not?"

Nurse O'Brien shook her head. She said: "They'd not dare—any of them!"

Poirot said slowly: "Perhaps not."

Then he said: "When was it Nurse Hopkins missed the tube of morphine?"

"It was that very morning. 'I'm sure I had it here,' she said. Very sure she was at first, but you know how it is, after a while your mind gets confused and in the end she made sure she'd left it at home."

POIROT murmured: "And even then, you had no suspicion?"

"Not the least in the world! Sure it never entered my head for a moment that things weren't as they should be. Even now, 'tis only a suspicion they have."

"The thought of that missing tube never caused either you or Nurse Hopkins an uneasy moment?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that. . . . I do remember that it came into my head—and into Nurse Hopkins' head too, I believe—in the Blue Bird Café we were at the time. And I saw the thought pass into her mind from mine. 'It couldn't be any other way than that I left it on the mantelpiece and it fell into the dustbin, could it?' she says. 'No, indeed, that was the way of it,' I said to her—and neither of us saying what was in our minds and the fear that was on us."

Hercule Poirot asked: "And what do you think now?"

Nurse O'Brien said: "If they find morphine in her there'll be little doubt who took that tube, nor what it was used for—though I'll not be believing she sent the old lady the same road till it's proved there's morphine in her."

Poirot said: "You have no doubt at all that Elinor Carlisle killed Mary Gerrard?"

"There's no question of it at all in my opinion! Who else had the reason or the wish to do it?"

"That is the question," said Poirot.

Nurse O'Brien went on dramatically: "Wasn't I there that night when the old lady was trying to speak, and Miss Elinor promising her that everything should be done decently and according to her wishes. And didn't I see her face looking after Mary as she went down the stairs one day and the black hate that was on it! 'Twas murder she had in her heart that minute."

Poirot said: "If Elinor Carlisle killed Mrs. Welman, why did she do it?"

"Why? For the money, of course. Two hundred thousand pounds, no less. That's what she got by it and that's why she did it—if she did it. She's a bold, clever young lady, with no fear in her, and plenty of brains."

Hercule Poirot said: "If Mrs. Welman had lived to make a will, how do you think she'd have left her money?"

"Ah, it's not for me to be saying that," said Nurse O'Brien, betraying, however, every symptom of being about to do so. "But it's my opinion that every penny the old lady had would have gone to Mary Gerrard."

"Why?" said Hercule Poirot.

"Why? Is it *why* you're asking? Well—I'd say that that would be the way of it."

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

13—ENGLISH HORN

The ENGLISH HORN I must reveal
Has no connection with John Peel;
In fact, Old John would find it meaner
To play on than a vacuum cleaner.
Its tone would make his horses skittish
For it is neither horn—nor British.
Some call it—to increase this tangle—
The Cor Anglais—or horn with angle—
Concerning which I'm glad to state
The English Horn is long and straight.
Its misery and constant dwelling
On tragedy has caused a swelling
Just where the doleful note emerges,
Imbued with melancholy surges.
This makes an English Horn cadenza
Sound fearfully like influenza.

Poirot murmured: "Some people might say that Mary Gerrard had played her cards very cleverly; that she had managed so to ingratiate herself with the old woman as to make her forget the ties of blood and affection."

"They might that," said Nurse O'Brien slowly. "I'm not one to be talking of what doesn't concern me."

Watching her very closely, Poirot went on: "You and Nurse Hopkins, you have agreed together—have you not?—that there are some things which are best not brought out into the light of day."

NURSE O'BRIEN said: "What would you be meaning by that?"

Poirot said quickly: "Nothing to do with the crime—or crimes. I mean—the other matter."

Nurse O'Brien said, nodding her head: "What would be the use of raking up mud and an old story, and she a decent, elderly woman with never a breath of scandal about her and dying respected and looked up to by everybody."

Poirot nodded in assent. He said cautiously: "As you say, Mrs. Welman was much respected in Maidensford."

The conversation had taken an unexpected turn, but his face expressed no surprise or puzzlement.

Nurse O'Brien went on: "It's so long ago, too. All dead and forgotten. I've a soft heart for a romance myself, and I do say, and I always have said, that it's hard for a man who's got a wife in an asylum to be tied all his life with nothing but death that can free him."

Poirot murmured still in bewilderment: "Yes, it is hard. . . ."

Nurse O'Brien said: "Did Nurse Hopkins tell you how her letter crossed mine?"

Poirot said truthfully: "She did not tell me that."

" 'Twas an odd coincidence. But there, that's always the way of it! Once you hear a name, maybe, and a day or two later you'll come across it again and so on, and so on. That I should be seeing the selfsame photograph on the piano and at the same minute Nurse Hopkins was hearing all about it from the doctor's housekeeper."

"That," said Poirot, "is very interesting."

He murmured tentatively: "Did Mary Gerrard know—about this?"

"Who'd be telling her?" said Nurse O'Brien. "Not I—and not Hopkins. After all, what good would it be to her?"

She flung up her red head and gazed at him steadily.

Poirot said, with a sigh, "What indeed?"

ELINOR CARLISLE . . . Across the width of the table that separated them Poirot looked at her searchingly.

They were alone together. Through a glass wall a warden watched them.

Poirot noted the sensitive, intelligent face with the square forehead, and the delicate modeling of the ears and nose. Fine lines—a proud, sensitive creature—showing breeding, self-restraint and—something else—a capacity for passion.

He said: "I am Hercule Poirot. I have been sent to you by Dr. Peter Lord. He thinks that I can help you."

Elinor Carlisle said: "Peter Lord . . ." Her tone was reminiscent. For a moment she smiled a little wistfully. She went on formally: "It was kind of him, but I do not think there is anything you can do."

Hercule Poirot said: "Will you answer my questions?"

She sighed. She said: "Believe me—

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The Firebug left one clue★

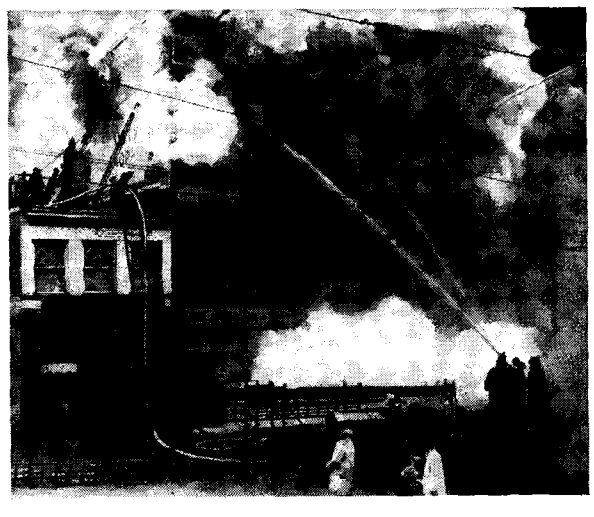
Can you find it ?

★AN ACTUAL CASE, *which solved a series of mystery fires in an American city.*

1 He digs plaster away to get at the wooden laths.

2 He carefully puts chisel and hammer in pocket.

3 He builds fire against the uncovered laths.



4 The building burns to the ground.

5 He throws chisel and hammer from a bridge.

6 Arson records point to a logical suspect.

7 Suspect is arrested in his room, and the ensuing search finds incriminating evidence in the pocket of his coat.

Have you found the clue that tripped up the firebug, and sent him to prison for 20 years?

Here it is: In the pocket of the suspect some bits of plaster were found. Some plaster from the burned building was recovered. Under the microscope *both* samples tallied exactly. In every 100 grains of sand in the plaster 36 were black, 12 white, 26 amber and 26 red.

The evidence proved as effective as if the criminal had been seen setting the fire.

Firebugs just can't get away with it! Every suspicious fire finds ready not only municipal and state authorities, but the Nation-wide Arson Department of The National Board of Fire Underwriters. Expert investigators go to the scene of the crime. Every device known to Science is available. So successful is this partnership of the authorities and National Board's Arson Department that, today, the number of "set" fires has been cut in half.

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***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

The counsel of your local insurance Agent or Broker carries with it no obligation to buy insurance . . . but it will help you intelligently to determine what insurance you need. Ask him to outline a "plan" to fit your requirements.

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"Now he wants to Elope with us!"

1. Our elopement was coming fine until I reached the bottom of the ladder. Then Father charged up, clothed in a nightgown, a shotgun, and a look of rage. "A widow before I'm a bride!" I groaned, as he headed for poor Jim.

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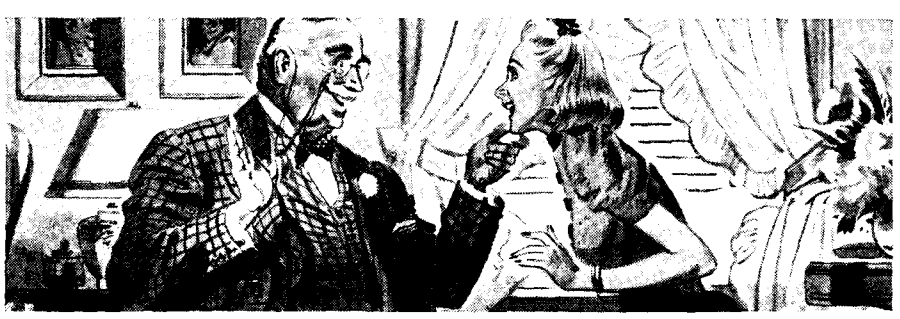
2. "Eloping, eh?" Father bellowed. "Lucky thing I couldn't sleep tonight! Young lady, get back into the house! And you!" He turned on Jim, making warlike motions with the old family shotgun. "Get out!"

3. When Jim phoned next day, I said: "I know what kept Father awake last night. Coffee! He loves coffee, but the caffein won't let him sleep!" "Oh-ho!" says Jim. "That's easily fixed! Give him Sanka Coffee!"

4. At dinner, Father said: "That coffee smells good! I'll risk one cup . . . even if it *does* keep me awake!" "No risk!" says I. "This is Sanka Coffee . . . 97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake!" "Bunk!" growls Father.

5. "Oh, but it's true!" I insist. "Jim's doctor told him the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."



6. Next morning Father chortles: "Slept like a top! Tell Jim I want to talk to your future husband—without the shotgun!" He grins. "We'll plan a *real* wedding!" *P. S.* We may have to elope, anyhow—to keep Father from coming with us!

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really—it would be better not to ask them. I am in good hands. Mr. Seddon has been most kind. I am to have a very famous counsel."

Poirot said: "He is not so famous as I am!"

Elinor Carlisle said with a touch of weariness: "He has a great reputation."

"Yes, for defending criminals. I have a great reputation—for demonstrating innocence."

She lifted her eyes at last—eyes of a vivid, beautiful blue. They looked straight into Poirot's. She said: "Do you believe I am innocent?"

Hercule Poirot said: "Are you?"

Elinor smiled, an ironic little smile. She said: "Is that a sample of your questions? It is very easy—isn't it?—to answer yes."

He said unexpectedly: "You are very tired, are you not?"

Her eyes widened a little. She answered: "Why, yes—that more than anything—how did you know?"

Hercule Poirot said: "I knew. . . ."

Elinor said: "I shall be glad when it is—over."

Poirot looked at her for a minute in silence. Then he said: "I have seen your—cousin, shall I call him for convenience?—Mr. Roderick Welman."

Into the white proud face the color crept slowly up. He knew then that one question of his was answered without his asking it.

She said, and her voice shook very slightly: "You've seen Roddy?"

Poirot said: "He is doing all he can for you."

"I know."

Her voice was quick and soft.

Poirot said: "Is he poor or rich?"

"Roddy? He has not very much money of his own."

"And he is extravagant?"

She said, almost absently: "Neither of us ever thought it mattered. We knew that some day—"

She stopped.

Poirot said quickly: "You counted on your inheritance? That is understandable."

He went on: "You have heard, perhaps, the result of the autopsy on your aunt's body. She died of morphine poisoning."

Elinor Carlisle said coldly: "I did not kill her."

"Did you help her to kill herself?"

"Did I help—? Oh, I see. No, I did not."

"Did you know that your aunt had not made a will?"

"No, I had no idea of that."

HER voice was flat now—dull. The answer was mechanical, uninterested.

Poirot said: "And you yourself, have you made a will?"

"Yes."

Again that swift wave of color.

Poirot said: "How have you left your fortune, Miss Carlisle?"

Elinor said quietly: "I have left everything to Roddy—to Roderick Welman."

Poirot said: "Does he know that?"

She said quickly: "Certainly not."

"You didn't discuss it with him?"

"Of course not. He would have been horribly embarrassed and would have disliked what I was doing very much."

"Who else knows the contents of your will?"

"Only Mr. Seddon—and his clerks, I suppose."

"Did Mr. Seddon draw up the will for you?"

"Yes. I wrote to him that same evening—I mean the evening of the day Dr. Lord spoke to me about it."

"Did you post your letter yourself?"

"No. It went in the box from the house with the other letters."

"You wrote it, put it in an envelope, sealed it, stamped it and put it in the box? You did not pause to reflect? To read it over?"

Elinor said, staring at him: "I read it over—yes. I had gone to look for some stamps. When I came back with them, I just reread the letter to be sure I had put it clearly."

"Was anyone in the room with you?"

"Only Roddy."

"Did he know what you were doing?"

"I told you—no."

"Could anyone have read that letter when you were out of the room?"

"I don't know. . . . One of the servants, you mean? I suppose they could have if they had chanced to come in while I was out of the room."

"And before Mr. Roderick Welman entered it?"

"Yes."

Poirot said: "And he could have read it, too?"

ELINOR'S voice was clear and scornful. She said: "I can assure you, M. Poirot, that my 'cousin,' as you call him, does not read other people's letters."

Poirot said: "That is the accepted idea, I know. You would be surprised how many people do the things that 'are not done.'"

Elinor shrugged her shoulders.

Poirot said in a casual voice: "Was it on that day that the idea of killing Mary Gerrard first came to you?"

For the third time color swept over Elinor Carlisle's face. This time it was

a burning tide. She said: "Did Peter Lord tell you that?"

Poirot said gently: "It *was* then, wasn't it? When you looked through the window and saw her making her will. It was then—was it not?—that it struck you how funny it would be—and how convenient—if Mary Gerrard should happen to die. . . ."

Elinor said in a low, suffocated voice: "He knew—he looked at me and he knew. . . ."

Hercule Poirot said: "Dr. Lord knows a good deal. . . . He is no fool, that young man."

Elinor said in a low voice: "Is it true that he sent you to—help me?"

"It is true, Mademoiselle."

She sighed and said: "I don't understand. No, I don't understand."

Poirot said: "Listen, Mademoiselle. It is necessary that you tell me just what happened the day Mary Gerrard died. Where you went, what you did—more than that, I want to know even what you thought."

She stared at him. Then slowly, a queer little smile came to her lips. She said: "You must be an incredibly simple man. Don't you realize how easy it is for me to lie to you?"

Hercule Poirot said placidly: "It does not matter."

She was puzzled. "Not matter?"

"No, for lies, Mademoiselle, tell a listener just as much as truth can. Sometimes they tell more. Come now, commence. You met your housekeeper, the good Mrs. Bishop. She wanted to come and help you. You would not let her. Why?"

"I wanted to be alone."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I wanted to—to think."

"You wanted to imagine—yes, and then what did you do next?"

Elinor, her chin raised defiantly, said:

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"I bought some paste for sandwiches."

"Two pots?"

"Two."

"And you went to Hunterbury. What did you do there?"

"I went up to my aunt's room and began to go through her things."

"What did you find?"

"Find?" She frowned. "Clothes—old letters—photographs—jewelry."

Poirot said: "No secrets?"

"Secrets? I don't understand you."

"Then let us proceed. What next?"

Elinor said: "I came down to the pantry and I cut sandwiches. . . ."

Poirot said softly: "And you thought —what?"

Her blue eyes flashed suddenly. She said: "I thought of my namesake Elianor of Aquitaine. . . ."

Poirot said: "I understand. I know the story. She offered Fair Rosamond the choice of a dagger or a cup of poison. Rosamond chose the poison. . . ."

Elinor said nothing. She was white now.

Poirot said: "But perhaps, this time, there was to be no choice. . . . Go on, Mademoiselle, what next?"

Elinor said: "I put the sandwiches ready on a plate and I went down to the lodge. Nurse Hopkins was there as well as Mary. I told them I had some sandwiches up at the house."

Poirot was watching her. He said softly: "Yes, and you all came up to the house together, did you not?"

"Yes. We—ate the sandwiches in the morning room."

Poirot said in the same soft tone, "Yes, yes—still in the dream. . . . And then—"

"Then?" She stared. "I left her—standing by the window. I went out into the pantry. It was still like you say—in a dream. . . . Nurse was there washing up. . . . I gave her the paste pot."

"Yes—yes—and what happened then? What did you think of next?"

ELINOR said dreamily: "There was a mark on Nurse's wrist. I mentioned it and she said it was a thorn from the rose trellis by the lodge. The roses by the lodge. . . . Roddy and I had a quarrel once—long ago—about the Wars of the Roses. I was Lancaster and he was York. He liked white roses. I said they weren't real—they didn't even smell! I liked red roses, big and dark and velvety and smelling of summer. . . . We quarreled in the most idiotic way. You see, it all came back to me—there in the pantry — and something — something broke — the black hate I'd had in my heart—it went away—with remembering how we were together as children. I didn't hate Mary any more. I didn't want her to die . . ."

She stopped: "But later, when we went back into the morning room, she was dying . . ."

She stopped. Poirot was staring at her very intently. She flushed and said: "Will you ask me—again—did I kill Mary Gerrard?"

Poirot rose to his feet. He said: "I shall ask you—nothing. There are things I do not want to know. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

Two-Tongue Truth

Continued from page 20

"tell de trufe and let yo' soul go free. Was you and B'r Charlie wawkin' de bayou last night?"

Tildy sniffed three times before she answered. "I and B'r Charlie," she said, "went to de Frog Jump True Vine and sung and prayed, and den B'r Charlie preached a few licks when de True Vine pastor lost his voice."

"Don't you know," the Widow Duck chided, "dat a married lady which is a church member like you ain't got no business gittin' about at night wid no yuther man?"

TILDY broke down and cried for several moments. "He de pastor," she said finally.

"He a man," the Widow Duck pointed out.

"He a goat," Mamie T put in, but a frown from the Widow Duck silenced further comment.

"He say," Tildy explained tearfully, "dat he done prayed hisse'f a prayer and dat he got de message for me to divo'ce Booker off and marry up wid him."

"Snakin'-in-de-grass behime my back!" This from Booker.

"Hush up, Booker," the Widow Duck ordered. "Tildy, was you gonter do dat?"

"He de preacher," Tildy repeated. "He got de message."

Giles had been listening and was thinking fast. "Was you fixin' to marry up wid dat gal?" he called.

"Hit was in my mind," B'r Charlie admitted reluctantly.

"Den what about dat fambly up in de hills?" Giles demanded. "What about dat woman down on New London? What about dat brownskin over in Bossier?"

B'r Charlie was speechless.

Tildy was enraged. "He ain't tole me about no fambly in de hills," she shrieked. "And no woman on New London. Booker, you hit him wid dat rock, for lyin' to me. Hit him, honey! I don't love him. I don't love nobody but you."

B'r Charlie slammed the back door behind him just as the rock crashed into a spot where his head had been a second before.

The meeting broke up in confusion. Booker and Tildy went home arm in arm. Giles waited for the Widow Duck to blow out the lights and close the church door.

"Well," he grinned, "ev'ything satisfied?"

"Ev'ything," grumbled the Widow Duck, "is a complete mess."

"Not f'm whar I'm standin' at," Giles said. "Booker and Tildy got hit fixed up so dey kin work dey crop and not weary 'bout what takin' place at home."

"But B'r Charlie?"

"B'r Charlie," Giles stated, "is de best plow-p'int sharper in de Red River bottoms, and dat's what I needs to work dis crop."

"But dat fambly up in de hills?" the Widow Duck insisted. "And de woman on New London? And de brownskin in Bossier? De ole goat!"

Giles laughed. "Hit is a fambly up in de hills," he said. "A heap er families. And womens on New London, and plenty brownskins in Bossier. I ain't said none of 'em b'longed to Charlie, is I? I jest axed him what about 'em."

"Ain't he got all er dem womens?"

"Not dat I ever hyared about."

The Widow Duck opened her snuff bottle, poured a liberal amount of snuff into her lower lip, and presently spat far out into the path ahead.

"You know, Giles," she said, "I was fixin' to b'lieve dat B'r Charlie was a tho'n in de flesh er Babylon. But I reckon he ain't nothin' but jest water under my bridge."

"De next time," Giles promised, "dat he preach all night and den try to sleep all day, well, he gonter be water under some yuther bridge. But hit's gonter be a bridge a fur piece off f'm hyar."

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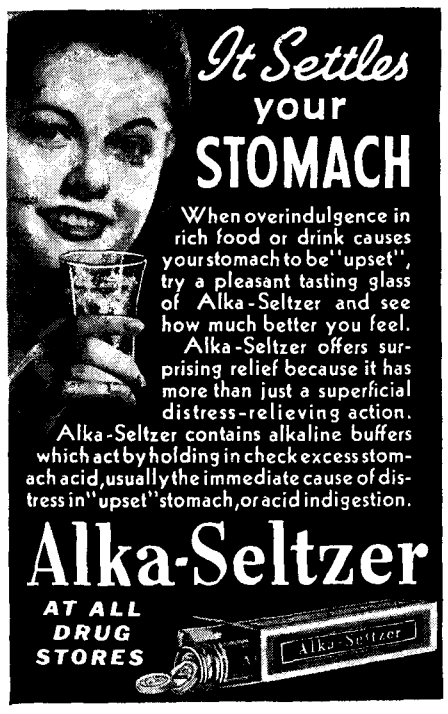
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First Winner

Continued from page 13

slope, rounding the marker and settling to work on the level stretch.

The competition was merciless, as it always is in international events—the best people of every country were out to win and devil take the hindmost. Zimmermann found them pushing him hard, as he'd never been pushed before. But the pace was like wine—it lent you power you hadn't known was there. And he was waxed to perfection. His skis slid like rollers on oiled steel.

In fact, his fast wax was his undoing. He came down the *Kaiserhang* in a 100-kilometer tempo and at the bottom, legs quivering with the strain, swung hard, and the toe strap of his right ski binding broke.

He didn't have a spare with him.

Fool that he was, he'd left off every possible ounce of weight, gambled with luck—and lost. He bent over the ski, sweat of labor and anxiety pouring down his face in the frosty air, and heard another competitor come up behind to pass him—they'd all be coming past now, grinning at his ill fortune.

But the competitor slowed his pace. It was Jozef Demachowski, the Pole. Demachowski, panting hard, stopped beside Zimmermann, his quick eyes taking in the situation.

Then he reached into the pocket of his ski blouse and flung across a piece of leather—a toe strap. He grunted something that Zimmermann couldn't understand, and pushed on.

That was a sportsman for you! "*Danke, Bruder!*" Zimmermann threaded the strap through the toe-clamp holes, bound it tight, straightened up with a deep breath and grabbed his sticks, back in the race!

And he and Demachowski fought it out for the victory, stride for stride down to the last kilometer, the German straining to catch up, the Pole giving his utmost.

And in the end Zimmermann passed into the lead and won. And after the race he and Demachowski shook hands and were friends.

THEY met again two or three times—once at Sankt Anton on the Arlberg, once at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, once at a Polish winter resort. Never having much to say, because of the barrier of language, but drinking a glass of beer together after a meet—"*Prosit!*" And Zimmermann had the toe strap mounted on a board—it hung in his room with his trophies, back in the little room up under the attic in Schwarzmühlendorf, with his skis ranged on racks covering one whole wall, and the sharp smell of tar and wax and oiled wood.

And medals. Except the medal he had won that day at Bischofshofen. He had carried that one in his pocket purse ever since, because each time he met Jozef Demachowski he tried to persuade the Pole to accept it. For a lucky piece, if nothing else.

"*Du warst wirklich der Sieger!*" he had persisted time and again. "*Wahrhaftig!* You were the real winner. Take it!"

But Demachowski had only grinned in his slow Polish way—he was a big, striking-looking fellow, Slav endurance crossed with continental fire. And refused.

Well, there'd be no skiing this winter, no international comradeship.

Ridiculous, wasn't it, to come to Jedniecz as a conqueror, and sit in Jozef Demachowski's inn as company headquarters?

Hauptmann Boelke strode into the room and grunted: "Anything new?"

"*Nichts, Herr Hauptmann.*"

The company commander flung his cap down on the table and cursed. "These tricky peasants—always the same! The mayor lied about his provisions. There's a cellarful of potatoes and beef up the street here they were trying to hide from us. Maybe they think they can cheat about the sniper too! But they'll see something they won't forget. I'll show them at six on the dot!"

With the clock approaching the deadline Zimmermann grew terribly restless. Because the thought of counting out every tenth man revolted him—counting them out and taking them away for slaughter. They looked so frightened and cowed peering out of their ruined cellars and wrecked cottages, lifting their hats to every German soldier who passed.

But at a little before six the sniper walked down the street and surrendered himself.

He was wearing a ragged Polish army uniform, filthy as only a soldier at war can be, yet he had his head high and defiant with Polish gallantry.

He strode into the inn, carrying his rifle at the reverse like a club over his shoulder, and stood silent at attention before Hauptmann Boelke.

"*Was wollen Sie?*" snarled the Hauptmann before he looked up and saw that the man was armed and in uniform. "*Ah, so!*" he exclaimed.

In a corner of the room Zimmermann found his heart hammering heavily, because it was the first enemy soldier he had seen and it made a chill pass down his spine.

In the next moment he recognized Demachowski.

Demachowski with a week's beard. For all his defiance with a hunted look in his eyes. But the same tall young ski runner nevertheless.

Demachowski the man who had fired this morning's shots? It couldn't be—wasn't in his nature. He wouldn't lie in ambush, murdering a fellow man without warning.

"Oberleutnant *Zimmermann!*" came Boelke's voice.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Hauptmann.*"

"Muster a firing squad," ordered the Hauptmann. "Men from Lance Corporal Schultz's platoon. Have them fall in immediately to carry out the execution orders. You will command the squad."

"*Aber, Herr Hauptmann!*" Zimmermann began to speak very rapidly. "There must be some mistake. I know this man. I've skied against him at Bischofshofen and Garmisch-Partenkirchen. He's one of the greatest athletes in Poland. I can testify that he's a true sportsman."

THE Hauptmann leaned back, his face inscrutable. "Interpreter!" he called. "Come here! Ask the prisoner if he fired the shots that killed Lance Corporal Schultz."

Demachowski, questioned, nodded in answer.

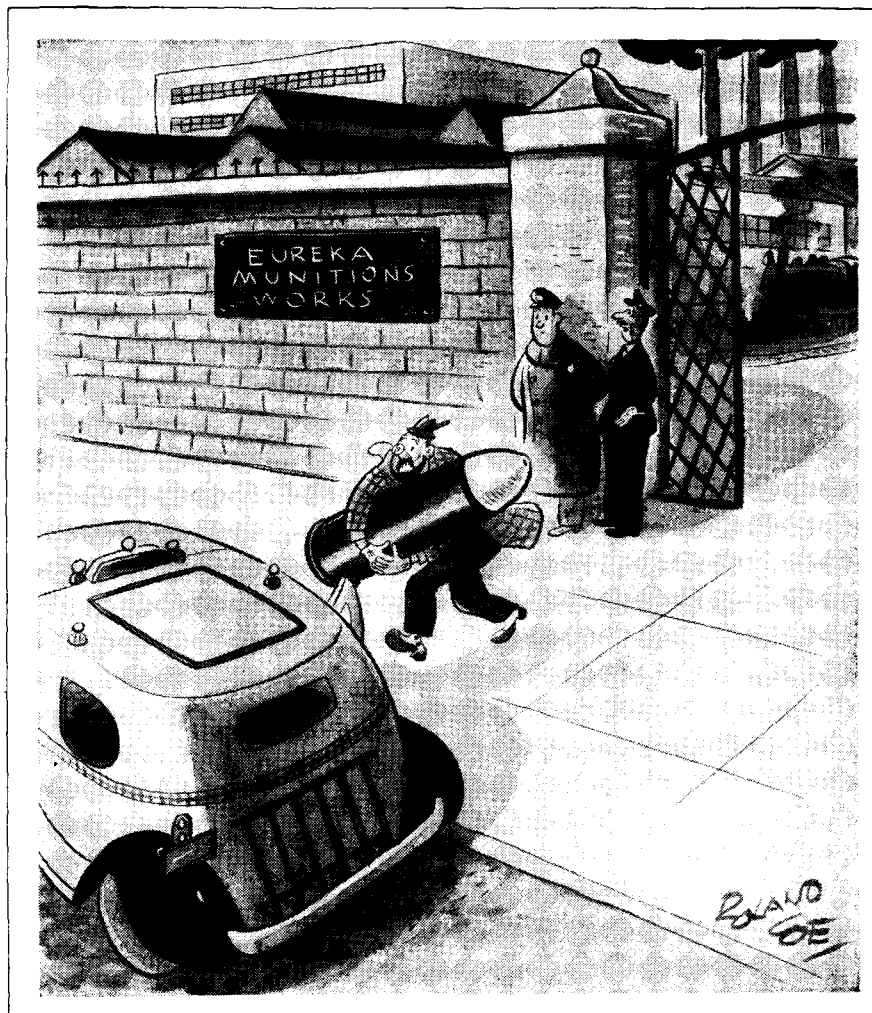
"He says," translated the interpreter, "that he is the man, and he has surrendered himself voluntarily."

"Very well," said Boelke. "That's enough."

"But, Herr Hauptmann!" persisted Zimmermann. "He's in uniform. He's surrendered as a prisoner of war. We can't execute him!"

"Bah!" said the Hauptmann. "He's a damn' tricky peasant who stole a uniform in the hope of escaping his punishment. Take him away and shoot him."

Zimmermann's face was white. "*Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann,*" he said, barely audibly.



"His country doesn't have much cash" ROLAND COE

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"And be a man!" advised Boelke.

The Oberleutnant's thoughts raced in a mad, closed circle. It was only a matter of minutes. Was there any way of finding out the truth, staying the execution, appealing to a higher authority? Zimmermann sent a sergeant to muster the men, and asked: "Herr Hauptmann, may I speak to the prisoner through the interpreter?"

"Why not?" grunted Boelke. "If you consider a Polish swine worth speaking to." He moved over to the table and left the three men standing together.

"Tell me," Zimmermann begged Demachowski. "Did you do it?"

Demachowski heard the question, but he didn't reply. He smiled faintly and looked into Zimmermann's eyes with the detachedness that is part of eternity. "I was in Warsaw," he said, "and when I saw how things were going I came back to my village. I came to protect them if I could—they're only peasants."

"But the sniping?"

DEMACHOWSKI lifted his head so that he seemed to grow taller. "Would you stand by," he demanded, "and see every tenth man shot? Men you've known all your life?"

"Let the guilty man suffer. Not you," Zimmermann said.

"I am the guilty man." His eyes were fixed on Zimmermann's face as the interpreter repeated: "*Ich bin der schuldige Mann.*"

"I don't believe it."

"Beg to report," announced the sergeant at the door, "the firing squad is ready, Herr Oberleutnant."

The tramp of a squad through a muddy street . . . terrified faces looking out of low doorways in the gathering dusk . . . and Zimmermann's thoughts like a band pressing on his forehead.

Could he let Demachowski escape?

Why couldn't Zimmermann and Demachowski get away together to the mountains, leave all this behind—leave mud and men and war and go to the clean snow, patch life up, have something out of it?

Oberleutnant Zimmermann shivered. "If we go," he thought, "Boelke won't leave two bricks of Jedniecz."

"Squad, halt!"

So soon?

"I'll ask you a last time," Zimmermann said. "Where is the sniper? Give me a chance to help you, Jozef."

With a sharp toss of his head the Pole looked away across the fields, and Zimmermann knew. . . . The sniper was gone. To safety. It was no use.

"Demachowski," said Oberleutnant Zimmermann, "you are a real hero."

"And you," said the Pole, with his trace of a bitter smile, "are the winner."

Zimmermann faced his squad, in pursuance of his duty as an Oberleutnant in the army of the Third Reich, and ordered: "With live cartridge, *load!*"

It was such a small volley—so small against the rumble of artillery across the continent, the long-drawn chatter of machine guns. Lead spat a short distance, ten paces, and Jozef Demachowski crumpled slowly.

Useless, as a ski champion, now.

But there were twenty men cowering in Jedniecz cellars, warm and living, alive and breathing, because of Jozef Demachowski.

Oberleutnant Zimmermann stayed and watched the burial party dig his grave.

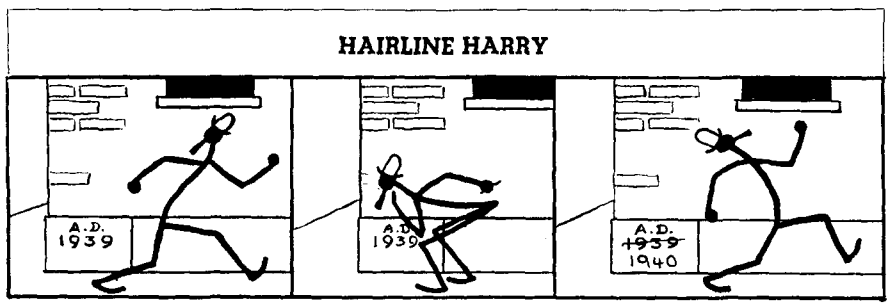
After the body was flung in, limp and still filled with the personality of the tall fine man who had been, the young German officer thrust his hand into his pocket, took out his purse, methodically opened it and found the gold medal, worn with two years of carrying.

"*18 Kilometer Langlauf,*" it said. "*Bischofshofen, Salzburg, Meisterschaften.*"

And underneath that: "*Der Sieger.*" "First Winner."

Zimmermann dropped the medal after Jozef Demachowski, who couldn't refuse it any longer.

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

Slow Boat to War

Continued from page 12

I stood it for another hour in the smoking room and then I had had enough. The Belgians had returned to their checkers and cards, leaving their life belts strewn all around the lounge. The Dutchmen were playing chess. The old Austrian seemed lost in Faust. The crew was still pretty evident on deck, looking frozen and ungainly in their life belts. I decided to go down to my cabin and sleep. Waiting to get sunk on and off for fourteen days was very exhausting work.

At five I was awakened by the American boy knocking at my door. "Come on up and see the lights of Ostend," he said. "Everything's under control now."

I joined him on deck and we leaned on the rail enjoying the lights and dark line of land. "Some captain," he said. "A cuter little captain you couldn't meet anywhere."

"He is certainly some captain," I said. And suddenly the whole trip seemed very long ago and only a thing to remember. "The next problem," I said, "is how to get to Finland."

"Listen," he said. "Take it easy. Why not wait till we actually land?"

The moon came up large and clear and incredibly beautiful and the stars swung about the mast in the accepted way. And the boat, so lighted and so gleaming, looked very fine as it moved slowly into the Scheldt River. The river was wide and like the Mississippi, and the sandbanks shone white under the moon along the low, black shore. We stood on deck underneath the bridge and admired this loveliness and this peace and the captain called down to us saying: "We'll be there in a few hours."

We told him very warmly that he had certainly done a fine job and it would not be exaggerating to say we appreciated it. "All in the day's work," he said.

"Sure," I said. "All in the day's work."

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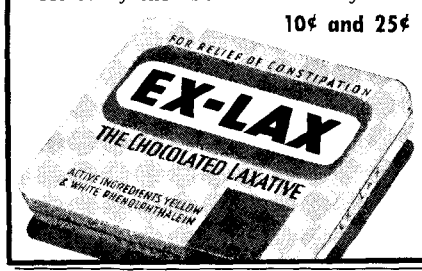

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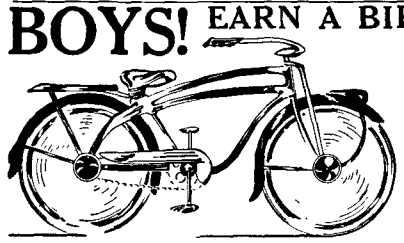

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More Cheese for Breakfast

Continued from page 27

scoops up the curds, ties a deft knot, hooks on an overhead crane, gives a heave, and there's your cheese hanging in a huge, dripping blob in the air. Another heave, and it is dropped into a round wooden form, slipped under a press and given the squeeze. Next day, it comes off the table and into a big brine tank for three days. After which it goes onto the shelf in the curing cellar for six to eight weeks.

Bad Imitations and Good Ones

Among gourmets, the king of cheeses is Roquefort, and this pungent, toothsome item with the delicate green veins gave the cheese men no end of grief when they tried to duplicate it. The real Roquefort is made from the milk of ewes that graze in the uplands of Cevennes, in France.

All over the world, cheese makers have tried to imitate Roquefort, but it's never quite the same.

With Camembert, the home talent has had better luck. Camembert originated in the Normandy town of that name.

It was up in Antwerp, New York, where Mr. F. X. Baumert first made real Camembert in this country, in a factory now operated by the Bordens. Or you detour to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where the Krafts make a neat Camembert perfected a few years back by Mr. George Pulkrabek.

From Norway, the Norwegians brought gjedost, a hard chocolate-brown cheese, made of goats' milk, and gammelost, with the pungent odor, made from skimmed sour milk. The Scandinavians also brought myost, a light brown, soft cheese, and nokkelost, a spiced cheese. From the early Spanish settlers, Californians inherited a mild white cheese known as Monterey Jack. The Germans brought in Muenster and brick, which resemble Limburger, but are milder. Once the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam made Edams where the skyscrapers of Wall Street now tower, but Edams aren't made in this country any more. They take too much patting and petting.

The outstanding American contribution to the cheese game is "Philadelphia cream cheese." The Philadelphians didn't make it, but they loved it, and bought all the cream cheese that the upstate New Yorkers could turn out. So, in appreciation, the latter named it "Philadelphia," a name that has stuck to this day, although it is made in more states than any other, with the possible exception of cottage cheese.

One of the curious angles to the cheese game is that some Americans like their cheeses one way, some another. Cheese eaters of New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, for example, like their Cheddar yellow. So the cheese makers obligingly drop in some vegetable dye. Bostonians and Philadelphians like their Cheddar white. For them the cheese makers leave the dyes out, and call it "white American." Boston and Cleveland and New Orleans like cheese mild in taste, so they get cheeses "short held" in the curing room. San Franciscans, New Yorkers and Philadelphians like cheese nippy, so they get aged cheeses that are "sharp." Anything to please.

And that brings us to the role of Mr. J. L. Kraft of Chicago, who made Americans a nation of cheese eaters. Mr. Lew Kraft turned up in Chicago in 1903 with a great idea, sixty dollars and a horse named Paddy, hailing from a family of Ontario Mennonites, known for their thrift and industry. Mr. Kraft's first pay job, while he was still in his teens, was in a Fort Erie grocery store, to which the farmers used to come, cut themselves slices of cheese, dip into the cracker barrel and sit and eat.

It bothered Mr. Kraft that his boss always bought more cheese than he sold, and by way of solving the problem the young clerk cut up the next wheel of cheese that came into the store, ran it through a sausage grinder and stuffed the cheese in cardboard boxes. That fooled the farmers all right, and the store showed a profit thereafter in cheese. Mr. Kraft thought he had something. Migrating to Buffalo, New York, he launched a cheese-packaging concern, later moving to Chicago to handle sales in that territory.

Although Lew Kraft and Paddy started out at four every morning to peddle cheese to stores, Lew had energy enough at night to experiment in the kitchen behind the cheese shop. Before long he hit upon the method of pasteurizing cheese, and packaging it in foil-lined boxes, that has revolutionized the average American's idea of cheese, making it snappier with age. Instead of a perishable foodstuff, cheese became a product that would keep indefinitely. Pasteurization enabled the cheese men to blend the cheeses of scores of factories into uniform standards, something impossible in natural cheeses, which vary like the vintages of wines.

There are plenty of cheese devotees, of course, who think that processing changes the natural cheese into something else again. But the figures show that the use of cheese has doubled in this country since Mr. Lew Kraft hit upon processing, and whatever the cheeses may have lost in the way of aroma and tang they more than gained in smoothness when cooks turned them into soufflés, dressings, "rabbits" or spreads.

Mr. Lew Kraft's big break came with the late World War. The A. E. F., looking for concentrated foodstuffs that would keep a long time, commandeered all the process cheese he could turn out, packed in tins for use in France. The Army and Navy prodded him into setting up factories in states that had never made cheese before. After the Armistice, the demand for process cheese continued. The Krafts (Lew Kraft having been joined by his four brothers, John, Charles, Norman and Fred) moved into Indiana, Ohio, Texas and other agricultural states, offering fifty-two paydays a year to farmers who would bring milk to new-established cheese factories. Thousands of single-crop farmers added a few cows as a side line.

One day the governor of Idaho walked into Mr. Kraft's office in Chicago. Explaining that the potato and grain markets had gone to pot, leaving Idaho farmers broke, he urged the Krafts to help launch a dairy and cheese industry in the state. Lew Kraft took his staff of cheese experts to Boise to meet with the conference of farmers called by the governor. As usual, his enthusiasm for cheese got the better of him and before he knew it he had agreed to buy all the cheese the Idahoans could produce for the next ten years. What's more, he did it, and within the decade Idaho was one of the outstanding cheese sources.

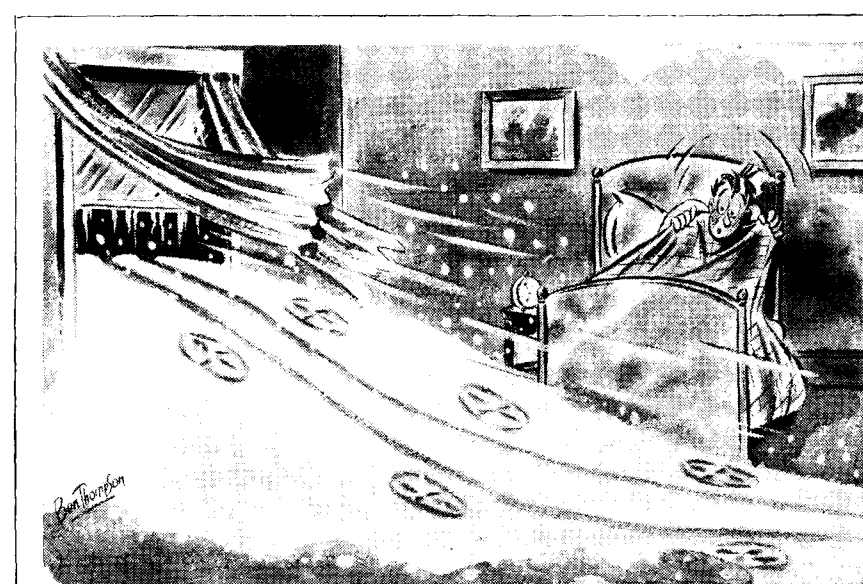
Another cheese deal involved the Mormon Church, whose colonists in the Star Valley of Montana had tried to raise apples, only to have their orchards frozen. The Latter Day Saints turned to cheese making, when Lew Kraft agreed to take all their cheese, whereupon Montana and Utah became cheese states. Next, the Krafts moved into the South, then into Canada, Australia, the Argentine, the British Isles, with their processing plants. Last year the Krafts handled more than a million pounds of cheese a day, three fourths of all that was consumed in this country.

Tasty Vitamins

With Mr. Lew Kraft, cheese is a gospel, and he's carrying the banner for more vitamins, more calcium, more phosphorus, more proteins in our diet. He still likes to fool around a kitchen, trying out his ideas for using cheese. The kitchen is still just a step from his office, even in the shiny new Kraft Building in Chicago.

Just off the kitchen is a neat dining room where the Cheese King likes to show his friends what cheese dishes can be when they're done right. Slow-cooked soufflés, for instance (that's the secret, says Mr. Kraft, of soufflés that don't flop when you take them out of the oven. Give them an hour and a half to cook). Or Old English Welsh rabbit. Or cheesecake or the cheese board (six kinds of cheese and fresh fruit on a wooden tray) for dessert. Mr. Lew Kraft is a great hand to call breakfast meetings of his fellow executives, and of course they have a cheese omelet or a "rabbit" for nourishment.

The cheese gospel has gone over big with most Americans, who like to know that they are getting their vitamins A and B, their calcium and phosphorus, their iron, their proteins, in tasty form.



BEN THOMPSON

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Double Billing

Continued from page 9

as a press agent. Always on Christmas, as long as they stayed around New York, they got a package from Vic, and Con always wrote a polite note of thanks. That was about all. . . .

Vic was turning her glass of lemonade around and around on the bar, staring at it fixedly.

"Where's Tuck?" she asked.

"Oh, he's around the corner," Con said. "In the car."

"I want to see Tuck, Con."

"All right." Con got up, and while he was waiting for Vic to gather up her things, he heard Cape say in a low voice:

"Did you attend Gladyse de Vavro's party for Polish war sufferers?"

The younger man shook his head.

"Well, I did," Cape said. "It was extraordinarily swell. Glittering and very, very formal. All the toffs were there. It was the brilliant opening of a brilliant season. Also, it was successful. It made all the syndicated rave columns, as well as quite a few of the rotogravure sections and even some of the local society pages."

"How much did they collect for the war sufferers?" the younger man said. "I'll bet you had a good time."

"I spent the time getting drunk with Joe Nussbaum, Gladyse's husband, in the butler's pantry," Cape said. "I had a wonderful time. Joe showed me the accountant's sheet for the party. I forget all the items, but the fee of the reception director was $3,150, wages for two extra press agents $70 and pay for the photographers totaled $192.50. We sat there drinking Napoleon brandy while Joe checked the expense sheet, and pretty soon the young gentlemen ushers came in with the voluntary contributions, the Gladyse de Vavro Fund for Polish war sufferers. It totaled $37.41."

"Okay," the younger man said. "That makes it only one bottle you owe me."

VIC got up and started toward the door. As Con followed her, Cape said:

"Gladyse came in to help us count it. She is quite wonderful, you know. She has the finest Gracious Lady act in all Hollywood. She had on black velvet, and diamonds. She got sore as hell, though, when we'd counted the fund. You should have heard what she had to say about the unidentified cheap skate who threw in the odd cent."

Cape looked hopefully at his friend, but the younger man shook his head.

"Not unless you were the guy who donated the penny," he said.

Cape sighed, and sloshed his drink around dispiritedly.

Following Vic out the door, Con led the way around the corner and down the block in the glaring hot sunshine. The old flivver was parked in front of a hardware store and Tuck was waiting patiently. He had to sit on the edge of the seat so his knees could bend; even so, his feet couldn't quite reach the floor. But he sat up very straight when he saw Con coming along the sidewalk with a lady.

"Tuck, this is your aunt Vic," Con said, opening the door.

"Well, goodness gracious, if we haven't grown up into a real big boy," Vic said in a voice pitched at least three tones higher than normal. She beamed at him, a little uncertainly.

"HOW do you do," Tuck said, with the courteous tact due someone who hadn't been around kids very much.

Vic caught on at once. "Good to see you again, Tuck," she said. "We've got to have a good long visit."

"That would be nice, all right," Tuck said.

"I'll tell you. I'll bet you are hungry," Vic said, "and somewhere around here we'll find some ice cream. How about it?"

Tuck glanced at Con, who nodded.

"Yes, thank you," Tuck said.

He got out of the flivver and they all started walking along the sidewalk.

"Where do you want to go?" Con asked.

"Oh, back to the same place, I guess," Vic said. "It's a restaurant, too. We can sit in one of the booths. There isn't any other place to go."

Con shrugged, and they went in. Some more people had come from the studio; the place was filled with talk. They sat down in a corner booth, just behind Cape and his friend.

"Well," Vic said, settling herself for a good visit. "How long have you fellows been in Hollywood?"

"About a month," Con said cautiously.

"And you never even let me know," Vic said. "Where are you staying?"

"Oh, we got a little shack," Con said.

"It's a nice little house," Tuck said. "I like it. It has a tree, not very far away."

"How nice."

"It's really by the house next door," Tuck said honestly. "But it's partly our tree, too. The old lady said so."

"The old lady?"

"Sure. The old lady that runs the camp. She's a nice old lady."

"Oh. An auto camp," Vic said. She didn't look at Con.

"The old lady's name is Mrs. MacPhetridge," Tuck said sociably. "You ought to hear her and my father when they get started talking about cooking and recipes and such. He told her how to make hamburger with chili sauce, the way we have it, and she wrote down how to make an apple pie—"

"Never mind, old man," Con said quietly. Vic had looked from the menu folder and was watching them with soft, smiling eyes. But as Con met her with a hard-boiled, indifferent stare, she dropped her eyes again and turned to the waitress to order.

Tuck took advantage of the lady's attention being elsewhere to whisper:

"Did you get the job, boss?"

Con winked, warning him to silence, but shook his head slightly.

The waitress turned away and Vic looked at them again.

"So everything's going all right for you fellows, then," she said. Her voice was without sarcasm, and her face was innocent and interested, but Con glanced at her sharply.

Tuck put up a swell, cool front. "Sure," he said. "My father and I get along okay."

"That's fine," Vic said. "By the way, what are you doing now, Con?"

"Oh, this and that," Con said. "We've just been taking a little time off. We've got a heavy season coming up."

"My father is a writer," Tuck said proudly.

"Not any more," Con said. "We've got to quit playing around and hop back to the big town, old man."

THERE. It was tough, but he'd told Tuck; and in a way he was glad Vic was there so he couldn't say any more, in shamefaced detail.

"Oh. Will you be driving back?" Vic asked conversationally.

"We have wonderful times, driving around," Tuck said. "Like on the way out here. Lots of times we stop in beautiful places—one of them had a brand-new shower bath in it."

"And what will you do when you get back to New York?" Vic asked in her brightest, most interested voice. Con groaned inside and looked the other way. No use hurting and puzzling the little guy; he was trying so hard.

"My father has a booking, oh, a splendid booking," Tuck said. "The biggest time on Fifty-first Street. Say! You're in show business, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear," Vic said.

"Well, then, you've certainly heard of my father. He—"

"All right, Tuck. That's enough," Con said.

Vic turned from Tuck and looked straight at Con.

"What is it, Con?" she said. "I mean, from the top of the deck."

"It's a night-club booking," Con said. "That's what we've been doing lately. It's a pretty good booking."

"Solo?"

"No," Con said, "it's a dialogue turn. With some music."

"Who's your partner?"

Con lifted one shoulder. "That's why

"I've gained a little weight, haven't I, Finnegan?" JAY IRVING

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I've got to get back to New York right away," he said.

"Oh. You mean that the agency will furnish a girl?"

"That's it," Con said.

Tuck piped up: "Sol said so. He said that Louie in New York is in a position to supply a real good-looker with lots of personality and—"

"Never mind, old man," Con said.

"Be still, Con. Who's Sol, dear?"

"He's my father's agent."

"Oh. . . . Now, look here, Con."

"What?" He made his voice quite noncommittal. "Eat your ice cream, old man."

Vic waited until the waitress had dealt the ice cream for her and Tuck and another highball for Con. Then she said quietly:

"You're not going to drag that child back clear across the country in a . . . in . . . like that. Are you?"

Con looked at her. "We get along all right," he said.

"Oh, Con. Please be reasonable," she said. "Look. How's this for an idea? I've got an apartment. Lots of room, and a big court with a fountain and trees, where he can play. Why not let him come and—"

Con set down his drink untasted and felt the skin shrink across his cheekbones. She jerked up one hand swiftly and said:

"Don't misunderstand. Con — you mustn't! I only meant, until you get back there and get to work and are settled. Then I'll send him to you on a train. And—and meanwhile he can be—"

"I'm afraid you're on the wrong foot, Vic," he said.

"Oh, but look, Con! I—please understand. I have a housekeeper who'll—he'd be so well taken care of and so happy, and . . ." she stumbled into silence, as their eyes caught and held. "Maybe not as happy," she said gently, "but, Con, I'm thinking of— She'd be worried if—"

"All right, all right," Con said. Come to think of it, and looking at it honestly, it not only was a good idea—it was a lifesaver. They had almost nothing left, and, after all . . .

"You would like to visit me, wouldn't you?" Vic was saying to Tuck. "For a little while. Just until your father gets all nicely settled for you in New York. You could see a movie every day, and eat ice cream, and I know a shop that has the loveliest clothes for little boys, and—"

SEEING her planning eye upon his threadbare little front, Tuck shot a startled glance at Con.

"Thank you," he said cautiously.

But his eyes asked: "*What's this, boss?*"

Con cleared his throat. "Well, son, I—" Then he turned to Vic and said abruptly: "Okay. It would give the kid a nice little visit, and—"

"Oh, Con!" Vic said. "That's so sweet of you! You must—"

"Forget it," he said, avoiding Tuck's anxious gaze.

Just behind him, Cape's voice said: "Well, I suppose we'd better get back to the salt mines and finish that scene."

"Wait a minute," the younger man said. "I didn't get invited to the high-nosed party you were telling about, but I was at Alastair Ravnel's birthday party last week."

"Were you?" Cape said with come-on indifference.

Con stood up. "I guess I—I'll just say so long now," he said.

He held out his hand, and Tuck, lost and frightened but silent, stood up and groped out with his soiled little mitt. Because it was the boss' idea. He darted one glance at the lady and then looked steadily at the boss.

"B-but darling!" Vic said in a voice that had tears in it, "I'm your aunt!"

"Sure," Tuck said. "My aunt?" His eyes never left his father.

"It's okay, Tuck," Con said.

Tuck said: "Okay. . . ."

"That, too, was a good party," Cape's friend was saying, thickly but happily. "Neon lights on the birthday cake, and kiddie pinafores and itsie panties for everyone, and little nasty paper hats and popguns and balloons. And afterward, we all had to stand up and play kiddie and sing Happy Birthday to You and clap our hands. It was too, too cute—except that Alastair seemed worried. His public relations counsel was blotto, out by the swimming pool, and your friend Gladyse was trying to wake him up to make him drink the Suissette she was spilling all over his face."

Con dropped Tuck's hand and they both stood awkwardly for a minute and then Con leaned over clumsily and Tuck hastily lifted his face, but they got their timing mixed somehow and Con's lips slid along the little guy's ear and ended up in his scrubby hair. They both said hurriedly, their voices running over each other: "So goodby, old man, I—"

"Okay, boss, but hurry, because—"

"To hell with this!" Vic said loudly and distinctly. "Who is Sol, Con?"

"Huh? Oh. Sol Perlmann. He runs Louie's office here."

"You mean Louie Isbin? The same one?"

"Sure," Con said. "Why?"

"Never mind. I'll be back in a minute," Vic said. She slid out of the booth and went away.

Con and Tuck stood there, looking at each other. Both suddenly felt pretty awkward, and in a minute they would begin to feel foolish. Con swore at Vic in his mind, but he said:

"Why, say, look—you haven't finished your ice cream, old man."

Tuck, not so experienced, only looked wanly at his dish.

Behind Con, Cape said: "No. I can't give you credit for one on that one. Not only does everyone know about that, but it was distinctly agreed when we started this game that only items of broad social significance would count. No. Huh-uh. I refuse that one."

Con and Tuck sat there in the booth, not knowing quite why. The place was filled with talk, and over in another corner booth a girl's voice cascaded in silvery laughter. "All right," Cape's friend said, "but I'm still one up on you." Con fumbled for a cigarette, and Cape said: "All right."

And then Vic was back, standing above them, her hands on the table. She was queerly breathless and her cheeks were very pink.

"Well, fellers," she said, "we'll be starting any time now. Hurry up, Tuck, and finish your ice cream."

CON dropped his cigarette, and then paused carefully to pick it up off the tablecloth.

"Now what, kid?" he said.

"I just called Sol," Vic said.

"You—"

"Yes," Vic said. "I did. And they didn't have a girl for you. But now they have."

Con stood up. Slowly, and his knee bumped against the leg of the table; but he looked at Vic.

"You mean—"

She only nodded in an offhand sort of way, looking at Tuck, not him; but her eyes were shining.

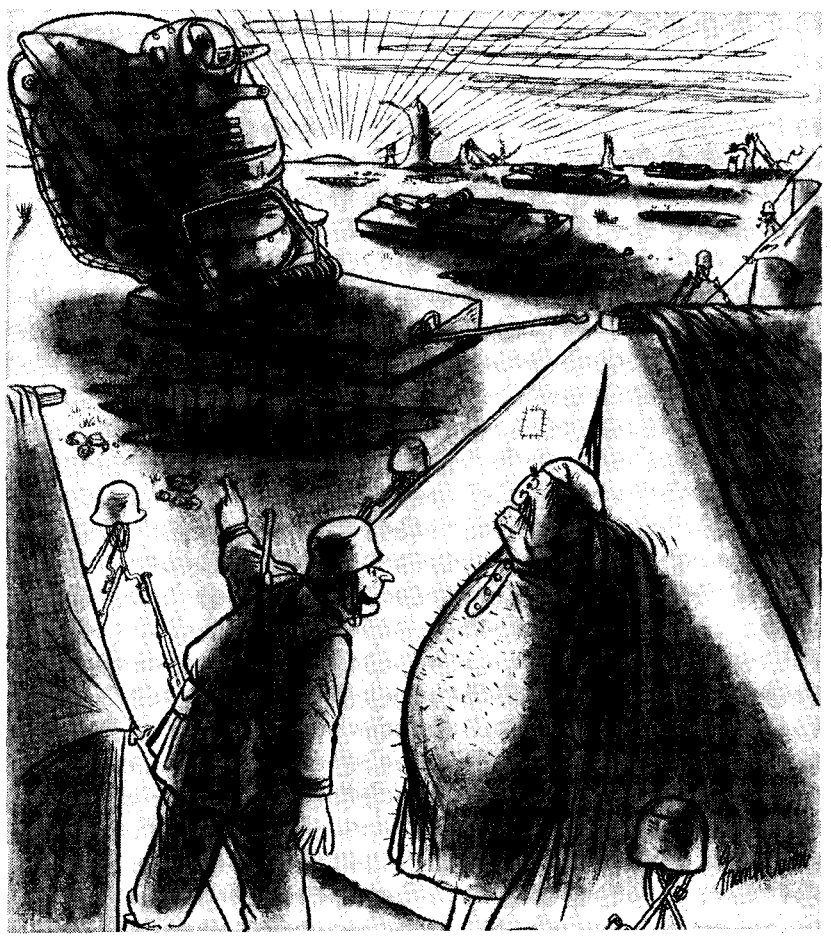
"I drove a hard bargain with your pal Sol," she said. "I—I had to drive a hard bargain with someone. I—he knew my name. Upped a hundred a week, as a team. And, Con, I'm sorry—but double billing."

For the only time in his life, Con stammered.

"Why, of—of course, kid, but—"

"I earned it that first year," Vic said calmly. "And it's taken a long time to get it. But it'll come in handy, when we come back to Hollywood."

THE GENERAL



"Look, General—we caught another one last night!" FRANK OWEN

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"but we'd have to have mattresses, Mr. Simmons, . . . advertising or no advertising"

Like many consumers all over the country, MRS. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, of Montclair, N. J., is interested in advertising and eager for facts instead of hearsay. She is shown here interviewing MR. GRANT SIMMONS, President of Simmons Company, who has always been keenly interested in the consumer's viewpoint.

MR. SIMMONS: "In other words, you don't see what real good our advertising does . . . eh, Mrs. MacKenzie?"

MRS. MACKENZIE: **"Oh, I can see how *you* people gain by it, all right. But what does the consumer get for all the money that's spent?"**

MR. SIMMONS: "Well, let's take a look at some facts. About fifteen years ago, the only people who could own the best mattress of that day were people who could pay $75 to $100 for one. Then, along came a great improvement—the innerspring mattress. But these, too, were extremely costly to manufacture because so few were made.

"Today, millions of people can have this luxury . . . people in every walk of life. What's more, they get a far *better* mattress than the most luxurious one made fifteen years ago—and pay only about half as much for it.

"Does that sound like a benefit to the consumer?"

MRS. MACKENZIE: **"Why, of course it does. But what's it got to do with advertising?"**

MR. SIMMONS: "Simply that it couldn't have been done *without* advertising. When we first started making the Beautyrest Mattress for private homes, every one we made cost us far more than we charged for it. We deliberately set a price the average consumer could afford, whether our company could afford it or not.

"Why did we do it? Because we knew that through advertising we could tell the whole country about our new mattress. We knew millions would want it and buy it. And we knew that as our sales increased, we could cut costs by mass production. After awhile, we'd break even. Eventually, we'd make some money."

MRS. MACKENZIE: **"Then advertising really helped us consumers before it helped you?"**

MR. SIMMONS: "Yes, and you're still getting the benefits."

MRS. MACKENZIE: **"How do you mean?"**

MR. SIMMONS: "Well, as advertising keeps on helping the manufacturer sell *more* mattresses, he can afford to make better and better mattresses, without increasing the price to the consumer. For instance, our early innerspring had 702 coils . . . today it has 837. It used to be 5 inches deep . . . now it's 7¼ inches. And here's the fact that speaks volumes: the guarantee has been *doubled* . . . to 10 years.

"Another thing: the sale of innerspring mattresses helps the prosperity of *other* industries and all *their* employees. You might be interested to know that since we started advertising, we've bought almost 1,125,000 *miles* of steel wire . . . consumed 97 *million* pounds of cotton . . . given many *million* hours of employment. And those figures are for this one company only. Imagine what they become when you add in all the *other* mattress advertisers.

"And that's the way advertising works in most industries, Mrs. MacKenzie. It stimulates buying. More buying means more work. More work means more prosperity for *everybody*. And, as a *direct* result of advertising, the consumer usually gets the same product for *less* money, or a better product for the *same* money."

* * *

To give you the truth about advertising and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, are appearing in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine — published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

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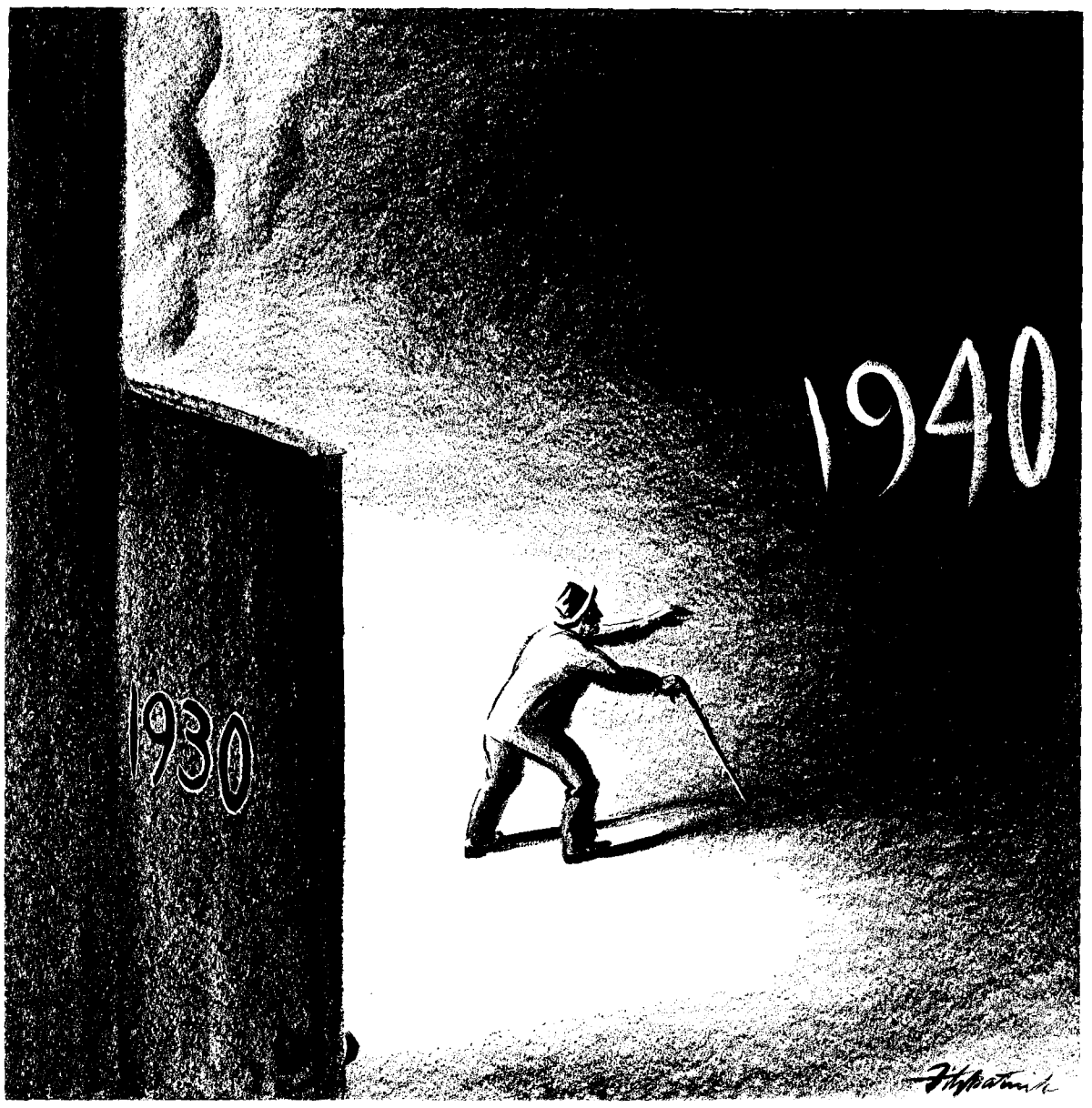
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



Dangerous Decade

THE Twentieth Century is 40% over and done with—or 39%, if you're of the old-time school of thought which insisted that the century didn't begin until the end of 1900. We'll take 40%, a nice, round figure.

Lots of us—maybe the majority of us; we don't know—are saying as the decade dies out that it's good riddance and we hope we never see another like it, though it looks now as if worse is to come.

We'll dissent from the first part of that view, and agree with the second. We don't rejoice to see the thirties close; we admit that war makes the prospects for the forties look pretty glum for the moment.

Nevertheless, we have a hope for the forties. Our chief reason for this hope is that the thirties ended so astoundingly different from the way they began.

Let's look back for a moment to the beginning of 1930.

The great depression had just begun, and was going to be over by spring. Mr. Kellogg's and M. Briand's peace pact had been signed recently by all the powers, and there weren't going to be any more wars, major or minor. The United States Navy was going quietly to ruin.

Hitler was a mustachioed little jackanapes who would never be more than a public nuisance bawling his head off at a sane, peaceable and submissive German government. Al Capone and people like him were riding high, because federal prohibition, the most audacious theft of personal liberty yet attempted in the United States, was in the Constitution and was "there, there to stay," as the old dry song had it.

So what happened in the next ten years? To state the answer briefly, nothing turned out as the experts and analysts expected.

The great depression seems now to be heading for its last roundup—but please don't take that as a prediction. It's merely a heartfelt hope based on statistics and indices we believe reliable.

The Kellogg-Briand peace pact is as dead as the Pax Romana, and its history familiar to fewer people. It's six years-plus since the American people, fed up with prohibition, calmly snatched back a liberty supposed to have been forever taken from them—though it looks as if it will be a long time yet before we hammer out the dents prohibition put in our once decorous drinking customs.

Hitler toppled over the German Republic the same year Franklin D. Roosevelt entered the White House—1933. He has followed that up by smashing the Austrian, Czechoslovak and Polish governments, teaming up with Russian Bolshevism, and precipitating a new European war.

In this country, old-line Republicanism has given way to New Dealism, and probably won't be back, though we may elect a President next November who calls himself a Republican. We seem to be on our way to some kind of social system which our forefathers couldn't have named and wouldn't have approved; some system under which, whether we like it or not, government will muscle into all our lives a lot more intimately than it ever did before.

Statesmen of the allied nations talk more and more of the chances of bringing a United States of Europe out of the present turmoil. Such a setup would change Europe into one big free-trade area like the United States of America—and this is the brightest single hope for the forties, we believe.

Its chances are slim indeed, though, at this writing. Mr. Stalin, Red Czar of more and more of the Russias as time goes on, is licking his bristly chops for all the world to see, in anticipation of the day when western Europe may be exhausted by its own hates and armaments and Communism may be able to step in and elect itself receiver in bankruptcy.

Japan, very meek and mild to outward seeming when 1930 came in, has been showing up since 1931 as an ever fiercer and more determined would-be empire builder. In consequence, we find that the thing we need above all else is the first-class Navy for which only a few prophetic souls could see any call ten years ago. We've at least got that, and are getting more of it every day, whatever else we may lack.

We're almost $45,000,000,000 in debt as a nation, with 17 or 18 billions of state and local indebtedness added to that. The shoe is beginning to pinch, what with the national debt service almost a billion a year. Maybe we'll spend the next decade pretty largely learning that we can't dodge debts.

All of these things, plus others we could name if we had the space, add up to a pretty gloomy outlook for the forties. Even Pollyanna, naïve little fictional glad girl of the times before the war (the other war) might have to squinch a few tears back from her laughing eyes if she could have a look at the coming decade from this end.

But to repeat, everything seemed to be jogging along pretty promisingly when 1930 came in, and practically everything went sour soon after the thirties got under way.

Isn't it possible that the sour promises of 1940 may go sweet before too long?

Life is like that. Life almost never delivers the goods you think it surely will deliver tomorrow, next week, next year. Life is like the occasional temperamental cat that one meets up with; the kind that comes through with a soup-strainer purr while looking its fiercest, then gentles up to you and proceeds to take a cat's handful of meat off your leg or knuckles.

Anyway, we're hoping for the best for the 1940's, though we realize (something most of us learned in the thirties) that it's foolish not to be prepared always for the worst. And a Happy New Year to you.

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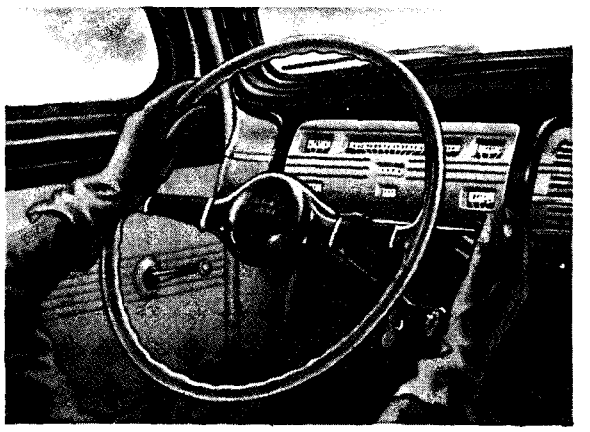
I've known mine ever since I saw the new Ford V-8"

"Joe started it. He came home last night and made some cracks at our old car. So I said, 'Out with it, my man, just which new car have you been looking at?' And he said, 'Oh, not any, really. Might look around a bit. But I did watch a swell new Ford go by downtown today.'

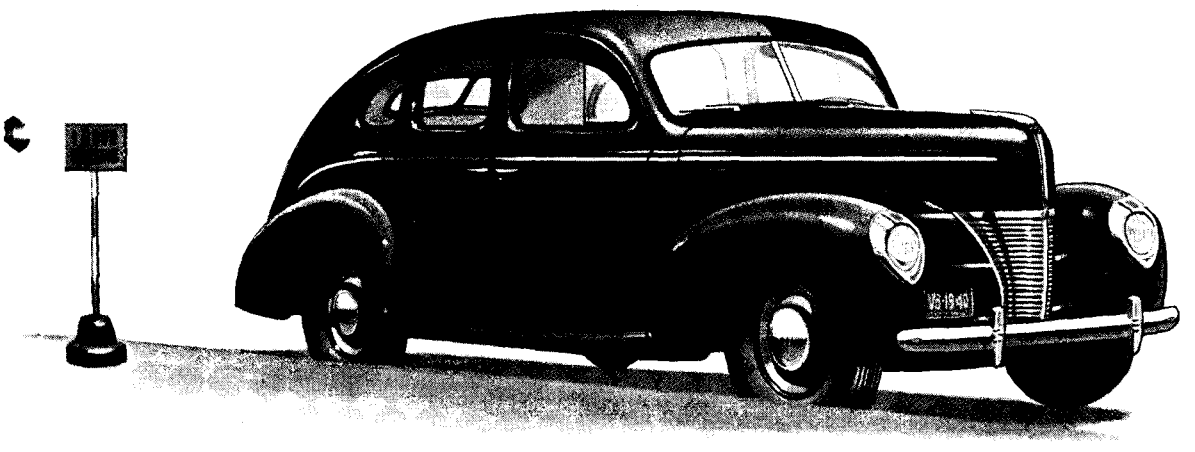
"So this afternoon I took a long look at the new Ford myself. That's easy to do! And the salesman was grand. Never mentioned fan belts or fuel pumps or anything like that. He just let me look around and open things and ask questions. Pretty soon, I began to get as excited as Joe was. . . . Then we went for a ride.

"FIRST I SAT IN BACK It's simply marvelous how they've put so much downright comfort and roominess in that car! The cushions are deep and soft, with lovely upholstery. There's more room for your legs — four inches, the salesman said — and more elbow room. So *quiet*, too. I couldn't hear a sound!



"THEN I TOOK THE WHEEL—a clever two-spoke wheel with the Finger-Tip Gearshift right under it. I was amazed at how nicely it shifted. There's nothing tricky about it at all. It's just the regular shift turned on its side. And there's nothing in the way when three ride in front and I have to sit in the middle!

"IT'S FUN TO FEEL THE POWER of that 8-cylinder engine. It sweeps you ahead so smoothly. . . . That new ventilating system is simple and sensible. . . . Wish you'd seen me park. I eased right into a tight place the first try. . . . The Ford is certainly easy to handle. . . . And Joe will be, too, when I tell him that I've made up our minds!"



IF YOUR JOE IS TALKING about a new car, *do* something. *You* know a good buy when you see one, so go see the *new* Ford cars. Take a ride. Take the wheel. Then take your choice of nine different models and six lovely colors. Prices are low, and probably your present car will more than cover the down-payment.

FORD V8 for 1940

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

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Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Take off refreshed

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Your thirst takes wings when you treat it to ice-cold Coca-Cola. And you can find ice-cold Coca-Cola *when* and *where* you are thirsty . . . for the familiar red coolers are around the corner from anywhere. Enjoy Coca-Cola . . . and take off refreshed.

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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"Coke" is a registered trade-mark. Copr. 1956 The Coca-Cola Company.

At lunch time, too...

Coca-Cola puts you at your sparkling best

Discover what the great taste of Coca-Cola does for food . . . how it makes good things taste better. Coke does things for *you*, too . . . its bright little lift brings you back refreshed for the afternoon ahead. Have a Coke with lunch.

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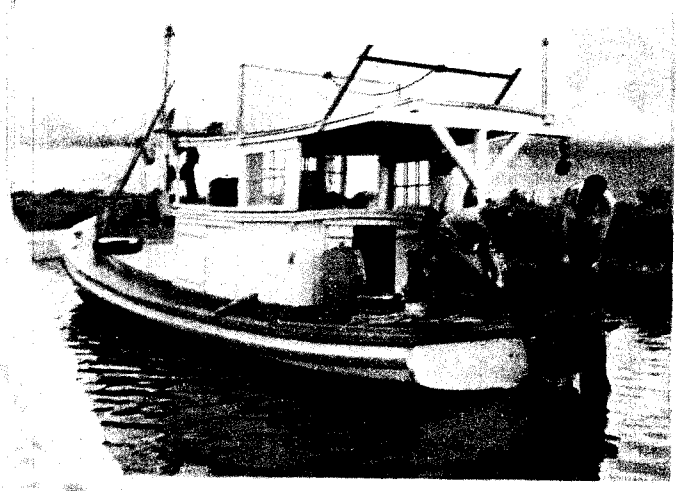

Nothing finer in American taste... Calvert RESERVE

Something nice—shrimp and rice, and Calvert, too! Flavor-rich, pleasant, neighborly, Calvert is the kind of whiskey guests notice—and appreciate. Serve enjoyable Calvert Reserve tonight. It's at home with good American living.

IN THE GREAT TRADITION OF AMERICAN WHISKEY

October is Restaurant Month. Dine out at your favorite restaurant. Look for the sign—"Nothing Finer in American Taste."

CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. • AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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